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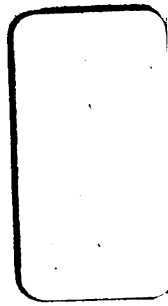

Hugh J McFarland

June 25- 1931

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CHOICE READINGS

FOR

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE ENTERTAINMENT,

ARRANGED FOR THE EXERCISES OF THE

SCHOOL, COLLEGE AND PUBLIC READER,

WITH ELOCUTIONARY ADVICE.

EDITED BY

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NINTH EDITION.

CHICAGO:
JANSEN, MCCLURG & CO.

1882.

Hist. Textbk. Coll.
PE
1120
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1882

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STEREOTYPED AND PRINTED
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THE CHICAGO LEGAL NEWS COMPANY.

PREFACE.

In this book are contained selections from a very wide range of English authorship, such as are thought to be the best suited to the purposes of Elocutionary training, and public reading and declamation.

An endeavor has also been made to give such specific directions as will aid the intelligent student to acquire a just conception of their sentiment.

The great wrong practiced upon our youth, is that they are led to imitate an interpretation given to them by some person whom they admire, rather than to ascertain and apply the principles which govern the vocal expression of all sentiments and emotions that are conveyed by words.

The great danger of such a course of training might be averted, in a measure, if every teacher of Reading were an artist; but, unfortunately, few have the time or aptitude for such high attainments. The only safe course is to ascertain the principles of vocal expression by careful observation of nature in its best moods and manifestations; and to apply the rules thus obtained to such portions of our Literature as may be easily classified with reference to the sentiment or passion they chiefly express.

Great care has been exercised in excluding all selections of an inferior order of literary excellence, however popular in exciting momentary laughter or sensation, while, on the other hand, all pieces, however elegant in style, yet not adapted to the purposes of Reading and Speaking, have been rejected.

The variety of the selections, added to the fact that each has been chosen with reference to its effectiveness and availability, will furnish material for every possible exercise in the ordinary requirements of school life, as well as the more formal exercise of Public Reading and Declamation.

The elocutionary suggestions will appear as introductions to the various classes of selections in their respective orders:

First.—PATHOS.
Second.—SOLEMNITY.
Third.—SERENITY, BEAUTY, LOVE.
Fourth.—COMMON READING, NARRATIVE, DESCRIPTIVE AND DIDACTIC STYLES.
Fifth.—GAYETY.
Sixth.—HUMOR.
Seventh.—GRAND, SUBLIME AND REVERENTIAL STYLES.
Eighth.—ORATORICAL STYLES.
Ninth.—ABRUPT AND STARTLING STYLES.
Tenth.—MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

In each class of selections an endeavor has been made to secure just as pleasing and effective pieces as though the choice were unrestricted, and, at the same time, the importance of choosing pieces that would serve as types of the sentiment or passion they were intended to illustrate, has been duly considered.

If, in some cases, selections do not sustain throughout the sentiment which they are intended to illustrate, they are placed where the leading, or most characteristic sentiment of the piece would require, and it is thought that, in most cases, the selections are nearly perfect specimens of the several classes in which they are placed.

The compiler acknowledges, with thanks, the kind permission of Messrs. J. R. Osgood & Co., Hurd & Houghton, and D. Appleton & Co., to use the poems of Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Cary, Bryant, etc., that are in this volume, and of which they hold the copyright.

R. McL. C.

EVANSTON, ILL., Jan., '78.

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CHOICE READINGS.

EXPRESSION.

It is taken for granted that those who make use of this book will, at least, have attained correct and definite notions of English Phonation; also that all the difficulties of consonantal articulation will have been mastered, so that the Reader, with perfect control of his tongue, teeth and lips, and his ear trained to accuracy in English vowel sound, may come directly to the more difficult, as well as the more pleasant subject of Expression.

By Expression we mean the utterance of words with their accompanying emotions. We do not develop the full thought of an emotional selection by the mere repetition of the words. If we did, the tenderest pathos and the sublimest passion would alike sink to the level of the most common talk. The temper or emotion which is the life of the thought, and which seeks conveyance in the words, must be expressed before the meaning of the author can be made known.

A knowledge, then, of the laws of Expression is necessary to the proper interpretation of thought. The method proposed in this book for the attainment of such knowledge has taken shape in my daily experience as a Teacher, and has no geater merit than its practicability. No merely

arbitrary rules are of value here. Nature must ever be the great Teacher, and he who observes most clearly her best manifestations must be, of necessity, the best fitted to deduce the laws that underlie and control those manifestations.

It is, however, of great importance to the student of Elocution to remember that there is a certain best way to render every emotion, and having mastered one selection of a great class, the power has been acquired to render all selections of that type. By pursuing such a method, the Reader will be lifted from the contemplation of a single piece to the class of which it is a specimen, and eventually to a classified knowledge of the laws that develop every sentiment and passion of the human soul.

I. PATHOS.

THE proper rendition of all pieces of *pure pathos*, demands chiefly three conditions:

First, Natural voice.

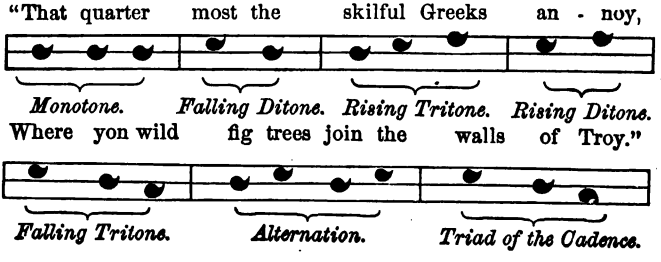
Second, Effusive utterance.

Third, Slide of semitone.

First.—By natural voice we mean the conversational voice, or the voice we all have by nature. Great care should be taken to secure the purest tone, free from all nasal, gutteral and pectoral qualities of voice. A clear, pleasant and musical tone is indispensable in securing the best effects.

Second.—The utterance must be effusive, *i. e.*, flowing from the mouth in a continuous stream of sound. If a staccato or commonplace style of utterance is indulged in, the reading will necessarily degenerate into mere talk, and crush out all sympathetic feeling.

Third.—In ordinary, unimpassioned speech, the voice passes through the interval of *one tone* on the musical scale, in the utterance of each word, thus:



The radical pitch is represented by the heads of the notes, and the concrete pitch by the short stems of the notes, which, on observation, will be seen to pass to the note above or below the radical. In short, it is impossible for us to utter a word in unimpassioned speech, from its initiation to its close, without passing up or down the musical scale *one tone.* However, in all plaintive and deeply pathetic moods of mind we find, on investigation, that the slides of the voice are one-half as long as they are in ordinary discourse. This unconscious slide of the voice on the *minor chord*, as exhibited in the plaintive cry of the child, or the weeping utterance of the bereaved mother, is the chief characteristic of voice necessary to the expression of all pathetic selections.*

The student should now select one of the pieces given under this head, and endeavor to secure the effects which must follow from a careful application of the foregoing suggestions.

It will be found of great service in the acquirement of the semitonic slide, to practice the musical scale, and oftentimes the sympathetic study of a piece, thoroughly saturated with pathetic emotion, is the best aid in the acquisition of the characteristics of voice necessary to the effective rendition of this important class of selections.†

* It may be well to note that this pathetic slide is not measured by a half tone in all cases, but follows the voice in all its movements up and down the scale on the third, fifth and octave, always vanishing, however, on a minor chord.

† Exercises on the vowels and numerals should constantly be used, or the vowel sounds in the selections you are rendering. Prolong each vowel with as pure and even a tone as possible, in order that the vocal organs may be trained to the manufacture of the clearest musical sounds, thereby ridding the voice of all harsh and unpleasant qualities. Evenness and steadiness of tone can only be secured by perfect control in the management of the breath. This suggestion applies with equal force to the two following classes of selections.

PATHETIC SELECTIONS.

DEATH OF PAUL DOMBEY.

Little Dombey had never risen from his little bed. He lay there, listening to the noises in the street, quite tranquilly; not caring much how the time went, but watching it and watching everything.

When the sunbeams struck into his room through the rustling blinds, and quivered on the opposite wall, like golden water, he knew that evening was coming on, and that the sky was red and beautiful. As the reflection died away, and a gloom went creeping up the wall, he watched it deepen, deepen, deepen into night. Then he thought how the long unseen streets were dotted with lamps, and how the peaceful stars were shining overhead. His fancy had a strange tendency to wander to the river, which he knew was flowing through the great city; and now he thought how black it was, and how deep it would look reflecting the hosts of stars; and, more than all, how steadily it rolled away to meet the sea.

"Floy! What *is* that?"

"Where, dearest?"

"There! at the bottom of the bed."

"There's nothing there, except papa!"

The figure lifted up its head and rose, and, coming to the bedside, said:

"My own boy! Don't you know me?"

Paul looked it in the face. Before he could reach out both his hands to take it between them and draw it towards him, the figure turned away quickly from the little bed, and went out at the door.

The next time he observed the figure sitting at the bottom of the bed, he called to it.

"Don't be so sorry for me, dear papa. Indeed, I am quite happy!"

His father coming and bending down to him, he held him round the neck, and repeated these words to him several times, and very earnestly; and he never saw his father in his room again at any time, whether it were day or night, but he called out, "Don't be so sorry for me! Indeed, I am quite happy!"

How many times the golden water danced upon the wall, how many nights the dark river rolled towards the sea in spite of him, Paul never sought to know.

One night he had been thinking of his mother and her picture in the drawing room down stairs. The train of thought suggested to him to inquire if he had ever seen his mother. For he could not remember whether they had told him yes or no; the river running very fast, and confusing his mind.

"Floy, did I ever see mamma?"

"No, darling; why?"

"Did I never see any kind face, like a mamma's, looking at me when I was a baby, Floy?"

"O yes, dear!"

"Whose, Floy?"

"Your old nurse's. Often."

"And where is my old nurse? Show me that old nurse, Floy, if you please!"

"She is not here, darling. She shall come to-morrow."

"Thank you, Floy!"

Little Dombey closed his eyes with these words, and fell asleep. When he awoke, the sun was high, and the broad day was clear and warm. Then he awoke,—woke mind and body,—and sat upright in his bed. He saw them now about him. There was no gray mist before them, as there had been sometimes in the night. He knew them every one, and called them by their names.

"And who is this? Is this my old nurse?" asked the child, regarding, with a radiant smile, a figure coming in.

Yes, Yes. No other stranger would have shed those tears at sight of him, and called him her dear boy, her pretty boy, her own poor blighted child. No other woman would have stooped down by his bed, and taken up his wasted hand, and put it to her lips and breast, as one who had some right to fondle it. No other woman would have so forgotten everybody there but him and Floy, and been so full of tenderness and pity.

"Floy! this is a kind, good face! I am glad to see it again. Don't go away, old nurse. Stay here! Good by!"

"Good by, my child?" cried Mrs. Pipchin, hurrying to his bed's head. "Not good by?"

"Ah, yes! Good by!—Where is papa?"

His father's breath was on his check before the words had parted from his lips. The feeble hand waved in the air, as if it cried "Good by!" again.

"Now lay me down; and, Floy, come close to me, and let me see you."

Sister and brother wound their arms around each other, and the golden light came streaming in, and fell upon them, locked together.

"How fast the river runs, between its green banks and the rushes, Floy! But, it's very near the sea now. I hear the waves! They always said so!"

Presently he told her that the motion of the boat upon the stream was lulling him to rest. Now the boat was out at sea. And now there was a shore before him. Who stood on the bank!—

"Mamma is like you, Floy. I know her by the face!"

The golden ripple on the wall came back again, and nothing else stirred in the room. The old, old fashion! The fashion that came in with our first garments, and will last unchanged until our race has run its course, and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll. The old, old fashion,—Death!

O, thank GOD, all who see it, for that older fashion yet, of Immortality! And look upon us, Angels of young children, with regards not quite estranged, when the swift river bears us to the ocean!

CHARLES DICKENS.

TEARS, IDLE TEARS.

FROM "THE PRINCESS"

TEARS, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy autumn fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the under world;
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge,—
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret,—
O Death in Life, the days that are no more.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

PICTURES OF MEMORY.

Among the beautiful pictures
That hang on Memory's wall
Is one of a dim old forest,
That seemeth best of all;
Not for its gnarled oaks olden,
Dark with the mistletoe;
Not for the violets golden
That sprinkle the vale below;
Not for the milk-white lilies
That lean from the fragrant ledge,
Coquetting all day with the sunbeams,
And stealing their golden edge;
Not for the vines on the upland,
Where the bright red berries rest,
Nor the pinks, nor the pale sweet cowslip,
It seemeth to me the best.

I once had a little brother,
With eyes that were dark and deep;
In the lap of that old dim forest
He lieth in peace asleep:

Light as the down of the thistle,
Free as the winds that blow,
We roved there the beautiful summers,
The summers of long ago;
But his feet on the hills grew weary,
And, one of the autumn eves,
I made for my little brother
A bed of the yellow leaves.
Sweetly his pale arms folded
My neck in a meek embrace,
As the light of immortal beauty
Silently covered his face;
And when the arrows of sunset
Lodged in the tree-tops bright,
He fell, in his saint-like beauty,
Asleep by the gates of light.
Therefore, of all the pictures
That hang on memory's wall,
The one of the dim old forest
Seemeth the best of all.

ALICE CARY.

LITTLE JIM.

THE cottage was a thatched one, the outside old and mean,
But all within that little cot was wondrous neat and clean;
The night was dark and stormy, the wind was howling wild,
As a patient mother sat beside the death-bed of her child:
A little worn-out creature, his once bright eyes grown dim:
It was a collier's wife and child—they called him little Jim.

And oh! to see the briny tears fast hurrying down her cheek,
As she offered up the prayer, in thought, she was afraid to speak,
Lest she might waken one she loved far better than her life;
For she had all a mother's heart—had that poor collier's wife.

With hands uplifted, see, she kneels beside the sufferer's bed,
And prays that he would spare her boy, and take herself instead.

She gets her answer from the child: soft fall the words from him,
"Mother, the angels do so smile, and beckon little Jim,
I have no pain, dear mother, now, but O! I am so dry,
Just moisten poor Jim's lips again, and, mother, don't you cry."
With gentle, trembling haste she held the liquid to his lip;
He smiled to thank her as he took each little, tiny sip.

"Tell father, when he comes from work, I said good-night to him,
And, mother, now I'll go to sleep." Alas! poor little Jim!
She knew that he was dying; that the child she loved so dear,
Had uttered the last words she might ever hope to hear:
The cottage door is opened, the collier's step is heard,
The father and the mother meet, yet neither speak a word.

He felt that all was over, he knew his child was dead,
He took the candle in his hand and walked towards the bed;
His quivering lips gave token of the grief he'd fain conceal,
And see, his wife has joined him—the stricken couple kneel:
With hearts bowed down by sadness, they humbly ask of Him,
In heaven, once more, to meet again their own poor little Jim.

ANONYMOUS.

THOSE EVENING BELLS.

THOSE evening bells! those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time
When last I heard their soothing chime!

Those joyous hours are passed away;
And many a heart that then was gay
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 't will be when I am gone,—
That tuneful peal will still ring on;
While other bards shall walk these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.

THOMAS MOORE.

THE ISLE OF LONG AGO.

O A WONDERFUL stream is the river Time,
As it runs through the realm of tears,
With a faultless rythm and a musical rhyme,
And a boundless sweep and a surge sublime,
As it blends with the Ocean of Years.

How the winters are drifting, like flakes of snow,
And the summers like buds between,
And the year in the sheaf, so they come and they go,
On the river's breast, with its ebb and flow,
As it glides in the shadow and sheen.

There's a magical isle up the river Time,
Where the softest of airs are playing;
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the Junes with the roses are straying.

And the name of that Isle is the Long Ago,
And we bury our treasures there;
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow;
There are heaps of dust—but we loved them so!
There are trinkets and tresses of hair;

There are fragments of song that nobody sings,
And a part of an infant's prayer;
There's a lute unswept, and a harp without strings;
There are broken vows and pieces of rings,
And the garments that she used to wear.

There are hands that are waved when the fairy shore
  By the mirage is lifted in air,
And we sometimes hear through the turbulent roar
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,
  When the wind down the river is fair.

O remembered for aye, be the blessed Isle,
  All the day of our life until night;
When the evening comes with its beautiful smile,
And our eyes are closing to slumber awhile,
  May that "Greenwood" of Soul be in sight!

BENJ. F. TAYLOR.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

One more unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care!
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements,
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing;
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing!

Touch her not scornfully!
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly,—
Not of the stains of her;
All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny,
Rash and undutiful;

Past all dishonor,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,—
One of Eve's family,—
Wipe those poor lips of hers,
Oozing so clammily.

Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb,—
Her fair auburn tresses,—
Whilst wonderment guesses
Where was her home?

Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other?

Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
O, it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly
Feelings had changed,—
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence;
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood with amazement,
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver;
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river;
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery,
Swift to be hurled—
Anywhere, anywhere
Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly,—
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran—
Over the brink of it!
Picture it,—think of it!
Dissolute man!
Lave in it, drink of it
Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care!
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Ere her limbs, frigidly,
Stiffen too rigidly,
Decently, kindly,
Smooth and compose them;
And her eyes, close them,
Staring so blindly!
Dreadfully staring
Through muddy impurity,
As when with the daring
Last look of despairing
Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
Spurred by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest!
Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast!

Owning her weakness,
Her evil behavior,
And leaving, with meekness,
Her sins to her Savior!

THOMAS HOOD.

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.

Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor-lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still.

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

A soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers;
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears;
But a comrade stood beside him, while his life-blood ebbed away,
And bent, with pitying glances, to hear what he might say.
The dying soldier faltered, as he took that comrade's hand,
And he said, "I nevermore shall see my own, my native land;
Take a message, and a token, to some distant friends of mine,
For I was born at Bingen,—at Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and crowd around,
To hear my mournful story, in the pleasant vineyard ground,
That we fought the battle bravely, and when the day was done,
Full many a corse lay ghastly pale beneath the setting sun;
And, mid the dead and dying, were some grown old in wars,—
The death-wound on their gallant breasts, the last of many scars;
And some were young, and suddenly beheld life's morn decline,—
And one had come from Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my mother that her other son shall comfort her old age;
For I was still a truant bird, that thought his home a cage.
For my father was a soldier, and even as a child
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild;
And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty hoard,
I let them take whate'er they would,—but kept my father's sword;
And with boyish love I hung it, where the bright light used to shine,
On the cottage wall at Bingen,—calm Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping head,
When the troops come marching home again with glad and gallant tread,
But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast eye,
For her brother was a soldier too, and not afraid to die;
And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name
To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame,
And to hang the old sword in its place (my father's sword and mine)
For the honor of old Bingen,—dear Bingen on the Rhine.

"There's another,—not a sister; in the happy days gone by
You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her eye;
Too innocent for coquetry,—too fond for idle scorning,—
O friend! I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest mourning!

Tell her the last night of my life (for, ere the moon be risen,
My body will be out of pain, my soul be out of prison),—
I dreamed I stood with *her*, and saw the yellow sunlight shine
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine.

"I saw the blue Rhine sweep along,—I heard, or seemed to hear,
The German songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet and clear;
And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,
The echoing chorus sounded, through the evening calm and still;
And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we passed, with friendly talk,
Down many a path beloved of yore, and well-remembered walk!
And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine,—
But we'll meet no more at Bingen,—loved Bingen on the Rhine."

His trembling voice grew faint and hoarse,—his grasp was childish weak,—
His eyes put on a dying look,—he sighed and ceased to speak;
His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had fled,—
The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land is dead!
And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked down
On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody corses strewn;
Yes, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seemed to shine,
As it shone on distant Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine.

CAROLINE E. NORTON.

HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blessed!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

WILLIAM COLLINS.

THE BANKS O' DOON.

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary, fu' o' care?
Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons through the flowering thorn;
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed—never to return.

Aft hae I roved by bonnie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang o' its luve,
And, fondly, sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pou'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
And my fause luver stole my rose,
But ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

ROBERT BURNS.

A DEATH-BED.

Her suffering ended with the day;
Yet lived she at its close,
And breathed the long, long night away
In statue-like repose.

But when the sun, in all his state,
Illumed the eastern skies,
She passed through glory's morning-gate,
And walked in Paradise!

JAMES ALDRICH.

WE WATCHED HER BREATHING.

We watched her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied,—
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed,—she had
Another morn than ours.

THOMAS HOOD.

"ROCK OF AGES."

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,"
Thoughtlessly the maiden sung,
Fell the words unconsciously
From her girlish, gleeful tongue;
Sung as little children sing,
Sung as sing the birds in June;
Fell the words like light leaves sown
On the current of the tune—
"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

Felt her soul no need to hide—
Sweet the song as song could be
And she had no thought beside;
All the words unheedingly
Fell from lips untouched by care,
Dreaming not that each might be
On some other lips a prayer—

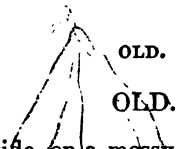
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me—"
'Twas a woman sung them now,
Pleadingly and prayerfully;
Every word her heart did know;
Rose the song as storm-tossed bird
Beats with weary wing the air,
Every note with sorrow stirred,
Every syllable a prayer—
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me—"
Lips grown aged sung the hymn
Trustingly and tenderly,
Voice grown weak and eyes grown dim—
"Let me hide myself in Thee."
Trembling through the voice, and low,
Rose the sweet strain peacefully
As a river in its flow;
Sung as only they can sing,
Who life's thorny paths have pressed;
Sung as only they can sing
Who behold the promised rest.

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,"
Sung above a coffin-lid;
Underneath, all restfully
All life's cares and sorrows hid.
Never more, O storm-tossed soul,
Never more from wind or tide,
Never more from billow's roll
Wilt thou need thyself to hide.
Could the sightless, sunken eyes,
Closed beneath the soft gray hair,
Could the mute and stiffened lips,
Move again in pleading prayer,
Still, aye still the words would be,
"Let me hide myself in Thee."

ANONYMOUS.



OLD.

By the wayside, on a mossy stone,
Sat a hoary pilgrim, sadly musing;
Oft I marked him sitting there alone,
All the landscape, like a page, perusing;
Poor, unknown,
By the wayside, on a mossy stone.

Buckled knee and shoe, and broad-brimmed hat;
Coat as ancient as the form 't was folding;
Silver buttons, queue, and crimped cravat;
Oaken staff his feeble hand upholding;
There he sat!
Buckled knee and shoe, and broad-brimmed hat.

Seemed it pitiful he should sit there,
No one sympathizing, no one heeding,
None to love him for his thin gray hair,
And the furrows all so mutely pleading
Age and care;
Seemed it pitiful he should sit there.

One sweet spirit broke the silent spell,
O, to me her name was always Heaven!
She besought him all his grief to tell,
(I was then thirteen, and she eleven,)
Isabel!
One sweet spirit broke the silent spell.

"Angel," said he sadly, "I am old;
Earthly hope no longer hath a morrow;
Yet, why I sit here thou shalt be told."
Then his eye betrayed a pearl of sorrow,
Down it rolled!
"Angel," said he sadly, "I am old."

"I have tottered here to look once more
On the pleasant scene where I delighted
In the careless, happy days of yore,
Ere the garden of my heart was blighted
To the core!
I have tottered here to look once more.

"Old stone school-house!—it is still the same;
There's the very step I so oft mounted;
There's the window creaking in its frame,
And the notches that I cut and counted
For the game.
Old stone school-house, it is still the same.

"In the cottage yonder I was born;
Long my happy home that humble dwelling;
There the fields of clover, wheat, and corn;
There the spring with limpid nectar swelling;
Ah, forlorn!
In the cottage yonder I was born.

"There's the mill that ground our yellow grain;
Pond and river still serenely flowing;
Cot there nestling in the shaded lane,
Where the lily of my heart was blowing,
Mary Jane!
There's the mill that ground our yellow grain.

There's the gate on which I used to swing,
Brook, and bridge, and barn, and old red stable;
But alas! no more the morn shall bring
That dear group around my father's table;
Taken wing!
There's the gate on which I used to swing.

"I am fleeing,—all I loved have fled.
Yon green meadow was our place for playing;
That old tree can tell of sweet things said
When around it Jane and I were straying;
She is dead!
I am fleeing,—all I loved have fled.

"Yon white spire, a pencil on the sky,
Tracing silently life's changeful story,
So familiar to my dim old eye,
Points me to seven that are now in glory
There on high!
Yon white spire, a pencil on the sky.

"Oft the aisle of that old church we trod,
Guided thither by an angel mother;

Now she sleeps beneath its sacred sod;
Sire and sisters, and my little brother.
Gone to God!
Oft the aisle of that old church we trod.

"There my Mary blest me with her hand
When our souls drank in the nuptial blessing,
Ere she hastened to the spirit-land,
Yonder turf her gentle bosom pressing;
Broken band!
There my Mary blest me with her hand.

"I have come to see that grave once more,
And the sacred place where we delighted,
Where we worshipped in the days of yore,
Ere the garden of my heart was blighted
To the core!
I have come to see that grave once more.

"Angel," said he sadly, "I am old;
Earthly hope no longer hath a morrow,
Now, why I sit here thou hast been told."
In his eye another pearl of sorrow,
Down it rolled!
"Angel," said he sadly, "I am old."

By the wayside, on a mossy stone,
Sat the hoary pilgrim sadly musing;
Still I marked him sitting there alone,
All the landscape, like a page, perusing;
Poor, unknown!
By the wayside, on a mossy stone.

RALPH HOYT.

THE SONG OF THE CAMP.

AN INCIDENT OF THE CRIMEAN WAR.

"GIVE us a song!" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay, grim and threatening, under;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said:
"We storm the forts to-morrow;
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon;
Brave hearts, from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame;
Forgot was Britain's glory:
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong,—
Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
But, as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot, and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortars!

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a singer, dumb and gory;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest
  Your truth and valor wearing:
The bravest are the tenderest,—
  The loving are the daring.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

THE LOST STEAMSHIP.

"Ho, there! fisherman, hold your hand!
  Tell me what is that far away—
There, where over the Isle of Sand
  Hangs the mist-cloud sullen and gray?
See! it rocks with a ghastly life,
  Rising and rolling through clouds of spray,
Right in the midst of the breakers' strife—
  Tell me, what is it, Fisherman, pray?"

"That, good sir, was a steamer stout
  As ever paddled around Cape Race,
And many's the wild and stormy bout
  She had with the winds in that self-same place;
But her time had come; and at ten o'clock
  Last night she struck on that lonesome shore,
And her sides were gnawed by the hidden rock,
  And at dawn this morning she was no more."

"Come, as you seem to know, good man,
  The terrible fate of this gallant ship,
Tell me all about her that you can,—
  And here's my flask to moisten your lip.
Tell me how many she had on board—
  Wives and husbands, and lovers true—
How did it fare with her human hoard,
  Lost she many or lost she few?"

"Master, I may not drink of your flask,
  Already too moist I feel my lip;
But I'm ready to do what else you ask,
  And spin you my yarn about the ship:
'T was ten o'clock, as I said, last night,
  When she struck the breakers and went ashore,
And scarce had broken the morning's light
  Than she sank in twelve feet of water, or more.

"But long ere this they knew their doom,
And the Captain called all hands to prayer;
And solemnly over the ocean's boom
The orisons rose on the troubled air.
And round about the vessel there rose
Tall plumes of spray as white as snow,
Like angels in their ascension clothes,
Waiting for those who prayed below.

"So those three hundred people clung
As well as they could to spar and rope;
With a word of prayer upon every tongue,
Nor on any face a glimmer of hope.
But there was no blubbering weak and wild—
Of tearful faces I saw but one,
A rough old salt, who cried like a child,
And not for himself, but the Captain's son.

"The Captain stood on the quarter-deck,
Firm but pale, with trumpet in hand,
Sometimes he looked on the breaking wreck,
Sometimes he sadly looked on land.
And often he smiled to cheer the crew—
But, Lord! the smile was terrible grim—
'Till over the quarter a huge sea flew,
And that was the last they saw of him.

"I saw one young fellow, with his bride,
Standing amidship upon the wreck;
His face was white as the boiling tide,
And *she* was clinging about his neck.
And I saw them try to say good-bye,
But neither could hear the other speak;
So they floated away through the sea to die—
Shoulder to shoulder, and cheek to cheek.

"And there was a child, but eight at best,
Who went his way in a sea we shipped,
All the while holding upon his breast
A little pet parrot whose wings were clipped.
And as the boy and the bird went by,
Swinging away on a tall wave's crest,
They were grappled by a man with a drowning cry;
And together the three went down to rest.

"And so the crew went one by one,
Some with gladness, and few with fear;
Cold and hardship such work had done
That few seemed frightened when death was near.
Thus every soul on board went down—
Sailor and passenger, little and great;
The last that sank was a man of my town,
A capital swimmer—the second mate."

"Now, lonely Fisherman, who are you,
That say you saw this terrible wreck?
How do I know what you say is true,
When every mortal was swept from the deck?
Where were you in that hour of death?
How do you know what you relate?"
His answer came in an under-breath—
"Master, I was the second mate!"

FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN.

'T IS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

'T is the last rose of summer,
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred,
No rosebud, is nigh
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh!

I 'll not leave thee, thou lone one!
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them;
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may *I* follow,
When friendships decay,
And from love's shining circle
The gems drop away!

When true hearts lie withered,
And fond ones are flown,
O, who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

THOMAS MOORE.

DEATH OF POOR JO.

Jo is very glad to see his old friend, and says, when they are left alone, that he takes it uncommon kind as Mr. Sangsby should come so far out of his way on accounts of sich as him. Mr. Sangsby, touched by the spectacle before him, immediately lays upon the table half a crown, — that magic balm of his for all kinds of wounds.

"And how do you find yourself, my poor lad?" inquires the stationer, with his cough of sympathy.

"I am in luck, Mr. Sangsby, I am," returns Jo, "and don't want for nothink. I'm more cumf'bler nor you can't think. Mr. Sangsby! I'm werry sorry that I done it, but I did n't go fur to do it, sir."

The stationer softly lays down another half-crown, and asks him what it is that he is so sorry for having done.

"Mr. Sangsby," says Jo, "I went and give a illness to the lady as wos and yit as warn't the t'other lady, and none of 'em never says nothink to me for having done it, on accounts of their being ser good and my having been s' unfortnet. The lady come herself and see me yesday, and she ses, 'Ah, Jo!' she ses. 'We thought we'd lost you, Jo!' she ses. And she sits down a smilin' so quiet, and don't pass a word nor yit a look upon me for having done it, she don't, and I turns agin the wall, I doos, Mr. Sangsby. And Mr. Jarnders, I see him forced to turn away his own self. And Mr. Woodcot, he come fur to giv me somethink for to ease me, wot he's allus a doin' on day and night, and wen he come a bendin' over me and a speakin' up so bold, I see his tears a fallin', Mr. Sangsby."

The softened stationer deposits another half-crown on the table. Nothing less than a repetition of that infallible remedy will relieve his feelings.

"Wot I wos a thinkin' on, Mr. Sangsby," proceeds Jo, "wos, as you wos able to write wery large, p'r'aps?"

"Yes, Jo, please God," returns the stationer.

"Uncommon precious large, p'r'aps?" says Jo, with eagerness.

"Yes, my poor boy."

Jo laughs with pleasure. "Wot I was thinkin' on then, Mr. Sangsby, wos, that wen I was moved on as fur as ever I could go and could n't be moved no furder, whether you might be so good, p'r'aps, as to write out, wery large so that any one could see it anywheres, as that I wos wery truly hearty sorry that I done it and that I never went fur to do it; and that though I did n't know nothink at all, I knowd as Mr. Woodcot once cried over it and wos allus grieved over it, and that I hoped as he'd be able to forgiv me in his mind. If the writin' could be made to say it wery large, he might.

"It shall say it, Jo. Very large."

Jo laughs again. "Thank'ee, Mr. Sangsby. It's wery kind of you, sir, and it makes me more cumfbler nor I was afore."

The meek little stationer, with a broken and unfinished cough, slips down his fourth half-crown, — he has never been so close to a case requiring so many, — and is fain to depart. And Jo and he upon this little earth shall meet no more. No more.

For the cart, so hard to draw, is near its journey's end, and drags over stony ground. All round the clock, it labors up the broken steeps, shattered and worn. Not many times can the sun rise, and behold it still upon its weary road.

Jo is in a sleep or stupor to-day, and Allan Woodcourt newly arrived, stands by him, looking down upon his wasted form. After a while, he softly seats himself upon the bedside with his face toward him, and touches his chest and heart. The cart had very nearly given up, but labors on a little more.

"Well, Jo? What is the matter? Don't be frightened."

"I thought," says Jo, who has started, and is looking round, — "I thought I was in Tom-all-Alone's agin. An't there nobody here but you, Mr. Woodcot?"

"Nobody."

"And I ain't took back to Tom-all-Alone's. Am I, sir?"

"No."

Jo closes his eyes, muttering, "I'm wery thankful."

After watching him closely a little while, Allan puts his mouth very near his ear, and says to him in a low, distinct voice,—

"Jo! Did you ever know a prayer?"

"Never knowd nothink, sir."

"Not so much as one short prayer?"

"No, sir. Nothink at all. Mr. Chadbands he wos a prayin' wunst at Mr. Sangsby's, and I heerd him, but he sounded as if he wos speakin' to hisself, and not to me. He prayed a lot but *I* could n't make out nothink on it. Different times there wos other genlmen come down Tom-all-Alone's a prayin', but they all mostly sed as the t' other wuns prayed wrong, and all mostly sounded to be a talking to theirselves, or a passing blame on the t' others, and not a talkin' to us. *We* never knowd nothink. *I* never knowd what it wos all about."

It takes him a long time to say this; and few but an experienced and attentive listener could hear, or, hearing, understand him. After a short relapse into sleep or stupor, he makes, of a sudden, a strong effort to get out of bed.

"Stay, Jo, stay! What now?"

"It 's time for me to go to that there berryin-ground, sir," he returns, with a wild look.

"Lie down, and tell me. What burying-ground, Jo?"

"Where they laid him as wos wery good to me; wery good to me indeed, he wos. It 's time fur me to go down to that there berryin-ground, sir, and ask to be put along with him. I wants to go there and be berried. He used fur to say to me, 'I am as poor as you to-day, Jo,' he ses. I wants to tell him that I am as poor as him now, and have come there to be laid along with him."

"By and by, Jo. By and by."

"Ah! P'r'aps they would n't do it if I wos to go myself. But will you promise to have me took there, sir, and have me laid along with him?"

"I will, indeed."

"Thank'ee, sir! Thank'ee, sir! They'll have to get the key of the gate afore they can take me in, for it 's allus locked. And there's a step there, as I used fur to clean with my broom. It 's turned wery dark, sir. Is there any light a comin'?"

"It is coming fast Jo."

Fast. The cart is shaken all to pieces, and the rugged road is very near its end.

"Jo, my poor fellow!"

"I hear you, sir, in the dark, but I'm a gropin',—a gropin',—let me catch hold of your hand."

"Jo, can you say what I say?"
"I'll say anythink as you say, sir, for I knows it 's good."
"OUR FATHER."
"Our Father!—yes, that's wery good, sir."
"WHICH ART IN HEAVEN."
"Art in Heaven—is the light a comin', sir?"
"It is close at hand. HALLOWED BE THY NAME!"
"Hallowed be—thy—name!"
The light is come upon the dark benighted way. Dead! Dead, your Majesty. Dead, my lords and gentlemen. Dead, Right Reverends and Wrong Reverends of every order. Dead, men and women, born with heavenly compassion in your hearts. And dying thus around us every day!

CHARLES DICKENS.

THE VOLUNTEER'S WIFE.

"AN' sure I was tould to come to your Honor,
To see if ye'd write a few words to me Pat.
He's gone for a soldier, is Misther O'Connor,
Wid a sthripe on his arm and a band on his hat.

"An' what'll ye tell him? It ought to be aisy
For sich as yer Honor to spake wid the pen,—
Jist say I'm all right, and that Mavoorneen Daisy
(The baby, yer Honor,) is betther again.

"For when he went off it's so sick was the childer
She niver held up her blue eyes to his face;
And when I'd be cryin' he'd look but the wilder,
An' say, 'Would you wish for the counthry's disgrace?'

"So he left her in danger, and me sorely gratin',
To follow the flag wid an Irishman's joy;—
O, it 's often I drame of the big drums a batin',
An' a bullet gone straight to the heart of me boy.

"An' say will he send me a bit of his money,
For the rint an' the docther's bill due in a wake;—
Well, surely, there's tears on yer eye-lashes, honey!
Ah, faith, I've no right with such freedom to spake.

"You've overmuch trifling, I'll not give ye trouble,
I'll find some one willin'— O, what can it be?
What's that in the newspaper folded up double?
Yer Honor, don't hide it, but rade it to me.

"What, Patrick O'Connor! No, no, 't is some other!
Dead! dead! no, not him! 'Tis a wake scarce gone by.
Dead! dead! why, the kiss on the cheek of his mother,
It has n't had time yet, yer Honor to dry.

"Don't tell me! It 's not him! O God, am I crazy?
Shot dead! O for love of sweet Heaven, say no.
O, what 'll I do in the world wid poor Daisy!
O, how will I live, an' O, where will I go!

"The room is so dark, I 'm not seein' yer Honor,
I think I 'll go home—" And a sob thick and dry
Came sharp from the bosom of Mary O'Connor,
But never a tear-drop welled up to her eye.

M. A. DENNISON.

OUR FOLKS.

"Hi! Harry Holly! Halt,—and tell
A fellow just a thing or two;
You 've had a furlough, been to see
How all the folks in Jersey do.
It's months ago since I was there,—
I, and a bullet from Fair Oaks;
When you were home,— old comrade, say,
Did you see any of our folks?

"You did? Shake hands,— O, ain't I glad;
For if I do look grim and rough,
I 've got some feelin'—
People think
A soldier's heart is mighty tough;
But, Harry, when the bullets fly,
And hot saltpetre flames and smokes,
While whole battalions lie afield,
One's apt to think about his folks.

"And so you saw them — when? and where?
The old man — is he hearty yet?
And mother — does she fade at all?
Or does she seem to pine and fret
For me? And Sis? — has she grown tall?
And did you see her friend — you know
That Annie Moss —
(How this pipe chokes!)
Where did you see her? — tell me, Hal,
A lot of news about our folks.

"You saw them in the church — yet say;
It 's likely, for they 're always there.
Not Sunday? no? A funeral? Who?
Who, Harry? how you shake and stare!
All well, you say, and all were out;
What ails you, Hal? Is this a hoax?
Why don't you tell me, like a man,
What is the matter with our folks?

"I said all well, old comrade, true;
I say all well, for He knows best
Who takes the young ones in his arms,
Before the sun goes to the west.
The axe-man Death deals right and left,
And flowers fall as well as oaks;
And so —
Fair Annie blooms no more!
And that's the matter with your folks.

"See, this long curl was kept for you;
And this white blossom from her breast;
And here — your sister Bessie wrote
A letter, telling all the rest.
Bear up, old friend."
Nobody speaks;
Only the old camp raven croaks,
And soldiers whisper:
"Boys, be still;
There's some bad news from Grainger's folks."

He turns his back — the only foe
That ever saw it — on this grief,

And, as men will, keeps down the tears
Kind Nature sends to Woe's relief.
Then answers he:
"Ah, Hal, I 'll try;
But in my throat there 's something chokes,
Because, you see, I' ve thought so long
To count her in among our folks.

"I s'pose she must be happy now,
But still I will keep thinking too,
I could have kept all trouble off,
By being tender, kind, and true.
But maybe not.
She 's safe up there,
And when the Hand deals other strokes,
She 'll stand by Heaven's gate, I know,
And wait to welcome in our folks."

ETHEL LYNN.

THE LANDLADY'S DAUGHTER.

THREE students were traveling over the Rhine;
They stopped when they came to the landlady's sign;
"Good landlady, have you good beer and wine?
And where is that dear little daughter of thine?"

"My beer and wine are fresh and clear;
My daughter she lies on the cold death-bier!"
And when to the chamber they made their way,
There, dead, in a coal-black shrine, she lay.

The first he drew near, and the veil gently raised,
And on her pale face he mournfully gazed:
"Ah! wert thou but living yet," he said,
"I'd love thee from this time forth, fair maid!"

The second he slowly put back the shroud,
And turned him away and wept aloud:
"Ah! that thou liest in the cold death-bier!
Alas! I have loved thee for many a year!"

The third he once more uplifted the veil,
And kissed her upon her mouth so pale:
"Thee loved I always; I love still but thee;
And thee will I love through eternity!"

UHLAND. [TRANSLATION OF J. S. DWIGHT.]

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

When the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye at hame,
And a' the warld to sleep are gane;
The waes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my ee,
When my gudeman lies sound by me.

Young Jamie loo'd me weel, and socht me for his bride;
But, saving a croun, he had naething else beside.
To mak that croun a pund, young Jamie gaed to sea;
And the croun and the pund were baith for me!

He hadna been awa a week but only twa,
When my mother she fell sick, and the cow was stown awa;
My father brak his arm, and young Jamie at the sea —
And auld Robin Gray cam' a-courtin' me.

My father cou'dna work, and my mother cou'dna spin;
I toiled day and nicht, but their bread I cou'dna win;
Auld Rob maintained them baith, and, wi' tears in his ee,
Said, "Jenny, for their sakes, oh marry me!"

My heart it said nay, for I looked for Jamie back;
But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a wrack;
The ship it was a wrack! Why didna Jamie dee?
Or, why do I live to say, Wae's me?

My father argued sair — my mother didna speak,
But she lookit in my face till my heart was like to break;
Sae they gied him my hand, though my heart was in the sea;
And auld Robin Gray was gudeman to me.

I hadna been a wife, a week but only four,
When, sitting sae mournfully at the door,
I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I cou'dna think it he,
Till he said, "I'm come back for to marry thee!"

Oh sair, sair did we greet, and muckle did we say;
We took but ae kiss, and we tore ourselves away:
I wish I were dead, but I'm no like to dee;
And why do I live to say, Wae's me?

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin;
I daurna think on Jamie, for that wad be a sin;
But I'll do my best a gude wife to be,
For auld Robin Gray is kind unto me.

LADY ANNE BARNARD.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

JOHN ANDERSON, my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent;
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snaw;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither.
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we 'll go;
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.

ROBERT BURNS.

II. SOLEMNITY.

In the expression of solemnity three things are necessary:
First, Natural voice.
Second, Effusive utterance.
Third, Low pitch.

Here, as in pathetic reading, the natural voice and effusive utterance are used, and the same care should be taken to secure perfect *purity of tone* and a gentle *continuous emission of sound.*

Low pitch can be easily secured by striking the pitch of ordinary conversation, which is about the middle line of the voice, and descending on the musical scale four notes. The level of solemn expression will thus be reached, and with freedom from harshness of tone, united with an effusive utterance, the conditions of solemn reading will be fully met.

SOLEMN SELECTIONS.

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

Somewhat back from the village street
Stands the old-fashioned country-seat.
Across its antique portico
Tall poplar-trees their shadows throw,
And from its station in the hall
An ancient timepiece says to all,—
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

Half-way up the stairs it stands,
And points and beckons with its hands
From its case of massive oak,
Like a monk, who, under his cloak,
Crosses himself, and sighs, alas!
With sorrowful voice to all who pass,—
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

By day its voice is low and light;
But in the silent dead of night,
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,
It echoes along the vacant hall,
Along the ceiling, along the floor,
And seems to say, at each chamber-door,
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,
Through days of death and days of birth,
Through every swift vicissitude
Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood,
And as if, like God, it all things saw,
It calmly repeats those words of awe,—
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

In that mansion used to be
Free-hearted Hospitality;
His great fires up the chimney roared;
The stranger feasted at his board;
But, like the skeleton at the feast,
That warning timepiece never ceased,
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

There groups of merry children played,
There youths and maidens dreaming strayed;
O precious hours! O golden prime!
And affluence of love and time!
Even as a miser counts his gold,
Those hours the ancient timepiece told,—
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

From that chamber, clothed in white,
The bride came forth on her wedding night;
There, in that silent room below,
The dead lay in his shroud of snow;
And in the hush that followed the prayer,
Was heard the old clock on the stair,—
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

All are scattered now and fled,
Some are married, some are dead;
And when I ask, with throbs of pain,
"Ah! when shall they all meet again?"
As in the days long since gone by,
The ancient timepiece makes reply,—
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

Never here, forever there,
Where all parting, pain and care,
And death and time shall disappear,—
Forever there, but never here!
The horologe of eternity
Sayeth this incessantly,—
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE LAST LEAF.

I saw him once before,
As he passed by the door;
And again
The pavement-stones resound
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
So forlorn;
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
"They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has pressed
In their bloom;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said—
Poor old lady! she is dead
Long ago—
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff;
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here,
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches,—and all that,
Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THANATOPSIS.

To him who, in the love of Nature, holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language: for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And gentle sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart,
Go forth under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice,—Yet a few days and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements;
To be a brother to the insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone,—nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world,—with kings,
The powerful of the earth,—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills,
Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun; the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods; rivers that move

In majesty, and the complaining brooks,
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man! The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, traverse Barca's desert sands,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings,—yet the dead are there!
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep,—the dead reign there alone!
So shalt thou rest; and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men—
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man—
Shall, one by one, be gathered to thy side
By those who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THE RAINY DAY.

THE day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering Past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

[The women of Columbus, Mississippi, animated by nobler sentiments than are many of their sisters, have shown themselves impartial in their offerings made to the memory of the dead. They strewed flowers alike on the graves of the Confederate and of the National soldiers.]

BY the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver
Asleep are the ranks of the dead;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Under the one, the Blue;
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—

Under the laurel, the Blue;
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers
Alike for the friend and the foe;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Under the roses, the Blue;
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So with an equal splendor
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch, impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
'Broidered with gold, the Blue;
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Wet with the rain, the Blue;
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of the years that are fading,
No braver battle was won;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Under the blossoms, the Blue;
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead!

Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Love and tears for the Blue;
Tears and love for the Gray.

F. M. FINCH.

THE DAY IS DONE.

THE day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
That my soul cannot resist:

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor;
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who, through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares, that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE BRIDGE.

I STOOD on the bridge at midnight,
As the clocks were striking the hour,
And the moon rose o'er the city,
Behind the dark church-tower.

I saw her bright reflection
In the waters under me,
Like a golden goblet falling
And sinking into the sea.

And far in the hazy distance
Of that lovely night in June,
The blaze of the flaming furnace
Gleamed redder than the moon.

Among the long, black rafters
The wavering shadows lay,
And the current that came from the ocean
Seemed to lift and bear them away;

As, sweeping and eddying through them,
Rose the belated tide,
And, streaming into the moonlight,
The sea-weed floated wide.

And like those waters rushing
Among the wooden piers,
A flood of thoughts came o'er me
That filled my eyes with tears.

How often, O how often,
In the days that had gone by,
I had stood on that bridge at midnight,
And gazed on that wave and sky!

How often, O how often,
I had wished that the ebbing tide
Would bear me away on its bosom
O'er the ocean wild and wide!

For my heart was hot and restless,
And my life was full of care,
And the burden laid upon me
Seemed greater than I could bear.

But now it has fallen from me,
It is buried in the sea;
And only the sorrow of others
Throws its shadow over me.

Yet whenever I cross the river
On its bridge with wooden piers,
Like the odor of brine from the ocean
Comes the thought of other years.

And I think how many thousands
Of care-encumbered men,
Each bearing his burden of sorrow,
Have crossed the bridge since then.

I see the long procession
Still passing to and fro,
The young heart hot and restless,
And the old subdued and slow!

And forever and forever,
As long as the river flows,
As long as the heart has passions,
As long as life has woes:

The moon and its broken reflection
And its shadows shall appear,
As the symbol of love in heaven,
And its wavering image here.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

SORROW FOR THE DEAD.

THE sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal, every other affliction to forget; but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open; this affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude. Where is the mother who would willingly forget the infant that perished like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection is a pang? Where is the child that would willingly forget the most tender of parents, though to remember be but to lament? Who, even in the hour of agony, would forget the friend over whom he mourns? Who, even when the tomb is closing upon the remains of her he most loved—when he feels his heart, as it were, crushed in the closing of its portals—would accept of consolation that must be bought by forgetfulness?

No, the love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its woes, it has likewise its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection; when the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness, who would root out such a sorrow from his heart? Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gayety, or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom, yet who would exchange it, even for the song of pleasure, or the burst of revelry?

No, there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song. There is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn, even from the charms of the living. Oh, the grave! the grave!

It buries every error, covers every defect, extinguishes every resentment! From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down, even upon the grave of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb, that he should ever have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him?

But the grave of those we loved, what a place for meditation! There it is that we call up in long review the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us, almost unheeded in the daily intercourse of intimacy; there it is that we dwell upon the tenderness, the solemn, awful tenderness of the parting scene; the bed of death, with all its stifled griefs, its noiseless attendance, its mute, watchful assiduities. The last testimonies of expiring love! the feeble, fluttering, thrilling,—oh, how thrilling!—pressure of the hand. The faint, faltering accents, struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection! The last fond look of the glazing eye, turning upon us even from the threshold of existence! Ay, go to the grave of buried love and meditate. There settle the account with thy conscience for every past benefit unrequited, every past endearment unregarded, of that departed being who can never, never, never return to be soothed by thy contrition.

If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent; if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth; if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged, in thought, or word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee; if thou art a lover, and hast ever given one unmerited pang to that true heart that now lies cold and still beneath thy feet;—then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knock dolefully at thy soul; then be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant in the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear, more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.

Then weave thy chaplet of flowers, and strew the beauties of nature about the grave; console thy broken spirit, if thou canst, with these tender, yet futile tributes of regret; but take warning by the bitterness of this thy contrite afflic-

tion over the dead, and henceforth be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties to the living.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

FUNERAL HYMN.

How still and peaceful is the grave,
Where,—life's vain tumults past,—
The appointed house, by Heaven's decree,
Receives us all at last!

The wicked there from troubling cease,—
Their passions rage no more;
And there the weary pilgrim rests
From all the toils he bore.

All, leveled by the hand of death,
Lie sleeping in the tomb,
Till God in judgment call them forth
To meet their final doom.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

III. SERENITY, BEAUTY, LOVE.

The requirements are,

First—Natural voice.

Second—Effusive utterance.

Third—High pitch.

The pleasant effect produced by this combination was called by the Ancients, the "Silvery tone." The quietude and delicacy of this class of selections demand especial care in securing a pure, musical and effusive quality of voice. The more pure, gentle and continuous the tones can be made, the more effective and pleasant will be the results of the read ing.

To secure high pitch let the voice ascend the musical scale four notes, beginning with the pitch of ordinary conversation.

SELECTIONS OF SERENITY, BEAUTY, LOVE.

ENDYMION.

THE rising moon has hid the stars;
Her level rays, like golden bars,
Lie on the landscape green,
With shadows brown between.

And silver white the river gleams,
As if Diana, in her dreams,
Had dropt her silver bow
Upon the meadows low.

On such a tranquil night as this,
She woke Endymion with a kiss,
When sleeping in the grove,
He dreamed not of her love.

Like Dian's kiss unasked, unsought,
Love gives itself, but is not bought;
Nor voice, nor sound betrays
Its deep, impassioned gaze.

It comes,—the beautiful, the free,
The crown of all humanity,—
In silence and alone
To seek the elected one.

It lifts the boughs, whose shadows deep,
Are Life's oblivion, the soul's sleep,
And kisses the closed eyes
Of him, who slumbering lies.

O weary hearts! O slumbering eyes!
O drooping souls, whose destinies
Are fraught with fear and pain,
Ye shall be loved again!

No one is so accursed by fate,
No one so utterly desolate,
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto his own.

Responds,—as if with unseen wings,
An angel touched its quivering strings;
And whispers, in its song,
"Where hast thou stayed so long!"

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE VALE OF CASHMERE.

WHO has not heard of the Vale of Cashmere,
With its roses the brightest that earth ever gave,
Its temples and grottos, and fountains as clear
As the love-lighted eyes that hang over their wave?

O, to see it at sunset,—when warm o'er the lake
  Its splendor at parting a summer eve throws,
Like a bride, full of blushes, when lingering to take
  A last look of her mirror at night ere she goes!—
When the shrines through the foliage are gleaming half shown,
  And each hallows the hour by some rites of its own.
Here the music of prayer from a minaret swells,
  Here the Magian his urn full of perfume is swinging,
And here, at the altar, a zone of sweet bells
  Round the waist of some fair Indian dancer is ringing.
Or to see it by moonlight,—when mellowly shines
The light o'er its palaces, gardens, and shrines;
When the waterfalls gleam like a quick fall of stars,
And the nightingale's hymn from the Isle of Chenars
Is broken by laughs and light echoes of feet
From the cool shining walks where the young people meet.
Or at morn, when the magic of daylight awakes
A new wonder each minute as slowly it breaks,
Hills, cupolas, fountains, called forth every one
Out of darkness, as they were just born of the sun.
When the spirit of fragrance is up with the day,
From his harem of night-flowers stealing away;
And the wind, full of wantonness, woos like a lover
The young aspen-trees till they tremble all over.
When the east is as warm as the light of first hopes,
  And day, with its banner of radiance unfurled,
Shines in through the mountainous portal that opes,
  Sublime, from that valley of bliss to the world!

THOMAS MOORE.

THE BELLS OF SHANDON.

With deep affection
And recollection
I often think of
  Those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would,
In the days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle
  Their magic spells.

On this I ponder
Where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder,
  Sweet Cork, of thee,—
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
  Of the river Lee.

I 've heard bells chiming
Full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in
  Cathedral shrine,
While at a glibe rate
Brass tongues would vibrate;
But all their music
  Spoke naught like thine.

For memory, dwelling
On each proud swelling
Of thy belfry, knelling
  Its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
  Of the river Lee.

I 've heard bells tolling
Old Adrian's Mole in,
Their thunder rolling
  From the Vatican,—
And cymbals glorious
Swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets
  Of Notre Dame;

But thy sounds were sweeter
Than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber,
  Pealing solemnly.
Oh! the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
  Of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow;
While on tower and kiosk O
In St. Sophia
The Turkman gets,
And loud in air
Calls men to prayer,
From the tapering summit
Of tall minarets.

Such empty phantom
I freely grant them;
But there's an anthem
More dear to me,—
'T is the bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

FATHER PROUT (FRANCIS MAHONY).

DRIFTING.

My soul to-day
Is far away,
Sailing the Vesuvian Bay;
My winged boat,
A bird afloat,
Swims round the purple peaks remote:—

Round purple peaks
It sails, and seeks
Blue inlets, and their crystal creeks,
Where high rocks throw,
Through deeps below,
A duplicated golden glow.

Far, vague and dim,
The mountains swim:
While on Vesuvius' misty brim,
With outstretched hands,
The gray smoke stands
O'erlooking the volcanic lands.

Here Ischia smiles
O'er liquid miles;
And yonder, bluest of the isles,
Calm Capri waits,
Her sapphire gates
Beguiling to her bright estates.

I heed not, if
My rippling skiff
Float swift or slow from cliff to cliff;—
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise.

Under the walls
Where swells and falls
The Bay's deep breast at intervals,
At peace I lie,
Blown softly by,
A cloud upon this liquid sky.

The day, so mild,
Is Heaven's own child,
With Earth and Ocean reconciled;—
The airs I feel
Around me steal
Are murmuring to the murmuring keel.

Over the rail
My hand I trail
Within the shadow of the sail,
A joy intense,
The cooling sense,
Glides down my drowsy indolence.

With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Where Summer sings and never dies,—
O'erveiled with vines,
She glows and shines
Among her future oil and wines.

Her children hid
The cliffs amid,
Are gambolling with the gambolling kid;

Or down the walls,
With tipsy calls,
Laugh on the rocks like waterfalls.

The fisher's child,
With tresses wild,
Unto the smooth, bright sand beguiled,
With glowing lips
Sings as she skips,
Or gazes at the far-off ships.

Yon deep bark goes
Where traffic blows,
From lands of sun to lands of snows;—
This happier one,
Its course is run
From lands of snow to lands of sun.

Oh, happy ship,
To rise and dip,
With the blue crystal at your lip!
Oh, happy crew,
My heart with you
Sails, and sails, and sings anew!

No more, no more
The worldly shore
Upbraids me with its loud uproar!
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

DICKENS IN CAMP.

Above the pines the moon was slowly drifting,
The river sang below;
The dim Sierras, far beyond, uplifting
Their minarets of snow.

The roaring camp-fire, with rude humor, painted
The ruddy tints of health

On haggard face and form that drooped and fainted
In the fierce race for wealth;

Till one arose, and from his pack's scant treasure
A hoarded volume drew,
And cards were dropped from hands of listless leisure,
To hear the tale anew;

And then, while round them shadows gathered faster,
And as the firelight fell,
He read aloud the book wherein the Master
Had writ of "Little Nell."

Perhaps 'twas boyish fancy,— for the reader
Was youngest of them all,—
But, as he read, from clustering pine and cedar
A silence seemed to fall;

The fir-trees, gathering closer in the shadows,
Listened in every spray,
While the whole camp, with "Nell," on English meadows
Wandered and lost their way.

And so in mountain solitudes — o'ertaken
As by some spell divine —
Their cares dropped from them like the needles shaken
From out the gusty pine.

Lost is that camp, and wasted all its fire;
And he who wrought that spell,—
Ah, towering pine and stately Kentish spire,
Ye have one tale to tell!

Lost is that camp! but let its fragrant story
Blend with the breath that thrills
With hop-vines' incense all the pensive glory
That fills the Kentish hills.

And on that grave where English oak and holly
And laurel wreaths intwine,
Deem it not all a too presumptuous folly,
This spray of Western pine.

BRET HARTE.

EVANGELINE ON THE PRAIRIE.

Beautiful was the night. Behind the black wall of the forest,
Tipping its summit with silver, arose the moon. On the river
Fell here and there through the branches a tremulous gleam of the moonlight,
Like the sweet thoughts of love on a darkened and devious spirit.
Nearer and round about her, the manifold flowers of the garden
Poured out their souls in odors, that were their prayers and confessions
Unto the night, as it went its way, like a silent Carthusian.
Fuller of fragrance than they, and as heavy with shadows and night-dews,
Hung the heart of the maiden. The calm and the magical moonlight
Seemed to inundate her soul with indefinable longings,
As, through the garden gate, and beneath the shade of the oak-trees,
Passed she along the path to the edge of the measureless prairie.
Silent it lay, with a silvery haze upon it, and fire-flies
Gleaming and floating away in mingled and infinite numbers.
Over her head the stars, the thoughts of God in the heavens,
Shone on the eyes of man, who had ceased to marvel and worship,
Save when a blazing comet was seen on the walls of that temple,
As if a hand had appeared and written upon them "Upharsin."
And the soul of the maiden, between the stars and the fire-flies,
Wandered alone, and she cried, "O, Gabriel! O, my beloved!
Art thou so near unto me, and yet I cannot behold thee!
Art thou so near unto me, and yet thy voice does not reach me?
Ah! how often thy feet have trod this path to the prairie!
Ah! how often thine eyes have looked on the woodlands around me!

Ah! how often beneath this oak, returning from labor,
Thou hast lain down to rest, and to dream of me in thy slumbers.
When shall these eyes behold, these arms be folded about thee?"
Loud and sudden and near the note of a whippoorwill sounded,
Like a flute in the woods; and anon, through the neighboring thickets,
Farther and farther away it floated and dropped into silence.
"Patience!" whispered the oaks from oracular caverns of darkness;
And, from the moonlit meadow, a sigh responded, "To-morrow!"

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

Our bugles sang truce,—for the night-cloud had lowered,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain;
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track:
'Twas autumn,—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup; and fondly I swore,
From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fullness of heart.

"Stay, stay with us,—rest, thou art weary and worn";
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;—
But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE REAPER'S DREAM.

THE road was lone; the grass was dank
With night-dews on the briery bank
Whereon a weary reaper sank.
His garb was old; his visage tanned;
The rusty sickle in his hand
Could find no work in all the land.

He saw the evening's chilly star
Above his native vale afar;
A moment on the horizon's bar
It hung, then sank, as with a sigh;
And there the crescent moon went by,
An empty sickle down the sky.

To soothe his pain, Sleep's tender palm
Laid on his brow its touch of balm;
His brain received the slumberous calm;
And soon that angel without name,
Her robe a dream, her face the same,
The giver of sweet visions came.

She touched his eyes; no longer sealed,
They saw a troop of reapers wield
Their swift blades in a ripened field.
At each thrust of their snowy sleeves
A thrill ran through the future sheaves
Rustling like rain on forest leaves.

They were not brawny men who bowed,
With harvest voices rough and loud,
But spirits, moving as a cloud.
Like little lightnings in their hold,
The silver sickles manifold
Slid musically through the gold.

O, bid the morning stars combine
To match the chorus clear and fine,
That rippled lightly down the line,—
A cadence of celestial rhyme,
The language of that cloudless clime,
To which their shining hands kept time!

Behind them lay the gleaming rows,
Like those long clouds the sunset shows
On amber meadows of repose;
But, like a wind, the binders bright
Soon followed in their mirthful might,
And swept them into sheaves of light.

Doubling the splendor of the plain,
There rolled the great celestial wain,
To gather in the fallen grain.
Its frame was built of golden bars;
Its glowing wheels were lit with stars;
The royal Harvest's car of cars.

The snowy yoke that drew the load,
On gleaming hoofs of silver trode;
And music was its only goad.
To no command of word or beck
It moved, and felt no other check
Than one white arm laid on the neck,—

The neck, whose light was overwound
With bells of lilies, ringing round
Their odors till the air was drowned:
The starry foreheads meekly borne,
With garlands looped from horn to horn,
Shone like the many-colored morn.

The field was cleared. Home went the bands,
Like children, linking happy hands,
While singing through their father's lands;
Or, arms about each other thrown,
With amber tresses backward blown,
They moved as they were music's own.

The vision brightening more and more,
He saw the garner's glowing door,
And sheaves, like sunshine, strew the floor,—

The floor was jasper,—golden flails,
Swift-sailing as a whirlwind sails,
Throbbed mellow music down the vales.

He saw the mansion,—all repose,—
Great corridors and porticos,
Propped with the columns, shining rows;
And these—for beauty was the rule—
The polished pavements, hard and cool,
Redoubled, like a crystal pool.

And there the odorous feast was spread;
The fruity fragrance widely shed
Seemed to the floating music wed.
Seven angels, like the Pleiad seven,
Their lips to silver clarions given,
Blew welcome round the walls of heaven.

In skyey garments, silky thin,
The glad retainers floated in
A thousand forms, and yet no din:
And from the visage of the Lord,
Like splendor from the Orient poured,
A smile illumined all the board.

Far flew the music's circling sound;
Then floated back, with soft rebound,
To join, not mar, the converse round,—
Sweet notes, that, melting, still increased,
Such as ne'er cheered the bridal feast
Of king in the enchanted East.

Did any great door ope or close,
It seemed the birth-time of repose,
The faint sound died where it arose;
And they who passed from door to door,
Their soft feet on the polished floor
Met their soft shadows,—nothing more.

Then once again the groups were drawn
Through corridors, or down the lawn,
Which bloomed in beauty like a dawn.
Where countless fountains leapt alway,
Veiling their silver heights in spray,
The choral people held their way.

There, midst the brightest, brightly shone
Dear forms he loved in years agone,—
The earliest loved,—the earliest flown.
He heard a mother's sainted tongue,
A sister's voice, who vanished young,
While one still dearer sweetly sung!

No further might the scene unfold;
The gazer's voice could not withhold;
The very rapture made him bold:
He cried aloud, with clasped hands,
"O happy fields! O happy bands!
Who reap the never-failing lands.

"O master of these broad estates,
Behold, before your very gates
A worn and wanting laborer waits!
Let me but toil amid your grain,
Or be a gleaner on the plain,
So I may leave these fields of pain!

"A gleaner, I will follow far,
With never look or word to mar,
Behind the Harvest's yellow car;
All day my hand shall constant be,
And every happy eve shall see
The precious burden borne to thee!"

At morn some reapers neared the place,
Strong men, whose feet receded apace;
Then gathering round the upturned face,
They saw the lines of pain and care,
Yet read in the expression there
The look as of an answered prayer.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

PASSING AWAY.

Was it the chime of a tiny bell
That came so sweet to my dreaming ear,
Like the silvery tones of a fairy's shell,
That he winds on the beach so mellow and clear,

When the winds and the waves lie together asleep,
And the moon and the fairy are watching the deep,
She dispensing her silvery light,
And he his notes as silvery quite,
While the boatman listens and ships his oar,
To catch the music that comes from the shore?—
Hark! the notes on my ear that play,
Are set to words: as they float, they say,
"Passing away! passing away!"

But, no; it was not a fairy's shell,
Blown on the beach, so mellow and clear:
Nor was it the tongue of a silver bell
Striking the hours that fell on my ear,
As I lay in my dream: yet was it a chime
That told of the flow of the stream of Time;
For a beautiful clock from the ceiling hung,
And a plump little girl for a pendulum, swung;
(As you've sometimes seen, in a little ring
That hangs in his cage, a canary bird swing;)
And she held to her bosom a budding bouquet,
And as she enjoyed it, she seemed to say,
"Passing away! passing away!"

Oh, how bright were the wheels, that told
Of the lapse of time as they moved round slow!
And the hands as they swept o'er the dial of gold,
Seemed to point to the girl below.
And lo! she had changed;—in a few short hours,
Her bouquet had become a garland of flowers,
That she held in her outstretched hands, and flung
This way and that, as she, dancing, swung
In the fullness of grace and womanly pride,
That told me she soon was to be a bride;
Yet then, when expecting her happiest day,
In the same sweet voice I heard her say,
"Passing away! passing away!"

While I gazed on that fair one's cheek, a shade
Of thought, or care, stole softly over,
Like that by a cloud in a summer's day made,
Looking down on a field of blossoming clover.
The rose yet lay on her cheek, but its flush
Had something lost of its brilliant blush;

And the light in her eye, and the light on the wheels,
That marched so calmly round above her,
Was a little dimmed—as when evening steals
Upon noon's hot face:—yet one couldn't but love her;
For she looked like a mother whose first babe lay
Rocked on her breast, as she swung all day;
And she seemed in the same silver tone to say,
"Passing away! passing away!"

While yet I looked, what a change there came!
Her eye was quenched, and her cheek was wan;
Stooping and staffed was her withered frame,
Yet just as busily swung she on:
The garland beneath her had fallen to dust;
The wheels above her were eaten with rust;
The hands, that over the dial swept,
Grew crook'd and tarnished, but on they kept;
And still there came that silver tone
From the shriveled lips of the toothless crone,
(Let me never forget, to my dying day,
The tone or the burden of that lay)—
"PASSING AWAY! PASSING AWAY!"

JOHN PIERPONT.

SLEEP.

OF all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward unto souls afar,
Among the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is
For gift or grace surpassing this,—
"He giveth his beloved sleep"?

What would we give to our beloved?
The hero's heart, to be unmoved,—
The poet's star-tuned harp, to sweep,—
The patriot's voice, to teach and rouse,—
The monarch's crown, to light the brows?
"He giveth his beloved sleep."

What do we give to our beloved?
A little faith, all undisproved,—
A little dust, to overweep,—

And bitter memories, to make
The whole earth blasted for our sake,
"He giveth his beloved sleep."

"Sleep soft, beloved!" we sometimes say,
But have no tune to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep;
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber when
"He giveth his beloved sleep."

O earth, so full of dreary noises!
O men, with wailing in your voices!
O delved gold the wailers heap!
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God strikes a silence through you all,
And "giveth his beloved sleep."

His dews drop mutely on the hill,
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slope men sow and reap;
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
"He giveth his beloved sleep."

For me, my heart, that erst did go
Most like a tired child at a show,
That sees through tears the mummers leap,
Would now its wearied vision close,
Would childlike on His love repose
Who "giveth his beloved sleep."

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

SANDALPHON.

HAVE you read in the Talmud of old,
In the Legends the Rabbins have told
Of the limitless realms of the air,
Have you read it,— the marvelous story
Of Sandalphon, the Angel of Glory,
Sandalphon, the Angel of Prayer?

How, erect, at the outermost gates
Of the City Celestial he waits,
With his feet on the ladder of light,
That, crowded with angels unnumbered,
By Jacob was seen, as he slumbered
Alone in the desert at night?

The Angels of Wind and of Fire
Chant only one hymn, and expire
With the song's irresistible stress;
Expire in their rapture and wonder,
As harp-strings are broken asunder
By music they throb to express.

But serene in the rapturous throng,
Unmoved by the rush of the song,
With eyes unimpassioned and slow,
Among the dead angels, the deathless
Sandalphon stands listening breathless
To sounds that ascend from below;—

From the spirits on earth that adore,
From the souls that entreat and implore
In the fervor and passion of prayer;
From the hearts that are broken with losses,
And weary with dragging the crosses
Too heavy for mortals to bear.

And he gathers the prayers as he stands,
And they change into flowers in his hands,
Into garlands of purple and red;
And beneath the great arch of the portal,
Through the streets of the City Immortal
Is wafted the fragrance they shed.

It is but a legend, I know,—
A fable, a phantom, a show,
Of the ancient Rabbinical lore;
Yet the old mediæval tradition,
The beautiful, strange superstition,
But haunts me and holds me the more.

When I look from my window at night,
And the welkin above is all white,
All throbbing and panting with stars,

Among them majestic is standing
Sandalphon the angel, expanding
His pinions in nebulous bars.

And the legend, I feel, is a part
Of the hunger and thirst of the heart,
The frenzy and fire of the brain,
That grasps at the fruitage forbidden,
The golden pomegranates of Eden,
To quiet its fever and pain.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

WHEN THE KYE COME HAME.

COME, all ye jolly shepherds,
That whistle through the glen!
I'll tell ye o' a secret
That courtiers dinna ken:
What is the greatest bliss
That the tongue o' man can name?
'Tis to woo a bonnie lassie
When the kye come hame.

When the kye come hame,
When the kye come hame,—
'Tween the gloomin' an' the mirk,
When the kye come hame.

'Tis not beneath the burgonet,
Nor yet beneath the crown;
'Tis not on couch o' velvet,
Nor yet in bed o' down:
'Tis beneath the spreading birk,
In the glen without the name,
Wi' a bonnie bonnie lassie,
When the kye come hame.

There the blackbird bigs his nest,
For the mate he lo'es to see,
And on the tapmost bough
O, a happy bird is he!

There he pours his melting ditty,
And love is a' the theme;
And he'll woo his bonnie lassie,
When the kye come hame.

When the blewart bears a pearl,
And the daisy turns a pea,
And the bonnie lucken gowan
Has fauldit up his ee,
Then the lavrock, frae the blue lift,
Draps down and thinks nae shame
To woo his bonnie lassie,
When the kye come hame.

See yonder pawky shepherd,
That lingers on the hill:
His yowes are in the fauld,
And his lambs are lying still;
Yet he downa gang to bed,
For his heart is in a flame,
To meet his bonnie lassie
When the kye come hame.

When the little wee bit heart
Rises high in the breast,
And the little wee bit starn
Rises red in the east,
O, there's a joy sae dear
That the heart can hardly frame!
Wi' a bonnie bonnie lassie,
When the kye come hame.

Then since all Nature joins
In this love without alloy,
O, wha wad prove a traitor
To Nature's dearest joy?
Or wha wad choose a crown,
Wi' its perils an' its fame,
And miss his bonnie lassie,
When the kye come hame?

JAMES HOGG.

IV. NARRATIVE, DESCRIPTIVE AND DIDACTIC STYLES.

THIS class of selections includes all that is generally designated as *common reading*, viz.: conversations, essays, newspaper composition, or any selection which is intended simply to convey information to the mind. So frequent is the use of this style of address that more than two-thirds of everything the professional man has to utter falls under this head, and in non-professional life nearly everything that is spoken. The excellences of common reading may be compassed by observing the following suggestions:

First—Purity of tone.

Second—Variety of tone.

Third—Distinctness of enunciation.

A great mistake is made if we allow ourselves to think that any less care should be taken in securing pure tone in this class of selections, than in those of which we have already spoken.

Purity of tone is of as much importance in common reading as in the rendering of sentiment. Every tone should fall from the lips like the tinkle of a coin upon the table. A clear, musical and crystalline articulation is the highest charm of common reading.

Variety of tone is an element not to be overlooked. An essay can be written out in musical forms as well as an oratorio, and he who makes the best music is, other things being equal, the best reader. A well modulated voice traversing the musical scale with happy intonations renders

common reading, not only interesting, but highly artistic and charming. The only caution necessary is that over much variety may render the reading fantastic and flippant.

Distinctness of enunciation must always be strictly demanded. As a rule we enunciate the first parts of our words distinctly, but the last parts are frequently blurred, or left untouched. Another source of indistinctness arises from precipitating one syllable on the top of the other and melting the whole word into a mass of confused sound. The only relief in such cases is a thorough drill in the consonantal elements, until firmness, accuracy and force are developed in enunciation. The last syllable in a word should be brought out as distinctly as the first, and the middle syllables as distinctly as the last, in order that the articulative energy may be equally distributed in the enunciation.

The question may be raised, are Narrative, Descriptive and Didactic styles all read in the same manner? Narrative and Descriptive Readings, appealing in many instances to feeling and imagination for their chief effects, abound in vivid and varied tones associated with the different moods of sympathy and emotion; while Didactic subjects, being usually directed to the reason and judgment through the understanding, hold a more steady, uniform and regulated course of utterance, adapted to a clear, distinct and pointed conveyance of thought to the intellect.

NARRATIVE SELECTIONS.

A CHILD'S DREAM OF A STAR.

THERE was once a child, and he strolled about a good deal, and thought of a number of things. He had a sister who was a child too, and his constant companion. They wondered at the beauty of flowers; they wondered at the height and blueness of the sky; they wondered at the depth

of the water; they wondered at the goodness and power of God, who made them lovely.

They used to say to one another sometimes: Supposing all the children upon earth were to die, would the flowers, and the water, and the sky be sorry? They believed they would be sorry. For, said they, the buds are the children of the flowers, and the little playful streams that gambol down the hillsides are the children of the water, and the smallest bright specks playing at hide and seek in the sky all night must surely be the children of the stars; and they would all be grieved to see their playmates, the children of men, no more.

There was one clear shining star that used to come out in the sky before the rest, near the church spire, above the graves. It was larger and more beautiful, they thought, than all the others, and every night they watched for it, standing hand-in-hand at a window. Whoever saw it first, cried out, "I see the star." And after that, they cried out both together, knowing so well when it would rise, and where. So they grew to be such friends with it that, before lying down in their bed, they always looked out once again to bid it good night; and when they were turning round to sleep, they used to say, "God bless the star!"

But while she was still very young, oh, very young, the sister drooped, and came to be so weak that she could no longer stand in the window at night, and then the child looked sadly out by himself, and when he saw the star, turned round and said to the patient pale face on the bed, "I see the star!" and then a smile would come upon the face, and a little weak voice used to say, "God bless my brother and the star!"

And so the time came, all too soon, when the child looked out all alone, and when there was no face on the bed, and when there was a grave among the graves, not there before, and when the star made long rays down toward him as he saw it through his tears.

Now these rays were so bright, and they seemed to make such a shining way from earth to heaven, that when the child went to his solitary bed, he dreamed about the star; and dreamed that, lying where he was, he saw a train of people taken up that sparkling road by angels; and the star, opening, showing him a great world of light, where many more such angels waited to receive them.

All these angels, who were waiting, turned their beaming eyes upon the people who were carried up into the star; and some came out from the long rows in which they stood, and fell upon the people's necks, and kissed them tenderly, and went away with them down avenues of light, and were so happy in their company, that lying in his bed, he wept for joy.

But there were many angels who did not go with them, and among them one he knew. The patient face that once had lain upon the bed was glorified and radiant, but his heart found out his sister among all the host.

His sister's angel lingered near the entrance of the star, and said to the leader among those who had brought the people thither:

"Is my brother come?"

And he said, "No!"

She was turning hopefully away, when the child stretched out his arms, and cried, "Oh! sister, I am here! Take me!" And then she turned her beaming eyes upon him,—and it was night; and the star was shining into the room, making long rays down toward him as he saw it through his tears.

From that hour forth, the child looked out upon the star as the home he was to go to when his time should come; and he thought that he did not belong to the earth alone, but to the star too, because of his sister's angel gone before.

There was a baby born to be a brother to the child, and while he was so little that he never yet had spoken a word, he stretched out his tiny form on his bed, and died.

Again the child dreamed of the opened star, and of the company of angels, and the train of people, and the rows of angels, with their beaming eyes all turned upon those people's faces.

Said his sister's angel to the leader:

"Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Not that one, but another!"

As the child beheld his brother's angel in her arms, he cried, "Oh, my sister, I am here! Take me!" And she turned and smiled upon him,—and the star was shining.

He grew to be a young man, and was busy at his books, when an old servant came to him and said:

"Thy mother is no more. I bring her blessing on her darling son."

Again at night he saw the star, and all that former com-

pany. Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?"

And he said "Thy mother!"

A mighty cry of joy went forth through all the star, because the mother was re-united to her two children. And he stretched out his arms and cried, "Oh, mother, sister and brother, I am here! Take me!" And they answered him, "Not yet!"—and the star was shining.

He grew to be a man, whose hair was turning gray, and he was sitting in his chair by the fireside, heavy with grief, and with his face bedewed with tears, when the star opened once again.

Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Nay, but his maiden daughter!"

And the man who had been the child saw his daughter, newly lost to him, a celestial creature among those three, and he said: "My daughter's head is on my sister's bosom, and her arm is around my mother's neck, and at her feet is the baby of old time, and I can bear the parting from her, God be praised."—And the star was shining.

Thus the child came to be an old man, and his once smooth face was wrinkled, and his steps were slow and feeble, and his back was bent. And one night as he lay upon his bed, his children standing round, he cried, as he cried so long ago: "I see the star!"

They whispered one another, "He is dying." And he said, "I am. My age is falling from me like a garment, and I move towards the star as a child. And O, my Father, now I thank Thee that it has so often opened to receive those dear ones who await me!"—

And the star was shining; and it shines upon his grave.

CHARLES DICKENS.

TRIAL AND EXECUTION OF CHARLES I.

[After Cromwell had by violence expelled from Parliament all who were hostile to his own views and those of his party, the remainder, including about fifty members, ordered that the king should be tried on a charge of treason against the people. A court was accordingly arranged for the purpose, consisting of one hundred and thirty-three members, among whom were the chief officers of the army, including Cromwell. It was presided over by John Bradshaw, and held its sessions at Westminster Hall. The following account is taken from Goldsmith's "History of England."]

THE king was now conducted from Windsor to St. James's, and the next day was brought before the high court to take

his trial. When he was brought forward, he was conducted by the mace-bearer to a chair placed within the bar. Though long detained a prisoner, and now produced as a criminal, he still sustained the dignity of a king; surveyed the members of the court with a stern and haughty air; and, without moving his hat, sat down, while the members also were covered. The charge was then read by the solicitor, accusing him of having been the cause of all the bloodshed which followed since the commencement of the war. At that part of the charge he could not suppress a smile of contempt and indignation. After the charge was finished, Bradshaw directed his discourse to the king, and told him that the court expected his answer.

The king, with great temper, entered upon his defense by denying the authority of the court. He represented that, having been engaged in a treaty with his two Houses of Parliament, and having finished almost every article, he expected a different treatment from that which he now received. He perceived, he said, no appearance of an Upper House, which was necessary to constitute a just tribunal. That he was himself the king and the fountain of law, and consequently, could not be tried by laws to which he had never given his assent; that having been intrusted with the liberties of the people, he would not now betray them, by recognizing a power founded in usurpation; that he was willing, before a proper tribunal, to enter into the particulars of his defense; but that before them he must decline any apology or plea of innocence, lest he should be considered as the betrayer of, and not a martyr for, the constitution.

Bradshaw, in order to support the authority of the court, insisted that they had received their power from the people, the source of all right. He pressed the prisoner not to decline the authority of the court, which was delegated by the Commons of England; and he interrupted and overruled the king in his attempts to reply. In this manner the king was three times produced before the court, and as often he persisted in declining its jurisdiction. The fourth and last time he was brought before the self-created tribunal. As he was proceeding thither he was insulted by the soldiers and the mob, who exclaimed, "Justice! justice! execution! execution!" but he continued undaunted. His judges, having now examined some witnesses, by whom it was proved

that the king had appeared in arms against the forces commissioned by Parliament, pronounced sentence against him.

The conduct of the king, under all these instances of low-bred malice, was great, firm, and equal. In going through the hall the soldiers and the rabble were again instigated to cry out, "Justice and execution!" They reviled him with the most bitter reproaches. Among other insults, one miscreant presumed to spit in the face of his sovereign. He patiently bore their insolence. "Poor souls," cried he, "they would treat their generals in the same manner for sixpence." Those of the populace who still retained the feelings of humanity, expressed their sorrow in sighs and tears. A soldier, more compassionate than the rest, could not help imploring a blessing on his royal head. An officer, overhearing him, struck the honest sentinel to the ground, before the king, who could not help saying that the punishment exceeded the offense.

After returning from this solemn mockery of justice, the unhappy monarch petitioned the House for permission to see his children, and desired the attendance of Dr. Juxon, Bishop of London, to assist in his private devotions. Both requests were immediately granted, and three days were allowed to prepare for the execution of the sentence. This interval was spent by Charles in the exercises of devotion, and in administering consolation to his unhappy family. During the progress of the trial, the French and Dutch ambassadors vainly interceded in his behalf; and the Scots, who had set the first example of resistance to his authority, now remonstrated against the violence offered to his person and dignity. After his condemnation, the queen and the Prince of Wales wrote the most pathetic letters to the Parliament, but nothing could divert the stern regicides from their atrocious design.

The king was confined in the palace of St. James, but the place selected for erecting the scaffold was the street before the palace of Whitehall. On the morning of the execution he rose early, and having spent some time in private devotion, received the sacrament from the hands of Bishop Juxon. He was then conducted on foot through the park to Whitehall, and partook of some slight refreshment. After a brief delay, he advanced to the place of execution, attended still by his friend and servant, Dr. Juxon, who used every exertion to soothe the last moments of his unfortunate master.

The scaffold, which was covered with black, was guarded

by a regiment of soldiers, under the command of Colonel Tomlinson, and under it were to be seen a block, the axe, and two executioners in masks. The people, in immense crowds, stood at a great distance in dreadful expectation of the event. The king surveyed all these solemn preparations with calm composure; and as he could not expect to be heard by the people at a distance, he addressed himself to the few persons who stood around him.

He then justified his own innocence in the late fatal war; and observed that he had not taken arms till after the Parliament had shown the example. That he had no other object in his warlike preparations than to preserve that authority entire, which had been transmitted to him by his ancestors; but, though innocent toward his people, he acknowledged the equity of his execution in the eyes of his Maker. He owned that he was justly punished for having consented to the execution of an unjust sentence upon the Earl of Strafford. He forgave all his enemies, exhorted the people to return to their obedience, and acknowledged his son as his successor; and signed his attachment to the Protestant religion, as professed in the Church of England. So strong was the impression his dying words made upon the few who could hear him that Colonel Tomlinson himself, to whose care he had been committed, acknowledged himself a convert.

While he was preparing himself for the block, Bishop Juxon called out to him, "There is, sir, but one stage more, which, though turbulent and troublesome, is yet a very short one. It will soon carry you a great way. It will carry you from earth to heaven; and then you shall find, to your great joy, the prize to which you hasten, a crown of glory." "I go," replied the king, "from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown, where no disturbance can have place." "You exchange," replied the bishop, "a temporal for an eternal crown; a good exchange!"

Charles, having taken off his cloak, delivered his *George to the prelate, pronouncing the word "Remember!" Then he laid his neck on the block, and, stretching out his hands as a signal, one of the executioners severed his head from his body at a blow; while the other, holding it up, exclaimed, "This is the head of a traitor!" The spectators testified their horror of the sad spectacle in sighs, tears, and lamen-

*A figure of St. George on horseback, worn by the knights of the Garter.

tations; the tide of their duty began to return; and each blamed himself either for active disloyalty to his king, or a passive compliance with his destroyers.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

EXECUTION OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

[Mary Queen of Scots having given great offense to her subjects was deprived of her throne and imprisoned in Lochleven Castle. Escaping thence she took refuge in England, supposing that she would be kindly treated by her cousin Elizabeth, then the reigning queen. She had, however, offended the Queen of England by setting up a claim to the English throne on the ground of the alleged illegitimacy of Elizabeth, who was the daughter of Anne Boleyn. Instead, therefore, of finding protection and hospitality, she was made a prisoner, and continued in captivity during nineteen years. In 1587, she was beheaded at Fotheringay Castle, on a charge of being concerned in a conspiracy, the object of which was to take the life of Elizabeth. The following account of the execution is taken from Lingard's "History of England."]

MARY heard the announcement of her sentence with a serenity of countenance and dignity of manner, which awed and affected the beholders; but her attendants burst into tears and lamentations. After long and fervent prayer, the queen was called to supper. She ate sparingly; and before she rose from table, drank to all her servants; asking, at the same time, forgiveness of them, if she had ever spoken or acted toward them unkindly.

The last night of Mary's life was spent in the arrangement of her domestic affairs, the writing of her will and of three letters, and in exercises of devotion. In the retirement of her closet, with her two maids, she prayed and read alternately; and sought for support and comfort in reading the passion of Christ. About four she retired to rest; but it was observed that she did not sleep. Her lips were in constant motion, and her mind seemed absorbed in prayer. At the first break of day her household assembled around her. She read to them her will, distributed among them her clothes and money, and bade them adieu, kissing the women and giving her hand to kiss to the men. Weeping, they followed her into her oratory, where she took her place in front of the altar; they knelt down and prayed behind her.

In the midst of the great hall of the castle had been raised a scaffold covered with black serge, and surrounded with a low railing. Before eight, a message was sent to the queen, who replied that she would be ready in half an hour. At

that time the sheriff entered the oratory, and Mary arose, taking the crucifix from the altar in her right, and carrying her prayer-book in her left hand. Her servants were forbidden to follow; they insisted; but the queen bade them be content; and turning, gave them her blessing. They received it on their knees, some kissing her hands, others her mantle. The door closed; and the burst of lamentation from those within resounded through the hall.

Mary was now joined by the earls and her keepers, and descending the staircase, found at the foot, Melville, the steward of her household, who, for several weeks had been excluded from her presence. "Good Melville," said Mary, "I pray thee report that I die a true woman to my religion, to Scotland, and to France. May God forgive them that have long thirsted for my blood as the hart doth for the brook of water. Commend me to my son; and tell him that I have done nothing prejudicial to the dignity or independence of his crown." She made a last request, that her servants might be present at her death; but the Earl of Kent objected. When she asked with vehemence, "Am I not the cousin to your queen, a descendant of the blood royal of Henry VII., a named queen of France, and the anointed Queen of Scotland?"

It was then resolved to admit four of her men and two of her women servants. She selected her steward, physician, apothecary, and surgeon, with her two maids. Mary wore the richest of her dresses, that which was appropriate to the rank of a queen-dowager. Her step was firm, and her countenance cheerful. She bore without shrinking the gaze of the spectators, and the sight of the scaffold, and block, and the executioner; and advanced into the hall with that grace and majesty which she had so often displayed in her happier days, and in the palace of her fathers. To aid her, as she mounted the scaffold, Paulet offered his arm. "I thank you, sir," said Mary; "it is the last trouble I shall give you, and the most acceptable service you have ever rendered me."

The queen seated herself on a stool which was prepared for her; and in an audible voice addressed the assembly. She said that she pardoned from her heart all her enemies. She then repeated with a loud voice, and in the Latin language, passages from the Book of Psalms; and a prayer in French, in which she begged of God to pardon her sins, declared that she forgave her enemies, and protested that

she was ignorant of ever consenting in wish or deed to the death of her English sister. She then prayed in English for Christ's afflicted church, for her son James, and for Queen Elizabeth, and in conclusion, holding up the crucifix, exclaimed, "As thy arms, O God, were stretched out upon the cross, so receive me unto the arms of thy mercy and forgive my sins."

"Madam," said the Earl of Kent, "you had better leave such popish trumperies, and bear him in your heart." She replied, "I cannot hold in my hand the representation of his sufferings, but I must at the same time bear him in my heart." When her maids, bathed in tears, began to disrobe their mistress, the executioners, fearing the loss of their usual perquisites, hastily interfered. The queen remonstrated; but instantly submitted to their rudeness, observing to the earls, with a smile, that she was not accustomed to employ such grooms, or to undress in the presence of so numerous a company. Her servants, at the sight of their sovereign in this lamentable state, could not suppress their feelings; but Mary, putting her finger to her lips, commanded silence, gave them her blessing, and solicited their prayers.

One of her maids, taking from her a handkerchief edged with gold, pinned it over her eyes; the executioners, holding her by the arms, led her to the block; and the queen, kneeling down, said repeatedly, with a firm voice, "Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit." But the sobs and groans of the spectators disconcerted the headsman. He trembled, missed his aim, and inflicted a deep wound in the lower part of the skull. The queen remained motionless; and at the third stroke her head was severed from her body. The executioner held it up, and cried as usual, "God save Queen Elizabeth." "So perish all her enemies!" subjoined the Dean of Peterborough. "So perish all the enemies of the gospel!" exclaimed, in a still louder tone, the fanatical Earl of Kent. Not a voice was heard to cry Amen. Party feeling was absorbed in pity.

JOHN LINGARD.

THE PILOT.

A THRILLING INCIDENT.

JOHN MAYNARD was well known in the lake district as a God-fearing, honest and intelligent pilot. He was pilot on

a steamboat from Detroit to Buffalo, one summer afternoon —at that time those steamers seldom carried boats — smoke was seen ascending from below, and the captain called out:

"Simpson, go below and see what the matter is down there."

Simpson came up with his face pale as ashes, and said, "Captain, the ship is on fire."

Then "Fire! fire! fire!" on shipboard.

All hands were called up. Buckets of water were dashed on the fire, but in vain. There were large quantities of resin and tar on board, and it was found useless to attempt to save the ship. The passengers rushed forward and inquired of the pilot:

"How far are we from Buffalo?"

"Seven miles."

"How long before we can reach there?"

"Three-quarters of an hour at our present rate of steam."

"Is there any danger?"

"Danger, here—see the smoke bursting out—go forward if you would save your lives."

Passengers and crew—men, women and children—crowded the forward part of the ship. John Maynard stood at the helm. The flames burst forth in a sheet of fire; clouds of smoke arose. The captain cried out through his trumpet:

"John Maynard!"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

"Are you at the helm?"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

"How does she head?"

"South-east by east, sir."

"Head her south-east and run her on shore," said the captain.

Nearer, nearer, yet nearer, she approached the shore. Again the captain cried out:

"John Maynard!"

The response came feebly this time, "Aye, aye, sir!"

"Can you hold on five minutes longer, John?" he said.

"By God's help, I will."

The old man's hair was scorched from the scalp, one hand disabled, his knee upon the stanchion, and his teeth set, with his other hand upon the wheel, he stood firm as a rock. He beached the ship; every man, woman and child was saved, as John Maynard dropped, and his spirit took its flight to its God.

JOHN B. GOUGH.

HANNAH JANE.

She isn't half so handsome as when twenty years agone,
At her old home in Piketon, Parson Avery made us one:
The great house crowded full of guests of every degree,
The girls all envying Hannah Jane, the boys all envying me.

Her fingers then were taper, and her skin as white as milk,
Her brown hair—what a mess it was! and soft and fine as silk;
No wind-moved willow by a brook had ever such a grace,
The form of Aphrodite, with a pure Madonna face.

She had but meagre schooling: her little notes to me,
Were full of crooked pothooks, and the worst orthography:
Her "dear" she spelled with double *e*, and kiss with but one *s:*
But when one's crazed with passion, what's a letter more or less?

She blundered in her writing, and she blundered when she spoke,
And every rule of syntax, that old Murray made, she broke;
But she was beautiful and fresh, and I—well, I was young;
Her form and face o'er balanced all the blunders of her tongue.

I was but little better. True, I'd longer been at school;
My tongue and pen were run, perhaps, a little more by rule;
But that was all. The neighbors round, who both of us well knew,
Said—which I believed—she was the better of the two.

All's changed; the light of seventeen's no longer in her eyes;
Her wavy hair is gone—that loss the coiffeur's art supplies;
Her form is thin and angular; she slightly forward bends;
Her fingers once so shapely, now are stumpy at the ends.

She knows but very little, and in little are we one;
The beauty rare, that more than hid that great defect is gone.
My parvenu relations now deride my homely wife,
And pity me that I am tied to such a clod, for life.

I know there is a difference; at reception and levee,
The brightest, wittiest, and most famed of women smile on me;
And everywhere I hold my place among the greatest men;
And sometimes sigh with Whittier's judge, "Alas! it might have been."

When they all crowd around me, stately dames and brilliant belles,
And yield to me the homage that all great success compels,
Discussing art and statecraft, and literature as well,
From Homer down to Thackeray, and Swedenborg on "Hell."

I can't forget that from these streams my wife has never quaffed,
Has never with Ophelia wept, nor with Jack Falstaff laughed;
Of authors, actors, artists—why, she hardly knows the names;
She slept while I was speaking on the Alabama claims.

I can't forget—just at this point another form appears—
The wife I wedded as she was before my prosperous years;
I travel o'er the dreary road we traveled side by side,
And wonder what my share would be, if Justice should decide.

She had four hundred dollars left her from the old estate;
On that we married, and, thus poorly armored, faced our fate.
I wrestled with my books; her task was harder far than mine—
'Twas how to make two hundred dollars do the work of nine.

At last I was admitted; then I had my legal lore,
An office with a stove and desk, of books perhaps a score;
She had her beauty and her youth, and some housewifely skill,
And love for me, and faith in me, and back of that a *will.*

Ah! how she cried for joy when my first legal fight was won
When our eclipse passed partly by, and we stood in the sun!
The fee was fifty dollars—'twas the work of half a year—
First captive, lean and scraggy, of my legal bow and spear.

I well remember, when my coat (the only one I had)
Was seedy grown and threadbare, and, in fact, most
"shocking bad."
The tailor's stern remark when I a modest order made;
"Cash is the basis, sir, on which we tailors do our trade."

Her winter cloak was in his shop by noon that very day;
She wrought on hickory shirts at night that tailor's skill to
pay;
I got a coat and wore it; but, alas! poor Hannah Jane
Ne'er went to church or lecture, till warm weather came
again.

Our second season she refused a cloak of any sort,
That I might have a decent suit in which t'appear in court;
She made her last year's bonnet do, that I might have a hat;
Talk of the old-time, flame-enveloped martyrs after that!

No negro ever worked so hard; a servant's pay to save,
She made herself most willingly a household drudge and
slave.
What wonder that she never read a magazine or book,
Combining as she did in one, nurse, housemaid, seamstress,
cook!

What wonder that the beauty fled that I once so adored!
Her beautiful complexion my fierce kitchen fire devoured;
Her plump, soft, rounded arm was once too fair to be con-
cealed;
Hard work for me that softness into sinewy strength con-
gealed.

I was her altar, and her love the sacrificial flame;
Ah! with what pure devotion she to that altar came,
And, tearful, flung thereon—alas! I did not know it then—
All that she was, and more than that, all that she might have
been!

At last I won success. Ah! then our lives were wider parted;
I was far up the rising road; she, poor girl, where we started.
I had tried my speed and mettle, and gained strength in
every race;
I was far up the heights of life—she drudging at the base.

She made me take each fall the stump; she said t' was my career;
The wild applause of list'ning crowds was music to my ear.
What stimulus had she to cheer her dreary solitude?
For me she lived on gladly, in unnatural widowhood.

She couldn't read my speech, but when the papers all agreed
T'was the best one of the session, those comments she could read;
And with a gush of pride thereat, which I had never felt,
She sent them to me in a note with half the words misspelt.

At twenty-eight the State-house; on the bench at thirty-three;
At forty every gate in life was opened wide to me.
I nursed my powers and grew, and made my point in life, but she —
Bearing such pack-horse weary loads, what could a woman be?

What could she be! Oh, shame! I blush to think what she has been
The most unselfish of all wives to the selfishest of men.
Yes, plain and homely now she is; she's ignorant, 'tis true;
For me she rubbed herself quite out, I represent the two.

Well, I suppose that I might do as other men have done —
First break her heart with cold neglect, then shove her out alone.
The world would say 'twas well, and more, would give great praise to me,
For having borne with "such a wife" so uncomplainingly.

And shall I? No! The contract 'twixt Hannah, God and me,
Was not for one or twenty years, but for eternity.
No matter what the world may think; I know down in my heart
That, if either, I'm delinquent; she has bravely done her part.

There's another world beyond this; and, on the final day,
Will intellect and learning 'gainst such devotion weigh?
When the great one, made of us two, is torn apart again
I'll yield the palm, for God is just, and he knows Hannah Jane.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY (D. R. LOCKE).

CONNOR.

"To the memory of Patrick Connor; this simple stone was erected by his fellow-workmen."

THOSE words you may read any day upon a white slab in a cemetery not many miles from New York; but you might read them an hundred times without guessing at the little tragedy they indicate, without knowing the humble romance which ended with the placing of that stone above the dust of one poor humble man.

In his shabby frieze jacket and mud-laden brogans, he was scarcely an attractive object as he walked into Mr. Bawne's great tin and hardware shop one day and presented himself at the counter with an,

"Ive been tould ye advertized for hands, yer honor."

"Fully supplied, my man," said Mr. Bawne, not lifting his head from his account book.

"I'd work faithfully, sir, and take low wages, till I could do better, and I'd learn—I would that."

It was an Irish brogue, and Mr. Bawne always declared that he never would employ an incompetent hand.

Yet the tone attracted him. He turned briskly, and with his pen behind his ear, addressed the man, who was only one of fifty who had answered his advertisement for four workmen that morning—

"What makes you expect to learn faster than other folks —are you any smarter!"

"I'll not say that; said the man, "but I'd be wishing to; and that would make it aisier."

"Are you used to the work?"

"Ive done a bit of it."

"Much?"

"No, yer honor, I'll tell no lie, Tim O'Toole had n't the like of this place; but I know a bit about tins."

"You are too old for an apprentice, and you'd be in the way I calculate," said Mr. Bawne, looking at the brawny arms and bright eyes that promised strength and intelligence. "Besides I know your country-men—lazy, good-for-nothing fellows who never do their best. No, I've been taken in by Irish hands before, and I wont have another."

"The Virgin will have to be after bringing them over to me in her two arms, thin," said the man, despairingly, "for I've tramped all the day for the last fortnight, and niver a job

can I get, and that's the last penny I have, yer honor, and it's but a half one."

As he spoke he spread his palm open, with an English half-penny in it.

"Bring whom over?" asked Mr. Bawne arrested by the odd speech, as he turned upon his heel and turned back again.

"Jist Nora and Jamesy."

"Who are they?"

"The wan's me wife, the other me child," said the man. "O masther, just thry me. How'll I bring em over to me, if no one will give me a job? I want to be airning, and the whole big city seems against it, and me with arms like them."

He bared his arms to the shoulder as he spoke, and Mr. Bawne looked at them, and then at his face.

"I'll hire you for a week," he said; "and now, as it's noon, go down to the kitchen and tell the girl to get you some dinner—a hungry man can't work."

With an Irish blessing, the new hand obeyed, while Mr. Bawne, untying his apron, went up stairs to his own meal. Suspicious as he was of the new hand's integrity and ability, he was agreeably disappointed. Connor worked hard, and actually learned fast. At the end of the week he was engaged permanently, and soon was the best workman in the shop.

He was a great talker, but not fond of drink or wasting money. As his wages grew, he hoarded every penny, and wore the same shabby clothes in which he had made his first appearance.

"Beer costs money," he said one day, "and ivery cint I spind puts off the bringing Nora and Jamesy over; and as for clothes, them I have must do me. Better no coat to my back than no wife and boy by my fireside; and anyhow, it's slow work saving."

It was slow work, but he kept at it all the same. Other men, thoughtless and full of fun, tried to make him drink; made a jest of his saving habits, coaxed him to accompany them to places of amusement, or to share in their Sunday frolics.

All in vain. Connor liked beer, liked fun, liked companionship; but he would not delay that long-looked-for bringing of Nora over, and was not "mane enough" to accept

favor of others. He kept his way, a martyr to his one great wish, living on little, working at night on any extra job that he could earn a few shillings by, running errands in his noon-tide hours of rest, and talking to any one who would listen to him of his one great hope, and of Nora and of little Jamesy.

At first the men who prided themselves on being all Americans, and on turning out the best work in the city, made a sort of butt of Connor, whose "wild Irish" ways and verdancy were indeed often laughable. But he won their hearts at last, and when one day mounting a work-bench, he shook his little bundle, wrapped in a red kerchief, before their eyes, and shouted, "Look, boys; I've got the whole at last! I'm going to bring Nora and Jamesy over at last! Whorooo!! I've got it!!!" all felt sympathy in his joy, and each grasped his great hand in cordial congratulations, and one proposed to treat all round, and drink a good voyage to Nora.

They parted in a merry mood, most of the men going to comfortable homes. But poor Connor's resting-place was a poor lodging-house, where he shared a crazy garret with four other men, and in the joy of his heart the poor fellow exhibited his handkerchief, with his hard-earned savings tied up in a wad in the middle, before he put it under his pillow and fell asleep.

When he awakened in the morning, he found his treasure gone; some villain, more contemptible than most bad men, had robbed him.

At first Connor could not even believe it lost. He searched every corner of the room, shook his quilt and blankets, and begged those about him "to quit joking, and give it back."

But at last he realized the truth—

Is any man that bad that it's thaved from me?" he asked, in a breathless way. "Boys, is any man that bad?" And some one answered: "No doubt of it, Connor; it's sthole."

Then Connor put his head down on his hands and lifted up his voice and wept. It was one of those sights which men never forget. It seemed more than he could bear, to have Nora and his child "put" as he expressed it "months away from him again."

But when he went to work that day it seemed to all who saw him that he had picked up a new determination. His hands were never idle. His face seemed to say, "I'll have Nora with me yet."

At noon he scratched out a letter, blotted and very strangely scrawled, telling Nora what had happened; and those who observed him noticed that he had no meat with his dinner. Indeed from that moment he lived on bread, potatoes, and cold water, and worked as few men ever worked before.—It grew to be the talk of the shop, and now that sympathy was excited every one wanted to help Connor. Jobs were thrown in his way, kind words and friendly wishes helped him mightily; but no power could make him share the food or drink of any other workman. It seemed a sort of charity to him.

Still he was helped along. A present from Mr. Bawne at pay day, set Nora, as he said, "a week nearer," and this and that and the other added to the little hoard. It grew faster than the first, and Connor's burden was not so heavy. At last before he hoped it, he was once more able to say, "I'm going to bring them over," and to show his handkerchief, in which, as before, he tied up his earnings; this time however only to his friends. Cautious among strangers, he hid the treasure, and kept his vest buttoned over it night and day until the tickets were bought and sent. Then every man, woman and child, capable of hearing or understanding knew that Nora and her baby were coming.

There was John Jones, who had more of the brute in his composition than usually falls to the lot of man—even he, who had coolly hurled his hammer at an offender's head, missing him by a hair's breadth, would spend ten minutes of the noon hour in reading the Irish news to Connor. There was Tom Barker, the meanest man among the number, who had never been known to give anything to any one before, absolutely bartered an old jacket for a pair of gilt vases which a peddler brought in his basket to the shop, and presented them to Connor for his Nora's mantle-piece. And here was idle Dick, the apprentice, who actually worked two hours on Connor's work when illness kept the Irishman at home one day. Connor felt this kindness, and returned it whenever it was in his power, and the days flew by and brought at last a letter from his wife.

She would start as he desired, and she was well and so was the boy, and might the Lord bring them safely to each other's arms and bless them who had been so kind to him." That was the substance of the epistle which Connor proudly assured his fellow-workmen Nora wrote herself. She had

lived at service as a girl, with a certain good old lady, who had given her the items of an education, which Connor told upon his fingers. "The radin', that's one, and the writin', that's three, and moreover, she knows all that a woman can." Then he looked up with tears in his eyes, and asked, — Do you wondher the time seems long between me an' her, boys?"

So it was. Nora at the dawn of day — Nora at noon — Nora at night — until the news came that the Stormy Petrel had come to port, and Connor, breathless and pale with excitement, flung his cap in the air and shouted.

It happened on a holiday afternoon, and half-a-dozen men were ready to go with Connor to the steamer and give his wife a greeting. Her little home was ready; Mr. Bawne's own servant had put it in order, and Connor took one peep at it before he started.

"She hadn't the like of that in the old counthry," he said, "but she'll know how to keep them tidy."

Then he led the way towards the dock where the steamer lay, and at a pace that made it hard for the rest to follow him. The spot was reached at last; a crowd of vehicles blockaded the street; a troop of emigrants came thronging up; fine cabin passengers were stepping into cabs, and drivers, porters, and all manner of employees were yelling and shouting in the usual manner. Nora would wait on board for her husband, he knew that.

The little group made their way into the vessel at last, and there, amid those who sat watching for coming friends, Connor searched for the two so dear to him; patiently at first, eagerly but patiently, but by-and-by growing anxious and excited.

"She would never go alone," he said, "she'd be lost entirely; I bade her wait, but I don't see her, boys; I think she's not in it."

"Why don't you see the captain?" asked one, and Connor jumped at the suggestion. In a few minutes he stood before a portly, rubicund man, who nodded to him kindly.

"I am looking for my wife, yer honor," said Connor, "and I can't find her."

"Perhaps she's gone ashore," said the captain.

"I bade her wait," said Connor.

"Women don't always do as they are bid, you know," said the captain.

"Nora would," said Connor;—"but maybe she was left

behind. Maybe she didn't come. I somehow think she didn't."

At the name of Nora the Captain started. In a moment he asked:

"What is your name?"

"Pat Connor," said the man.

"And your wife's name was Nora?"

"That's her name, and the boy with her is Jamesy, yer honor," said Connor.

The captain looked at Connor's friends, they looked at the captain. Then he said huskily: "Sit down, my man; I've got something to tell you."

"She's left behind," said Connor.

"She sailed with us," said the captain.

"Where is she?" asked Connor.

The captain made no answer.

"My man," he said "we all have our trials; God sends them. Yes—Nora started with us."

Connor said nothing. He was looking at the captain now, white to his lips.

"It's been a sickly season," said the captain, "we have had illness on board—the cholera. You know that."

"I didn't. I can't read; they kept it from me," said Connor.

"We didn't want to frighten him," said one in a half whisper.

"You know how long we lay at Quarantine?"

"The ship I came in did that," said Connor. "Did ye say Nora went ashore? Ought I to be looking for her, captain?"

"Many died, many children," went on the captain. "When we were half way here your boy was taken sick."

"Jamesy," gasped Connor.

"His mother watched him night and day," said the captain, "and we did all we could, but at last he died; only one of many. There were five buried that day. But it broke my heart to see the mother looking out upon the water. "Its his father I think of," said she, "he's longing to see poor Jamesy."

Connor groaned.

"Keep up if you can, my man," said the captain. "I wish any one else had it to tell rather than I. That night Nora was taken ill also; very suddenly, she grew worse fast.

In the morning she called me to her. 'Tell Connor I died thinking of him,' she said, 'and tell him to meet me.' And my man, God help you, she never said anything more —in an hour she was gone."

Connor had risen. He stood up, trying to steady himself; looking at the captain with his eyes dry as two stones. Then he turned to his friends:—

"I've got my death, boys," he said, and then dropped to the deck like a log.

They raised him and bore him away. In an hour he was at home on the little bed which had been made ready for Nora, weary with her long voyage. There at last, he opened his eyes. Old Mr. Bawne bent over him; he had been summoned by the news, and the room was full of Connor's fellow workmen.

"Better, Connor?" asked the old man.

"A dale," said Connor. "It's aisy now; I'll be with her soon. And look ye, masther, I've learnt one thing—God is good; He wouldn't let me bring Nora over to me, but he's takin' me over to her, and Jamesy over the river; don't you see it, and her standin' on the other side to welcome me?"

And with these words Connor stretched out his arms. Perhaps he did see Nora—Heaven only knows—and so died.

ANONYMOUS.

DESCRIPTIVE SELECTIONS.

THE CHEAP JACK.

I AM a Cheap Jack, and my father's name was Willum Marigold. It was in his lifetime supposed by some that his name was William, but my father always consistently said, No, it was Willum. On which point I content myself with looking at the argument this way: If a man is not allowed to know his own name in a free country, how much is he allowed to know in a land of slavery?

I was born on the Queen's highway, but it was the King's at that time. The doctor being a very kind gentleman, and accepting no fee but a tea-tray, I was named Doctor, out of gratitude and compliment to him. There you have me. Doctor Marigold.

The doctor having accepted a tea-tray, you'll guess that my father was a Cheap Jack before me. You are right. He was. And my father was a lovely one in his time at the Cheap Jack work. Now I'll tell you what. I mean to go down into my grave declaring that, of all the callings ill-used in Great Britain, the Cheap Jack calling is the worst used. Why ain't we a profession? Why ain't we endowed with privileges? Why are we forced to take out a hawker's license, when no such thing is expected of the political hawkers? Where's the difference betwixt us? Except that we are Cheap Jacks and they are Dear Jacks. I don't see any difference but what's in our favor.

For look here! Say its election time. I am on the footboard of my cart in the market place on a Saturday night. I put up a general miscellaneous lot. I say: "Now here my free and independent woters, I 'm a going to give you such a chance as you never had in all your born days, nor yet the days preceding. Now I'll show you what I am going to do with you. Here's a pair of razors that 'll shave you closer than the Board of Guardians; here's a flat-iron worth its weight in gold; here's a frying-pan artificially flavored with essence of beefsteaks to that degree that you 've only got for the rest of your lives to fry bread and dripping in it, and there you are replete with animal food; here 's a genuine chronometer watch in such a solid silver case that you may knock at the door with it when you come home late from a social meeting, and rouse your wife and family and save up your knocker for the postman; and here's half a dozen dinner-plates that you may play the cymbals with to charm the baby when it 's fractious. Stop. I 'll throw you in another article, and I 'll give you that, and it 's a rolling-pin, and if the baby can only get it well into its mouth when its teeth is coming, and rub the gums once with it, they 'll come through double, in a fit of laughter, equal to being tickled. Stop again! I 'll throw you in another article, because I don't like the looks of you, for you havn't the appearance of buyers unless I lose by you, and because I'd rather lose than not take money to-night, and that article's a looking-glass, in which you may see how ugly you look when you don't bid. What do you say now? Come! Do you say a pound? Not you, for you have n't got it. Do you say ten shillings? Not you, for you owe more to the tally-man. Well, then, I'll tell you what I'll do with you.

I'll heap 'em all on the footboard of the cart,—there they are! razors, flat-iron, frying-pan, chronometer watch, dinner-plates, rolling-pin, and looking-glass,—take 'em all away for four shillings, and I'll give you sixpence for your trouble!" This is me, the Cheap Jack.

I courted my wife from the footboard of the cart. I did indeed. She was a Suffolk young woman, and it was in Ipswich market-place, right opposite the corn-chandler's shop. I had noticed her up at a window last Saturday that was, appreciating highly. I had took to her, and I had said to myself: "If not already disposed of, I'll have that lot." Next Saturday that come, I pitched the cart on the same pitch, and I was in very high feather indeed, keeping 'em laughing the whole of the time, and getting off the goods briskly. At last I took out of my waistcoat-pocket a small lot wrapped in soft paper, and I put it this way (looking up at the window where she was): "Now here, my blooming English maidens, is a article, the last article of the present evening's sale, which I offer to only you, the lovely Suffolk Dumplings biling over with beauty, and I won't take a bid of a thousand pound for, from any man alive. Now what is it? Why I 'll tell you what it is. It 's made of fine gold, and it 's not broke, though there's a hole in the middle of it, and it 's stronger than any fetter that ever was forged, though it 's smaller than any finger in my set of ten. Why ten? Because when my parents made over my property to me, I tell you true, there was twelve sheets, twelve towels, twelve table-cloths, twelve knives, twelve forks, twelve table spoons, and twelve teaspoons, but my set of fingers was two short of a dozen and could never since be matched. Now what else is it? Come, I'll tell you. It's a hoop of solid gold, wrapped in a silver curl-paper that I myself took off the shining locks of the ever beautiful old lady in Threadneedle Street, London city. I would n't tell you so if I had n't the paper to show, or you might n't believe it even of me. Now what else is it? It's a man-trap and a handcuff, the parish stocks and a leg-lock, all in gold and all in one. Now what else is it? It's a wedding ring. Now I'll tell you what I'm a going to do with it. I'm not going to offer this lot for money, but I mean to give it to the next of you beauties that laughs, and I'll pay her a visit to-morrow morning at exactly half after nine o'clock as the chimes go, and I'll take her out for a walk to put up the banns." *She* laughed, and

got the ring handed up to her. When I called in the morning, she says, "O dear! It's never you, and you never mean it?" "It's ever me," says I, "and I'm ever yours, and I ever mean it." So we got married, after being put up three times,—which, by the by, is quite in the Cheap Jack way again, and shows once more how the Cheap Jack customs pervade society.

She wasn't a bad wife, but she had a temper. If she could have parted with that one article at a sacrifice, I wouldn't have swopped her away in exchange for any other woman in England. Not that I ever did swop her away, for we lived together till she died, and that was thirteen year. Now, my lords and ladies and gentlefolks all, I'll let you into a secret, though you won't believe it. Thirteen year of temper in a Palace would try the worst of you, but thirteen year of temper in a cart would try the best of you. You are kept so very close to it in a cart, you see. There's thousands of couples among you, getting on like sweet-ile upon a whetstone, in houses five and six pairs of stairs high, that would go to the Divorce Court in a cart. Whether the jolting makes it worse, I don't undertake to decide, but in a cart it does come home to you and stick to you. Wiolence in a cart is so wiolent, and aggrawation in a cart is so aggrawating.

My dog knew as well when she was on the turn as I did. Before she broke out he would give a howl, and bolt. How he knew it was a mystery to me; but the sure and certain knowledge of it would wake him up out of his soundest sleep, and he would give a howl, and bolt. At such times I wished I was him.

CHARLES DICKENS.

FARM-YARD SONG.

Over the hill the farm-boy goes:
His shadow lengthens along the land,
A giant staff in a giant hand;
In the poplar-tree above the spring
The katydid begins to sing;
The early dews are falling:
Into the stone-heap darts the mink,
The swallows skim the river's brink,

And home to the woodland fly the crows,
When over the hill the farm-boy goes,
Cheerily calling—
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
Farther, farther over the hill,
Faintly calling, calling still—
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'!"

Into the yard the farmer goes,
With grateful heart, at the close of day:
Harness and chain are hung away;
In the wagon-shed stand yoke and plough;
The straw's in the stack, the hay in the mow;
The cooling dews are falling:
The friendly sheep his welcome bleat,
The pigs come grunting to his feet,
The whinnying mare her master knows,
When into the yard the farmer goes,
His cattle calling—
"Co' boss! co', boss! co', co', co'!"
While still the cow-boy, far away,
Goes seeking those that have gone astray—
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'!"

Now to her task the milkmaid goes;
The cattle come crowding through the gate,
Lowing, pushing, little and great;
About the trough, by the farm-yard pump,
The frolicsome yearlings frisk and jump,
While the pleasant dews are falling:
The new milch heifer is quick and shy,
But the old cow waits with tranquil eye;
And the white stream into the bright pail flows,
When to her task the milkmaid goes,
Soothingly calling—
"So, boss! so, boss! so! so! so!"
The cheerful milkmaid takes her stool,
And sits and milks in the twilight cool,
Saying, "So, so, boss! so! so!"

To supper at last the farmer goes.
The apples are pared, the paper read,
The stories are told, then all to bed:

Without, the cricket's ceaseless song
Makes shrill the silence all night long;
The heavy dews are falling;
The housewife's hand has turned the lock;
Drowsily ticks the kitchen clock;
The household sinks to deep repose;
But still in sleep the farm-boy goes
Singing, calling—
"Co' boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
And oft the milkmaid, in her dreams,
Drums in the pail with the flashing streams,
Murmuring, "So, boss! so!"

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

SCENE AT DR. BLIMBER'S.

At length Mr. Dombey, one Saturday, when he came down to Brighton to see Paul, who was then six years old, resolved to make a change, and enroll him as a small student under Doctor Blimber.

Whenever a young man was taken in hand by Doctor Blimber, he might consider himself sure of a pretty tight squeeze. The Doctor only undertook the charge of ten young gentlemen, but he had always ready a supply of learning for a hundred, and it was at once the business and delight of his life to gorge the unhappy ten with it.

In fact Doctor Blimber's establishment was a great hot-house, in which there was a forcing apparatus incessantly at work. All the boys blew before their time. Mental green peas were produced at Christmas, and intellectual asparagus all the year round. No matter what a young gentleman was intended to bear, Doctor Blimber made him bear to pattern, somehow or other.

This was all very pleasant and ingenious, but the system of forcing was attended with its usual disadvantages. There was not the right taste about the premature productions; and they didn't keep well. Moreover, one young gentleman, with a swollen nose and an excessively large head (the oldest of the ten who had "gone through" everything) suddenly left off blowing one day, and remained in the establishment a mere stalk. And people did say that the Doctor had rather overdone it with young Toots, and that when he began to have whiskers he left off having brains.

The Doctor was a portly gentleman in a suit of black, with strings at his knees, and stockings below them. He had a bald head, highly polished; a deep voice; and a chin so very double, that it was a wonder how he ever managed to shave into the creases.

His daughter, Miss Blimber, although a slim and graceful maid, did no soft violence to the gravity of the Doctor's house. There was no light nonsense about Miss Blimber. She kept her hair short and crisp, and wore spectacles, and she was dry and sandy with working in the graves of deceased languages. None of your live languages for Miss Blimber. They must be dead,—stone dead,—and then Miss Blimber dug them up like a Ghoul. Mrs. Blimber, her mamma, was not learned herself, but she pretended to be, and that answered just as well. She said at evening parties, that, if she could have known Cicero, she thought she could have died contented.

As to Mr. Feeder, B. A., Doctor Blimber's assistant, he was a kind of human hand-organ, with a little list of tunes at which he was continually working, over and over again, without any variation.

To Doctor Blimber's Paul was taken by his father, on an appointed day. The Doctor was sitting in his portentous study, with a globe at each knee, books all around him; Homer over the door and Minerva on the mantel-shelf. "And how do you do, sir?" he said to Mr. Dombey, "and how is my little friend?" When the Doctor left off, the great clock in the hall seemed (to Paul, at least) to take him up, and to go on saying, over and over again. 'How, is, my, lit,tle, friend; how, is, my, lit,tle, friend?'

"Mr. Dombey," said Doctor Blimber, "you would wish my little friend to acquire—"

"Everything, if you please, Doctor."

"Yes," said the Doctor, who, with his half-shut eyes, seemed to survey Paul with the sort of interest that he might attach to some choice little animal he was going to stuff,—"yes, exactly. Ha! We shall impart a great variety of information to our little friend, and bring him quickly forward, I dare say. Permit me. Allow me to present Mrs. Blimber and my daughter Cornelia, who will be associated with the domestic life of our young Pilgrim to Parnassus."

"Now, Dombey," said Miss Blimber, "I'm going out for a constitutional."

Paul wondered what that was, and why she didn't send the footman out to get it in such unfavorable weather. But he made no observation on the subject, his attention being devoted to a little pile of new books, on which Miss Blimber appeared to have been recently engaged.

"These are yours, Dombey. I am going out for a constitutional; and while I am gone, that is to say in the interval between this and breakfast, Dombey, I wish you to read over what I have marked in these books, and to tell me if you quite understand what you have got to learn."

They comprised a little English, and a deal of Latin,—names of things, declensions of articles and substantives, exercises thereon, and rules,—a trifle of orthography, a glance at ancient history, a wink or two at modern ditto, a few tables, two or three weights and measures, and a little general information. When poor little Dombey had spelt out number two, he found he had no idea of number one; fragments of which afterwards obtruded themselves into number three, which slided into number four, which grafted itself on to number two. So that it was an open question with him whether twenty Romuluses made a Remus, or hic hæc hoc was troy weight, or a verb always agreed with an ancient Briton, or three times four was Taurus, a bull.

Such spirits as Little Dombey had he soon lost, of course. But he retained all that was strange and old and thoughtful in his character; and even became more strange and old and thoughtful. He loved to be alone, and liked nothing so well as wandering about the house by himself, or sitting on the stairs listening to the great clock in the hall. He was intimate with all the paper-hangings in the house; he saw things that no one else saw in the patterns; and found out miniature tigers and lions running up the bedroom walls.

And so the solitary child lived on and on, surrounded by the arabesque work of his musing fancy, and still no one understood him. He grew fond, now of a large engraving that hung upon the staircase, where, in the center of the group, one figure that he knew—a figure with a light about its head, benignant, mild, merciful—stood pointing upward. He watched the waves and clouds at twilight with his earnest eyes, and breasted the window of his solitary room when birds flew by, as if he would have emulated them and soared away.

CHARLES DICKENS.

THE CHILD-WIFE.

ALL this time I had gone on loving Dora harder than ever. If I may so express it, I was steeped in Dora. I was not merely over head and ears in love with her, I was saturated through and through. I took night walks to Norwood where she lived, and perambulated round and round the house and garden for hours together, looking through crevices in the palings, using violent exertions to get my chin above the rusty nails on the top, blowing kisses at the lights in the windows, and romantically calling on the night to shield my Dora,—I don't exactly know from what,—I suppose from fire, perhaps from mice, to which she had a great objection.

Dora had a discreet friend, comparatively stricken in years, almost of the ripe age of twenty, I should say, whose name was Miss Mills. Dora called her Julia. She was the bosom friend of Dora. Happy Miss Mills!

One day Miss Mills said: "Dora is coming to stay with me. She is coming the day after to-morrow. If you would like to call, I am sure papa would be happy to see you."

I passed three days in a luxury of wretchedness. At last, arrayed for the purpose, at a vast expense, I went to Miss Mills's, fraught with a declaration. Mr. Mills was not at home. I didn't expect he would be. Nobody wanted *him*. Miss Mills was at home. Miss Mills would do.

I was shown into a room up stairs, where Miss Mills and Dora were. Dora's little dog Jip was there. Miss Mills was copying music, and Dora was painting flowers. What were my feelings when I recognized flowers I had given her!

Miss Mills was very glad to see me, and very sorry her papa was not at home, though I thought we all bore that with fortitude. Miss Mills was conversational for a few minutes, and then laying down her pen, got up and left the room.

I began to think I would put it off till to-morrow.

"I hope your poor horse was not tired when he got home at night from that picnic," said Dora, lifting up her beautiful eyes. "It was a long way for him."

I began to think I would do it to-day.

"It was a long way for *him*, for *he* had nothing to uphold him on his journey."

"Wasn't he fed, poor thing?" asked Dora.

I began to think I would put it off till to-morrow.

"Ye—yes, he was well taken care off. I mean he had not the unutterable happiness that I had in being so near to you."

I saw now that I was in for it, and it must be done on the spot.

"I don't know why you should care for being near me," said Dora, "or why you should call it a happiness But, of course, you don't mean what you say. Jip, you naughty boy, come here!"

I don't know how I did it, but I did it in a moment.

I intercepted Jip. I had Dora in my arms. I was full of eloquence. I never stopped for a word. I told her how I loved her. I told her I should die without her. I told her that I idolized and worshiped her. Jip barked madly all the time. My eloquence increased, and I said, if she would like me to die for her, she had but to say the word, and I was ready. I had loved her to distraction every minute, day and night, since I first set eyes upon her. I loved her at that moment to distraction. I should always love her, every minute, to distraction. Lovers had loved before, and lovers would love again; but no lover had ever loved, might, could, would, or should ever love, as I loved Dora. The more I raved, the more Jip barked. Each of us in his own way got more mad every moment.

Well, well: Dora and I were sitting on the sofa, by and by, quiet enough, and Jip was lying in her lap winking peacefully at me. It was off my mind. I was in a state of perfect rapture. Dora and I were engaged.

Being poor, I felt it necessary the next time I went to my darling to expatiate on that unfortunate drawback. I soon carried desolation into the bosom of our joys—not that I meant to do it, but that I was so full of the subject—by asking Dora, without the smallest preparation, if she could love a beggar.

"How can you ask me anything so foolish? Love a beggar!"

"Dora, my own dearest, I am a beggar!"

"How can you be such a silly thing," replied Dora, slapping my hand, "as to sit there, telling such stories?"

"I'll make Jip bite you, if you are so ridiculous."

But I looked so serious that Dora began to cry. She did nothing but exclaim, Oh, dear! Oh, dear! And Oh, she was so frightened! And where was Julia Mills? And Oh, take her to Julia Mills, and go away, please! until I was almost beside myself.

I thought I had killed her. I sprinkled water on her face; I went down on my knees; I plucked at my hair; I implored her forgiveness; I besought her to look up; I ravaged Miss Mill's work-box for a smelling-bottle, and in my agony of mind, applied an ivory needle-case, instead, and dropped all the needles over Dora.

At last I got Dora to look at me, with a horrified expression which I gradually soothed until it was only loving, and her soft, pretty cheek was lying against mine.

"Is your heart mine still, dear Dora?"

"Oh yes! Oh yes! it's all yours. Oh don't be dreadful."

"My dearest love, the crust well earned—"

"Oh, yes; but I don't want to hear any more about crusts. And after we are married, Jip must have a mutton chop every day at twelve, or he'll die."

I was charmed with her childish, winning way, and I fondly explained to her that Jip should have his mutton chop with his accustomed regularity.

When we had been engaged some half-year or so, Dora delighted me by asking me to give her that cookery book I had once spoken of, and to show her how to keep accounts, as I had once promised I would. I brought the volume with me on my next visit (I got it prettily bound first, to make it look less dry and more inviting), and showed her an old housekeeping book of my aunt's, and gave her a set of tablets, and a pretty little pencil-case, and a box of leads, to practice housekeeping with.

But the cookery-book made Dora's head ache, and the figures made her cry. They wouldn't add up she said. So she rubbed them out, and drew little nosegays, and likenesses of me and Jip, all over the tablets.

Time went on, and at last, here in this hand of mine, I held the wedding license. There were the two names in the sweet old visionary connection,—David Copperfield and Dora Spenlow; and there in the corner was that parental institution, the Stamp Office, looking down upon our union; and there, in the printed form of words, was the Archbishop of Canterbury, invoking a blessing on us, and doing it as cheap as could possibly be expected.

I doubt whether two young birds could have known less about keeping house than I and my pretty Dora did. We had a servant, of course. *She* kept house for us.

We had an awful time of it with Mary Anne.

Her name was Paragon. Her nature was represented to us, when we engaged her, as being feebly expressed in her name. She had a written character, as large as a proclamation, and according to that document could do everything of a domestic nature that ever I heard of, and a great many things that I never did hear of. She was a woman in the prime of life; of a severe countenance, and subject (particularly in the arms) to a sort of perpetual measles. She had a cousin in the Life Guards, with such long legs that he looked like the afternoon shadow of somebody else. She was warranted sober and honest; and I am therefore willing to believe that she was in a fit when we found her under the boiler, and that the deficient teaspoons were attributable to the dustman. She was the cause of our first little quarrel.

"My dearest life," I said one day to Dora, "do you think that Mary Anne has any idea of time?"

"Why, Doady?"

"My love, because its five, and we were to have dined at four."

My little wife came and sat upon my knee, to coax me to be quiet, and drew a line with her pencil down the middle of my nose; but I couldn't dine off that, though it was very agreeable.

"Don't you think, my dear, it would be better for you to remonstrate with Mary Anne?"

"Oh, no, please! I couldn't, Doady!"

"Why not, my love?"

"Oh, because I am such a little goose, and she knows I am!"

I thought this sentiment so imcompatible with the establishment of any system of check on Mary Anne, that I frowned a little.

"My precious wife, we must be serious sometimes. Come! sit down on this chair, close beside me! Give me the pencil! There! Now let us talk sensibly. You know, dear,"—what a little hand it was to hold, and what a tiny wedding ring it was to see,—"you know, my love, it is not exactly comfortable to have to go out without one's dinner. Now is it?"

"N-n-no!" replied Dora, faintly.

"My love, how you tremble!"

"Because, I know you're going to scold me."

"My sweet, I am only going to reason."

"Oh, but reasoning is worse than scolding! I didn't marry to be reasoned with. If you meant to reason with such a poor little thing as I am, you ought to have told me so, you cruel boy!"

"Dora, my darling!"

"No, I am not your darling. Because you *must* be sorry that you married me, or else you wouldn't reason with me!"

I felt so injured by the inconsequential nature of this charge, that it gave me courage to be grave.

"Now, my own Dora, you are childish, and are talking nonsense. You must remember, I am sure, that I was obliged to go out yesterday when dinner was half over; and that, the day before, I was made quite unwell by being obliged to eat underdone veal in a hurry; to-day, I don't dine at all, and I am afraid to say how long we waited for breakfast, and *then* the water didn't boil. I don't mean to reproach you, my dear, but this is not comfortable."

"Oh, you cruel, cruel boy, to say I am a disagreeable wife!"

"Now, my dear Dora, you must know that I never said that!"

"You said I wasn't comfortable!"

"I said the housekeeping was not comfortable!"

"It's exactly the same thing! and I wonder, I do, at your making such ungrateful speeches. When you know that the other day, when you said you would like a little bit of fish, I went out myself, miles and miles, and ordered it to surprise you."

"And it was very kind of you, my own darling; and I felt it so much that I wouldn't on any account have mentioned that you bought a salmon, which was too much for two; or that it cost one pound six, which was more than we can afford."

"You enjoyed it very much," sobbed Dora. "And you said I was a Mouse."

"And I'll say so again, my love, a thousand times!"

I said it a thousand times and more, and went on saying it until Mary Anne's cousin deserted into our coal-hole, and was brought out, to our great amazement, by a picket of his companions in arms, who took him away handcuffed in a procession that covered our front garden with disgrace.

Everybody we had anything to do with, seemed to cheat

us. Our appearance in a shop was a signal for the damaged goods to be brought out immediately. If we bought a lobster, it was full of water. All our meat turned out tough, and there was hardly any crust to our loaves.

As to the washerwoman pawning the clothes, and coming in a state of penitent intoxication to apologize, I suppose that might have happened several times to anybody. Also the chimney on fire, the parish engine, and perjury on the part of the beadle. But I apprehend we were personally unfortunate in our page, whose principal function was to quarrel with the cook. We wanted to get rid of him, but he was very much attached to us, and wouldn't go, until one day he stole Dora's watch, then he went.

"I am very sorry for all this, Doady," said Dora. "Will you call me a name I want you to call me?"

"What is it, my dear?"

"It's a stupid name,—Child-wife. When you are going to be angry with me, say to yourself, 'It's only my Child-wife.' When I am very disappointing, say, 'I knew a long time ago, that she would make but a Child-wife.' When you miss what you would like me to be, and what I should like to be, and what I think I never can be, say, 'Still my foolish Child-wife loves me.' For indeed I do."

I invoke the innocent figure that I dearly loved to come out of the mists and shadows of the past, and to turn its gentle head towards me once again, and to bear witness that it was made happy by what I answered.

CHARLES DICKENS.

THE CHARCOAL MAN.

THOUGH rudely blows the wintry blast,
And sifting snows fall white and fast,
Mark Haley drives along the street,
Perched high upon his wagon seat;
His sombre face the storm defies,
And thus from morn till eve he cries,—
"Charco'! charco'!"
While echo faint and far replies,—
"Hark, O! hark, O!"
"Charco'!"—"Hark, O!"—Such cheery sounds
Attend him on his daily rounds.

The dust begrimes his ancient hat;
His coat is darker far than that;
'Tis odd to see his sooty form
All speckled with the feathery storm;
Yet in his honest bosom lies
Nor spot nor speck,—though still he cries,—
"Charco'! charco'!"
And many a roguish lad replies,—
"Ark, ho! ark ho!"
"Charco'!"—"Ark, ho!"—Such various sounds
Announce Mark Haley's morning rounds.

Thus all the cold and wintry day
He labors much for little pay;
Yet feels no less of happiness
Than many a richer man, I guess,
When through the shades of eve he spies
The light of his own home, and cries,—
"Charco'! charco'!"
And Martha from the door replies,—
"Mark, ho! Mark, ho!"
"Charco'!"—"Mark, ho!"—Such joy abounds
When he has closed his daily rounds.

The hearth is warm, the fire is bright
And while his hand, washed clean and white,
Holds Martha's tender hand once more,
His glowing face bends fondly o'er
The crib wherein his darling lies,
And in a coaxing tone he cries,
"Charco'! charco'!"
And baby with a laugh replies,—
"Ah, go! ah, go!"
"Charco'!"—"Ah go!"—while at the sounds
The mother's heart with gladness bounds.

Then honored be the charcoal man!
Though dusky as an African,
'Tis not for you, that chance to be
A little better clad than he,
His honest manhood to despise,
Although from morn till eve he cries,—
"Charco'! charco'!"

While mocking echo still replies,—
"Hark, O! hark, O!"
"Charco'!"—"Hark, O!"—Long may the sounds
Proclaim Mark Haley's daily rounds!

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

SCENE AT THE NATURAL BRIDGE.

THE scene opens with a view of the great Natural Bridge in Virginia. There are three or four lads standing in the channel below, looking up with awe to that vast arch of unhewn rocks, which the Almighty bridged over those everlasting butments, "when the morning stars sung together." The little piece of sky spanning those measureless piers is full of stars, although it is mid-day.

It is almost five hundred feet from where they stand, up those perpendicular bulwarks of limestone, to the key-rock of that vast arch, which appears to them only the size of a man's hand. The silence of death is rendered more impressive by the little stream that falls from rock to rock down the channel. The sun is darkened, and the boys have unconsciously uncovered their heads, as if standing in the presence-chamber of the Majesty of the whole earth.

At last this feeling begins to wear away; they begin to look around them; they find that others have been there before them. They see the names of hundreds cut in the limestone butments. A new feeling comes over their young hearts, and their knives are in their hands in an instant. "What man has done, man can do," is their watchword, while they draw themselves up, and carve their names a foot above those of a hundred full-grown men who have been there before them.

They are all satisfied with this feat of physical exertion, except one, whose example illustrates perfectly the forgotten truth, that there is no royal road to intellectual eminence. This ambitious youth sees a name just above his reach—a name that will be green in the memory of the world, when those of Alexander, Cæsar, and Bonaparte shall be lost in oblivion. It was the name of Washington.

Before he marched with Braddock to that fatal field, he had been there, and left his name a foot above all his predecessors. It was a glorious thought of the boy to write his

name side by side with that of the great father of his country. He grasped his knife with a firmer hand, and clinging to a little jutting crag, he cuts a gain into the limestone, about a foot above where he stands; he then reaches up and cuts another for his hands.

'Tis a dangerous adventure; but as he puts his feet and hands into those gains, and draws himself up carefully to his full length, he finds himself a foot above every name chronicled in that mighty wall. While his companions are regarding him with concern and admiration, he cuts his name in rude capitals, large and deep into that flinty album.

His knife is still in his hand, and strength in his sinews, and a new created aspiration in his heart. Again he cuts another niche, and again he carves his name in larger capitals. This is not enough. Heedless of the entreaties of his companions, he cuts and climbs again. The gradations of his ascending scale grow wider apart. He measures his length at every gain he cuts. The voices of his friends wax weaker and weaker, till their words are finally lost on his ear.

He now, for the first time, cast a look beneath him. Had that glance lasted a moment, that moment would have been his last. He clings with a convulsive shudder to his little niche in the rock. An awful abyss awaits his almost certain fall. He is faint with severe exertion, and trembling from the sudden view of the dreadful destruction to which he is exposed. His knife is worn half way to the haft. He can hear the voices, but not the words, of his terror-stricken companions below! What a moment! What a meager chance to escape destruction! There is no retracing his steps. It is impossible to put his hand into the same niche with his feet, and retain his slender hold a moment.

His companions instantly perceive this new and fearful dilemma, and await his fall with emotions that "freeze their young blood." He is too high, too faint, to ask for his father and mother, and brothers and sisters, to come and witness or avert his destruction. But one of his companions anticipates his desire. Swift as the wind, he bounds down the channel, and the situation of the ill-fated boy is told upon his father's hearthstone.

Minutes of almost eternal length roll on, and there are hundreds standing in that rocky channel, and hundreds on the bridge above, all holding their breath, and awaiting the

fearful catastrophe. The poor boy hears the hum of new and numerous voices both above and below. He can distinguish the tones of his father, who is shouting, with all the energy of despair, "William! William! don't look down! Your mother, and Henry, and Harriet, are all here, praying for you! Don't look down! Keep your eye towards the top!"

The boy didn't look down. His eye is fixed like a flint towards heaven, and his young heart on Him who reigns there. He grasps again his knife. He cuts another niche, and another foot is added to the hundreds that remove him from the reach of human help from below. How carefully he uses his wasting blade! How anxiously he selects the softest places in that vast pier! How he avoids every flinty grain! How he economizes his physical powers, resting a moment at each gain he cuts! How every motion is watched from below! There stand his father, mother, brother, and sister, on the very spot, where, if he falls, he will not fall alone.

The sun is half way down the west. The lad has made fifty additional niches in that mighty wall, and now finds himself directly under the middle of that vast arch of rocks, earth, and trees. He must cut his way in a new direction, to get from under this overhanging mountain. The inspiration of hope is dying in his bosom; its vital heat is fed by the increasing shouts of hundreds, perched upon cliffs and trees, and others who stand with ropes in their hands on the bridge above, or with ladders below.

Fifty more gains must be cut before the longest rope can reach him. His wasting blade strikes again into the limestone. The boy is emerging painfully, foot by foot, from under that lofty arch. Spliced ropes are ready in the hands of those who are leaning over the outer edge of the bridge. Two minutes more and all must be over. The blade is worn to the last half inch. The boy's head reels; his eyes are starting from their sockets. His last hope is dying in his heart; his life must hang on the next gain he cuts. That niche is the last.

At the last faint gash he makes, his knife—his faithful knife—falls from his little nerveless hand, and ringing along the precipice, falls at his mother's feet. An involuntary groan of despair runs like a death-knell through the channel below, and all is still as the grave. At the height of nearly

three hundred feet, the devoted boy lifts his hopeless heart, and closes his eyes to commend his soul to God.

'Tis but a moment—there! one foot swings off—he is reeling—trembling—toppling over into eternity! Hark! a shout falls on his ear from above. The man who is lying with half his length over the bridge, has caught a glimpse of the boy's head and shoulders. Quick as thought the noosed rope is within reach of the sinking youth. No one breathes. With a faint convulsive effort, the swooning boy drops his arms into the noose. Darkness comes over him, and with the words God—Mother—the tightening rope lifts him out of his last shallow niche. Not a lip moves while he is dangling over that fearful abyss; but when a sturdy Virginian reaches down and draws up the lad, and holds him up in his arms before the tearful, breathless multitude, such shouting—such leaping and weeping for joy—never greeted the ear of a human being so recovered from the yawning gulf of eternity.

ELIHU BURRITT.

DIDACTIC SELECTIONS.

HAMLET'S INSTRUCTIONS TO THE PLAYERS.

SPEAK the speech I pray you, as I pronounced it to you,—trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town-crier spake my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand thus, but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. Oh! it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters,—to very rags,—to split the ears of the groundlings; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb show and noise. I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant: it out-herods Herod. Pray you, avoid it.

Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor. Suit the action to the word; the word to the action; with this special observance—that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature: for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing; whose end, both at the first and now,

was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; —to show virtue her own feature; scorn her own image; and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure. Now this, overdone or come tardy off, though it make the unskillful laugh, can not but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one, must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theater of others. Oh! there be players, that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, or man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well,—they imitated humanity so abominably!

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

HAPPINESS.

She is deceitful as the calm that precedes the hurricane, smooth as the water on the verge of the cataract, and beautiful as the rainbow, that smiling daughter of the storm; but, like the mirage in the desert, she tantalizes us with a delusion that distance creates, and that contiguity destroys. Yet, when unsought, she is often found, and when unexpected, often obtained; while those who seek for her the most diligently, fail the most, because they seek her where she is not. Anthony sought her in love; Brutus, in glory; Cæsar, in dominion;—the first found disgrace, the second disgust, the last ingratitude, and each destruction. To some she is more kind, but not less cruel; she hands them her cup; and they drink even to stupefaction, until they doubt whether they are men, with Philip, or dream that they are gods, with Alexander. On some she smiles, as on Napoleon, with an aspect more bewitching than an Italian sun; but it is only to make her frown the more terrible, and by one short caress to embitter the pangs of separation. Yet is she, by universal homage and consent, a queen; and the passions are the vassal lords that crowd her court, await her mandate, and move at her control. But, like other mighty sovereigns, she is so surrounded by her envoys, her officers, and her ministers of state; that it is extremely difficult to be admitted to her presence chamber, or to have any immediate communication with herself. Ambition, Avarice, Love, Revenge, all these seek her, and her alone; alas! they are

neither presented to her, nor will she come to them. She despatches, however, her envoys unto them,—mean and poor respresentatives of their queen. To Ambition, she sends Power; to Avarice, Wealth; to Love, Jealousy; to Revenge, Remorse: alas! what are these, but so many other names for vexation or disappointment? Neither is she to be won by flatteries or by bribes: she is to be gained by waging war against her *enemies*, much sooner than by paying any particular court to herself. Those that conquer her adversaries, will find that they need not go to her, for she will come unto them. None bid so high for her as kings; few are more willing, none are more able to purchase her alliance at the fullest price. But she has no more respect for kings than for their subjects; she mocks them, indeed, with the empty show of a visit, by sending to their palaces all her equipage, her pomp, and her train; but she comes not herself. What detains her? She is traveling incognito to keep a private appointment with Contentment, and to partake of a dinner of herbs in a cottage.

WALTER COLTON.

COME IT WILL.

MANHOOD will come, and old age will come, and the dying bed will come, and the very last look you shall ever have on your acquaintances will come, and the time when you are stretched a lifeless corpse before the eyes of weeping relatives will come, and the coffin that is to enclose you will come, and that hour when the company assemble to carry you to the churchyard will come, and that minute when you are put down into the grave will come, and the throwing in of the loose dirt into the narrow house where you are laid, and the spreading of the green sod over it—all, all will come on every living creature who now speaks, and the people who now listen will be carried to their long homes, and make room for another generation. Now all this you know must and will happen—your common sense and common experience serve to convince you of it.

Perhaps it may have been little thought of in the days of careless and thoughtless and thankless unconcern which you have spent hitherto; but I call upon you to think of it now, to lay it seriously to heart, and no longer to delay when the high matters of death and judgment and eternity are thus set so

evidently before you. And the tidings wherewith I am charged—and the blood lieth upon your own head, and not upon mine, if you will not listen to them—the object of my coming amongst you is to let you know what more things are to come; it is to carry you beyond the regions of sight and of sense, to the regions of faith, and to assure you in the name of Him who cannot lie, that as sure as the hour for laying the body in the grave comes, so surely will also come the hour of the spirit returning to Him who gave it. Yes, the day of final reckoning will come, and the appearance of the Son of God in heaven, and his mighty angels around him, will come, and the opening of the books will come, and the standing of men of all generations before the judgment seat will come, and the solemn passing of that sentence which is to fix you for eternity will come.

THOMAS CHALMERS.

BOOKS.

STUDIES serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness, and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business; for expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one; but the general counsels, and the plots and marshalling of affairs, come best from those that are learned.

To spend too much time in studies, is sloth; to use them too much for ornament, is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules, is the humor of a scholar; they perfect nature, and are perfected by experience—for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men contemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them, for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested: that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be

read by deputy and extracts made of them by others; but that would be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books; else distilled books are, like common distilled waters, flashy things. Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man; and, therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not. Histories make men wise; poets witty; the mathematics subtle; natural philosophy deep; moral grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend.

FRANCIS BACON.

THE SKY.

NOT long ago I was slowly descending the carriage road after you leave Albano. It had been wild weather when I left Rome, and all across the Campagna the clouds were sweeping in sulphurous blue, with a clap of thunder or two, and breaking gleams of sun along the Claudian aqueduct, lighting up its arches like the bridge of chaos. But as I climbed the long slope of the Alban mount, the storm swept finally to the north, and the noble outline of the domes of Albano and the graceful darkness of its ilex grove rose against pure streaks of alternate blue and amber, the upper sky gradually flushing through the last fragments of rain-cloud, in deep palpitating azure, half ether and half dew. The noon-day sun came slanting down the rocky slopes of La Ricca, and its masses of entangled and tall foliage, whose autumnal tints were mixed with the wet verdure of a thousand evergreens, were penetrated with it as with rain. I cannot call it color, it was conflagration. Purple, and crimson and scarlet, like the curtains of God's tabernacle, the rejoicing trees sank into the valley in showers of light, every separate leaf quivering with buoyant and burning life; each, as it turned to reflect or to transmit the sunbeam, first a torch and then an emerald. Far up into the recesses of the valley, the green vistas, arched like the hollows of mighty waves of some crystalline sea, with the arbutus flowers, dashed along their flanks for foam, and silver flakes of orange spray tossed into the air around them, breaking over the gray walls of rock into a thousand separate stars, fading and kindling alternately as the weak wind lifted and let them fall. Every

blade of grass burned like the golden floor of heaven, opening in sudden gleams as the foliage broke and closed above it, as sheet lightning opens in a cloud at sunset the motionless masses of dark rock—dark, though flushed with scarlet lichen, casting their quiet shadows across its restless radiance, the fountain underneath them filling its marble hollow with blue mist and fitful sound, and, over all,—the multitudinous bars of amber and rose, the sacred clouds that have no darkness, and only exist to illumine, were seen in intervals between the solemn and orbed repose of the stone pines, passing to lose themselves in the last, white, blinding lustre of the measurless line where the Campagna melted into the blaze of the sea. * *

Are not all natural things, it may be asked, as lovely near as far away? By no means. Look at the clouds and watch the delicate sculpture of their alabaster sides, and the rounded lustre of their magnificent rolling. They are meant to be beheld far away: they were shaped for their place high above your head: approach them and they fuse into vague mists, or whirl away in fierce fragments of thunderous vapor. Look at the crest of the Alp from the far away plains over which its light is cast, whence human souls have communed with it by their myriads. It was built for its place in the far off sky: approach it, and as the sound of the voice of man dies away about its foundations, and the tide of human life is met at last by the eternal "Here shall thy waves be stayed," the glory of its aspect fades into blanched fearfulness: its purple walls are rent into grisly rocks, its silver fret-work saddened into wasting snow: the stormbrands of ages are on its breast, the ashes of its own ruin lie solemnly on its white raiment.

If you desire to perceive the great harmonies of the form of a rocky mountain, you must not ascend upon its sides. All there is disorder and accident, or seems so. Retire from it, and as your eye commands it more and more, you see the ruined mountain world with a wider glance; behold! dim sympathies begin to busy themselves in the disjointed mass: line binds itself into stealthy fellowship with line: group by group the helpless fragments gather themselves into ordered companies: new captains of hosts, and masses of battalions, becomes visible one by one; and far away answers of foot to foot and of bone to bone, until the powerless is seen risen up with girded loins, and not one piece of all the unregarded heap can now be spared from the mystic whole.

JOHN RUSKIN.

V. GAYETY.

In this class of selections the same suggestions that were made on the subject of common reading are pertinent and practical. However, greater variety of intonation, a quicker movement, and a higher pitch, are required in gay and lively styles. Flexibility of voice is indispensable; so that the slides of the fifth and octave may be easily reached, while the voice remains free from strain and harshness.

GAY AND ANIMATED SELECTIONS.

DAFFODILS.

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud
  That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,—
  A host of golden daffodils
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
  And twinkle on the Milky Way,
They stretched in never-ending line
  Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I, at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
  Outdid the sparkling waves in glee;
A poet could not but be gay
  In such a jocund company;

I gazed — and gazed — but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought.

For oft, when on my couch I lie,
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE FAIRIES.

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a hunting
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!

Down along the rocky shore
Some make their home,—
They live on crispy pancakes
Of yellow tide-foam;
Some in the reeds
Of the black mountain-lake,
With frogs for their watch-dogs,
All night awake.

High on the hill-top
The old king sits;
He is now so old and gray
He's nigh lost his wits.
With a bridge of white mist
Columbkill he crosses,
On his stately journeys
From Slieveleague to Rosses;
Or going up with music
On cold starry nights,
To sup with the queen
Of the gay Northern Lights.

They stole little Bridget
  For seven years long;
When she came down again
  Her friends were all gone.
They took her lightly back,
  Between the night and morrow;
They thought that she was fast asleep,
  But she was dead with sorrow.
They have kept her ever since
  Deep within the lakes,
On a bed of flag-leaves,
  Watching till she wakes.

By the craggy hillside,
  Through the mosses bare,
They have planted thorn-trees
  For pleasure here and there.
Is any man so daring
  To dig one up in spite,
He shall find the thornies set
  In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,
  Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a hunting
  For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
  Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
  And white owl's feather!

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

FEZZIWIG'S BALL.

THE Ghost stopped at a certain warehouse door, and asked Scrooge if he knew it.

"Know it! Was I apprenticed here!"

They went in. At sight of an old gentleman in a Welsh wig, sitting behind such a high desk that, if he had been two inches taller, he must have knocked his head against the ceiling, Scrooge cried in great excitement: "Why, it 's old Fezziwig! Bless his heart, it 's Fezziwig, alive again!"

Old Fezziwig laid down his pen, and looked up at the clock, which pointed to the hour of seven. He rubbed his hands; adjusted his capacious waistcoat; laughed all over himself, from his shoes to his organ of benevolence; and called out in a comfortable, oily, rich, fat, jovial voice: "Yo ho, there! Ebenezer! Dick!"

A living and moving picture of Scrooge's former self, a young man, came briskly in, accompanied by his fellow-prentice.

"Dick Wilkins, to be sure!" said Scrooge to the Ghost. "My old fellow-prentice, bless me, yes. There he is. He was very much attached to me, was Dick. Poor Dick! Dear, dear!"

"Yo ho, my boys!" said Fezziwig. "No more work to-night. Christmas eve, Dick. Christmas, Ebenezer! Let's have the shutt rs up, before a man can say Jack Robinson! Clear away, my lads, and let's have lots of room here!"

Clear away! There was nothing they would n't have cleared away, or could n't have cleared away, with old Fezziwig looking on. It was done in a minute. Every movable was packed off, as if it were dismissed from public life forevermore; the floor was swept and watered, the lamps were trimmed, fuel was heaped upon the fire; and the ware-house was as snug and warm and dry and bright a ball-room as you would desire to see upon a winter's night.

In came a fiddler with a music-book, and went up to the lofty desk, and made an orchestra of it, and tuned like fifty stomach-aches. In came Mrs. Fezziwig, one vast substantial smile. In came the three Miss Fezziwigs, beaming and lovable. In came the six young followers whose hearts they broke. In came all the young men and women employed in the business. In came the house maid, with her cousin the baker. In came the cook, with her brother's particular friend the milkman. In they all came one after another; some shyly, some boldly, some gracefully, some awkwardly, some pushing, some pulling; in they all came, anyhow and every-how. Away they all went, twenty couple at once; hands half round and back again the other way; down the middle and up again; round and round in various stages of affection-ate grouping; old top couple always turning up in the wrong place; new top couple starting off again, as soon as they got there; all top couples at last, and not a bottom one to help them. When this result was brought about, old Fezzi-

wig, clapping his hands to stop the dance, cried out, "Well done!" and the fiddler plunged his hot face into a pot of porter especially provided for that purpose.

There were more dances, and there were forfeits, and more dances, and there was cake, and there was negus, and there was a great piece of Cold Roast, and there was a great piece of Cold Boiled, and there were mince-pies, and plenty of beer. But the great effect of the evening came after the Roast and Boiled, when the fiddler struck up "Sir Roger de Covelry." Then old Fezziwig stood out to dance with Mrs. Fezziwig. Top couple, too; with a good stiff piece of work cut out for them; three or four and twenty pair of partners; people who were not to be trifled with; people who *would* dance, and had no notion of walking.

But if they had been twice as many,—four times,—old Fezziwig would have been a match for them and so would Mrs. Fezziwig. As to *her*, she was worthy to be his partner in every sense of the term. A positive light appeared to issue from Fezziwig's calves. They shone in every part of the dance. You could n't have predicted, at any given time, what would become of 'em next. And when old Fezziwig and Mrs. Fezziwig had gone all through the dance,—advance and retire, turn your partner, bow and courtesy, corkscrew, thread the needle, and back again to your place,—Fezziwig "cut,"—cut so deftly, that he appeared to wink with his legs.

When the clock struck eleven this domestic ball broke up. Mr. and Mrs. Fezziwig took their stations, one on either side the door, and, shaking hands with every person individually as he or she went out, wished him or her a Merry Christmas. When everybody had retired but the two 'prentices, they did the same to them; and thus the cheerful voices died away, and the lads were left to their beds, which were under a counter in the back shop.

CHARLES DICKENS.

KISSING 'S NO SIN.

SOME say that kissing 's a sin;
But I think it's nane ava,
For kissing has wonn'd in this warld
Since ever that there was twa.

O, if it wasna lawfu',
Lawyers wadna allow it;
If it wasna holy,
Ministers wadna do it.

If it wasna modest,
Maidens wadna tak' it;
If it wasna plenty,
Puir folk wadna get it.

ANONYMOUS.

SONG OF THE BROOK.

I COME from haunts of coot and hern:
I make a sudden sally
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling.

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots;
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeams dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE BOYS.

This selection is a poem addressed to the class of 1829, in Harvard College, some thirty years after their graduation. The author, who retains, in a high degree, the freshness and joyousness of youth, addresses his classmates as "boys."

Has there any old fellow got mixed with the boys?
If there has, take him out, without making a noise.

Hang the almanac's cheat and the catalogue's spite!
Old Time is a liar! we're twenty to-night!

We're twenty! We're twenty! Who says we are more?
He's tipsy,—young jackanapes!—show him the door!
"Gray temples at twenty?"—Yes! *white* if you please;
Where the snow-flakes fall thickest there's nothing can freeze!

Was it snowing I spoke of? Excuse the mistake!
Look close you will see not a sign of a flake!
We want some new garlands for those we have shed,
And these are white roses in place of the red.

We've a trick, we young fellows, you may have been told,
Of talking (in public) as if we were old;
That boy we call "Doctor," and this we call "Judge;"
It's a neat little fiction,—of course it's all fudge.

That fellow's the "Speaker," the one on the right;
"Mr. Mayor," my young one, how are you to-night?
That's our "Member of Congress," we say when we chaff;
There's the "Reverend"—what's his name?—don't make me
laugh.

That boy with the grave mathematical look
Made believe he had written a wonderful book,
And the Royal Society thought it was *true!*
So they chose him right in,—a good joke it was too!

There's a boy, we pretend, with a three-decker brain,
That could harness a team with a logical chain;
When he spoke for our manhood in syllabled fire,
We called him "The Justice," but now he's the "Squire."

And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith;
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith;
But he shouted a song for the brave and the free,—
Just read on his medal, "My country," "of thee!"

You hear that boy laughing? You think he's all fun;
But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done;
The children laugh loud as they troop to his call,
And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest of all!

Yes, we're boys,—always playing with tongue or with pen;
And I sometimes have asked, Shall we ever be men?
Shall we always be youthful, and laughing, and gay,
Till the last dear companion drops smiling away?

Then here's to our boyhood, its gold and its gray!
The stars of its winter, the dews of its May!
And when we have done with our life-lasting toys,
Dear Father, take care of thy children, THE BOYS!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

PRAISE OF LITTLE WOMEN.

TRANSLATED BY LONGFELLOW.

To praise the little women Love besought me in my musing;
To tell their noble qualities is quite beyond refusing;
So I'll praise the little women, and you'll find the thing amusing;
They are, I know, as cold as snow, whilst flames around diffusing.

In a little precious stone what splendor meets the eyes!
In a little lump of sugar how much of sweetness lies!
So in a little woman love grows and multiplies;
You recollect the proverb says,—*A word unto the wise.*

A peppercorn is very small, but seasons every dinner
More than all other condiments, although 'tis sprinkled thinner;
Just so a little woman is, if Love will let you win her,—
There's not a joy in all the world you will not find within her.

And as within the little rose you find the richest dyes,
And in a little grain of gold much price and value lies,
As from a little balsam much odor doth arise,
So in a little woman there's a taste of paradise.

Even as the little ruby its secret worth betrays,
Color, and price, and virtue, in the clearness of its rays,—
Just so a little woman much excellence displays,
Beauty, and grace, and love, and fidelity always.

The skylark and the nightingale, though small and light of wing,
Yet warble sweeter in the grove than all the birds that sing:
And so a little woman, though a very little thing,
Is sweeter far than sugar, and flowers that bloom in spring.

There's naught can be compared to her throughout the wide creation;
She is a paradise on earth,—our greatest consolation;
So cheerful, gay, and happy, so free from all vexation;
In fine, she's better in the proof than in anticipation.

If as her size increases are woman's charms decreased,
Then surely it is good to be from all the great released.
Now, of two evils choose the less, said a wise man of the East;
By consequence, of woman-kind be sure to choose the least.

JUAN RUIZ DE HITA.

CUPID SWALLOWED.

T' OTHER day, as I was twining
Roses for a crown to dine in,
What, of all things, midst the heap,
Should I light on, fast asleep,
But the little desperate elf,—
The tiny traitor,—Love himself!
By the wings I pinched him up
Like a bee, and in a cup
Of my wine I plunged and sank him;
And what d' ye think I did?—I drank him!
Faith, I thought him dead. Not he!
There he lives with tenfold glee;
And now this moment, with his wings,
I feel him tickling my heart-strings.

LEIGH HUNT.

VI. HUMOR.

THE upper tones of the voice are peculiarly those of Humor. A sudden flight on the musical scale, from a comparatively low note to a very high one, is usually provocative of mirth.

The greatest possible variety in intonation, united with an airiness of movement and an approach to a laughing utterance, are the principal requirments of Humorous Reading.

HUMOROUS SELECTIONS.

A SENATOR ENTANGLED.

THE Countess di Nottinero was not exactly a Recamier, but she was a remarkably brilliant woman, and the acknowledged leader of the liberal part of Florentine society.

The good Senator had never before encountered a thorough woman of the world, and was as ignorant as a child of the innumerable little harmless arts by which the power of such a one is extended and secured. At last the Senator came to this conclusion,— *La Cica* was desperately in love with him.

She appeared to be a widow. At least she had no husband that he had ever seen. Now if the poor *Cica* was hopelessly in love, it must be stopped at once. But let it be done delicately, not abruptly.

One evening they walked on the balcony of *La Cica's* noble residence. She was sentimental, devoted, charming.

The conversation of a fascinating woman does not sound so well when it is reported as it is when uttered. Her power

is in her tone, her glance, her manner. Who can catch the evanescent beauty of her expression or the deep tenderness of her well modulated voice?—who indeed?

"Does ze scene please you, my Senator?"

"Very much indeed."

"Youar countryman haf tol me zey would like to stay here alloway."

"It is a beautiful place."

"Did you aiver see any thin moaire loafely?" And the Countess looked full in his face.

"Never," said the Senator, earnestly. The next instant he blushed. He had been betrayed into a compliment.

The Countess sighed.

"Helas! my Senator, that it is not pairmitted to mortals to sociate as zey would laike."

"'Your Senator,'" thought the gentleman thus addressed; "how fond, how tender,—poor thing! poor thing!"

"I wish that Italy was nearer to the States," said he.

"How I adamiar youar style of mind, so different from ze Italiana! You are so strong,—so nobile. Yet would I laike to see moar of ze poetic in you."

"I always loved poetry, marm," said the Senator, desperately.

"Ah—good—nais—eccelente. I am plees at zat," cried the Countess, with much animation. "You would loafe it moar eef you knew Italiano. Your langua ees not sufficient musicale for poatry."

"It is not so soft a language as the Italian."

"Ah—no—not so soft. Very well. And what theenka you of ze Italiano?"

"The sweetest language I ever heard in all my born days."

"Ah now—you hev not heard much of ze Italiano, my Senator."

"I have heard you speak often," said the Senator, naively.

"Ah, you compliment! I sot you was aboove flattera."

And the Countess playfully tapped his arm with her little fan.

"What Ingelis poet do you loafe best?"

"Poet? English poet?" said the Senator, with some surprise. "O—why, marm, I think Watts is about the best of the lot.

"Watt? Was he a poet? I did not know zat. He who invented ze stim-injaine? And yet if he was a poet it is naturale zat you loafe him best."

"Steam-engine? O no! This one was a minister."

"A mecneestaire? Ah! an abbe? I know him not. Yet I haf read mos of all youar poets."

"He made up hymns, marm, and psalms,—for instance, 'Watts's Divine Hymns and Spiritual Songs.'"

"Songs? Spirituelle? Ah, I mus at once procuaire ze works of Watt, which was favorit poet of my Senator."

"A lady of such intelligence as you would like the poet Watts," said the Senator, firmly. "He is the best known by far of all our poets."

"What! better zan Sakespeare, Milton, Bairon? You much surprass me."

"Better known and better loved than the whole lot. Why, his poetry is known by heart through all England and America."

"Merciful Heaven! what you tell me! ees eet possble! An yet he is not known here efen by name. It would please me mooch, my Senator, to haire you make one quotatione. Know you Watt? Tell to me some words of his which I may remembaire."

"I have a shocking bad memory."

"Bad memora! O, but you remember somethin, zis mos beautiful charm nait—you haf a nobile soul—you mus be affecta by beauty—by ze ideal. Make for a me one quotatione."

And she rested her little hand on the Senator's arm, and looked up imploringly in his face.

The Senator looked foolish. He felt even more so. Here was a beautiful woman, by act and look showing a tender interest in him. Perplexing,—but very flattering, after all. So he replied,—

"You will not let me refuse you anything."

"Aha! you are vera willin' to refuse. It is difficulty for me to excitaire youar regards. You are fill with the grands ideas. But come,—will you spik for me some from your favorit Watt?"

"Well, if you wish it so much," said the Senator, kindly; and he hesitated.

"Ah,—I do wis it so much!"

"Ehem!"

"Begin," said the Countess. "Behold me. I listen. I hear every sin, and will remembaire it forava."

The only thing that the Senator could think of was a verse which had been running in his head for the last few days, its measured rhythm keeping time with every occupation:—

"'My willing soul would stay—'"

"Stop one moment," said the Countess. "I weesh to learn it from you"; and she looked fondly and tenderly up, but instantly dropped her eyes.

"'Ma willina sol wooda sta—'"

"'In such a frame as this,'" prompted the Senator.

"'Een socha framas zees.' Wait—'Ma willina sol wooda sta in socha framas zees.' Ah, appropriat! but could I hope zat you were true to zose lines, my Senator? Well?"

"'And sit and sing herself away,'" said the Senator, in a faltering voice, and breaking out into a cold perspiration for fear of committing himself by such uncommonly strong language,

"Ansit ansin hassaf awai," repeated the Countess, her face lighting up with a sweetly conscious expression.

The Senator paused.

"Well?"

"I—ehem! I forget."

"Forget? Impossble!"

"I do really."

"Ah now! Forget! I see by youar face—you desave. Say on."

The Countess again gently touched his arm with both of her little hands, and held it as though she would clasp it.

"Have you fear? Ah, cruel!"

The Senator turned pale, but, finding refusal impossible, boldly finished:—

"To everlasting bliss'—there!"

"'To affarlastin blees thar.' Stop. I repeat it all: 'Ma willina sol wooda sta in socha framas zees, ansit ansin hassaf awai to affarlastin blees thar.' Am I right?"

"Yes," said the Senator, meekly.

"I knew you war a poetic sola," said the Countess, confidingly. "You are honesto—true—you cannot desave. When you spik I can beliv you. Ah, my Senator! an you can spik zis poetry!—at soch a taime! I nefare knew befoare zat you wos so impassione!—an you air so artaful! You breeng ze confersazione to beauty—to poatry—to ze

poet Watt — so you may spik verses mos impassione! Ah! what do you mean? Santissima madra! how I wish you spik Italiano."

The Countess drew nearer to him, but her approach only deepened his perplexity.

"How that poor thing does love me!" sighed the Senator, "Law bless it! she can't help it,— can't help it nohow. She is a goner; and what can I do? I'll have to leave Florence."

The Countess was standing close beside him in a tender mood waiting for him to break the silence. How could he? He had been uttering words which sounded to her like love; and she — "a widow! a widow! a widow! wretched man that I am!"

There was a pause. The longer it lasted the more awkward the Senator felt. What upon earth was he to do or say? What business had he to go and quote poetry to widows? What an old fool he must be! But the Countess was very far from feeling awkward. Assuming an elegant attitude she looked up, her face expressing the tenderest solicitude.

"What ails my Senator?"

"Why, the fact is, marm — I feel sad — at leaving Florence. I must go shortly. My wife has written summoning me home. The children are down with the measles."

O base fabrication! O false Senator! There wasn't a word of truth in that remark. You spoke so because you wished La Cica to know that you had a wife and family. Yet it was very badly done.

La Cica changed neither her attitude nor her expression. Evidently the existence of his wife and the melancholy situation of his unfortunate children awakened no sympathy.

"But, my Senator — did you not say you wooda seeng yousellef away to affarlastin blees?"

"O marm, it was a quotation,— only a quotation."

But at this critical juncture the conversation was broken up by the arrival of a number of ladies and gentlemen.

JAMES DE MILLE.

THE GRIDIRON.

THE CAPTAIN, PATRICK, AND THE FRENCHMAN.

PATRICK. Well, Captain, whereabouts in the wide world *are* we? Is it Roosia, Proosia, or the Jarmant oceant?

Captain. Tut, you fool; it 's France.

Patrick. Tare an ouns! do you tell me so? and how do you know it 's France, Captain dear?

Captain. Because we were on the coast of the Bay of Biscay when the vessel was wrecked.

Patrick. Throth, I was thinkin' so myself. And now, Captain, jewel, it is I that wishes we had a gridiron.

Captain. Why, Patrick, what puts the notion of a gridiron into your head?

Patrick. Because I'm starving with hunger, Captain dear.

Captain. Surely you do not intend to eat a gridiron, do you?

Patrick. Ate a gridiron! bad luck to it! no. But if we had a gridiron, we could dress a beefsteak.

Captain. Yes; but where's the beefsteak, Patrick?

Patrick. Sure, could n't we cut it off the pork?

Captain. I never thought of that. You are a clever fellow, Patrick. (*Laughing.*)

Patrick. There's many a true word said in joke, Captain. And now, if you will go and get the bit of pork that we saved from the rack, I 'll go to the house there beyant, and ax some of them to lind me the loan of a gridiron.

Captain. But, Patrick, this is France, and they are all foreigners here.

Patrick. Well, and how do you know but I am as good a furriner myself as any o' them.

Captain. What do you mean, Patrick?

Patrick. Parley voo frongsay?

Captain. O, you understand French, then, is it?

Patrick. Troth, you may say that, Captain dear.

Captain. Well, Patrick, success to you. Be civil to the foreigners, and I'll be back with the pork in a minute.

[*He goes out.*

Patrick. Ay, sure enough, I'll be civil to them; for the French are always mighty p'lite intirely, and I 'll show them I know what good manners is. Indade, and here comes munseer himself, quite convaynient. (*As the Frenchman enters, Patrick takes off his hat, and, making a low bow, says:*) God save you, sir, and all your children. I beg your pardon for the liberty I take, but it's only being in disthress in regard of ateing, that I make bowld to trouble ye; and if you could lind me the loan of a gridiron, I 'd be intirely obleeged to ye.

Frenchman (*staring at him*). Comment!

Patrick. Indade it 's thrue for you. I 'm tathered to paces, and God knows I look quare enough; but it's by rason of the storm that dhruve us ashore jist here, and we 're all starvin'.

Frenchman. Je m'y t—(*pronounced* zhe meet).

Patrick. Oh! not at all! by no manes! we have plenty of mate ourselves, and we 'll dhress it, if you 'd be plased jist to lind us the loan of a gridiron, sir. (*Making a low bow.*)

Frenchman (*staring at him but not understanding a word*).

Patrick. I beg pardon, sir; but maybe I'm under a mistake, but I thought I was in France, sir. An't you all furriners here? Parley voo frongsay?

Frenchman. Oui, monsieur.

Patrick. Then, would you lind me the loan of a gridiron, if you plase? (*The Frenchman stares more than ever, as if anxious to understand.*) I know it's a liberty I take, sir; but it's only in the regard of bein' cast away; and if you plase, sir, parley voo frongsay?

Frenchman. Oui, monsieur, oui.

Patrick. Then would you lind me the loan of a gridiron, sir, and you 'll obleege me?

Frenchman. Monsieur, pardon, monsieur—

Patrick (*angrily*). By my sowl, if it was you was in disthress, and if it was to owld Ireland you came, it 's not only the gridiron they 'd give you, if you axed it, but something to put on it too, and a dhrop of dhrink into the bargain Can't you understand your own language? (*Very slowly.*) Parley—voo—frongsay—mounseer?

Frenchman. Oui, monsieur; oui, monsieur, mais—

Patrick. Then lind me the loan of a gridiron, I say, and bad scram to you.

Frenchman (*bowing and scraping*). Monsieur, je ne l'entend—

Patrick. Phoo! the divil sweep yourself and your *long tongs!* I don't want a tongs at all, at all. Can't you listen to rason?

Frenchman. Oui, oui, monsieur: certainement, mais—

Patrick. Then lind me the loan of a gridiron, and howld your prate. (*The Frenchman shakes his head, as if to say he did not understand; but Patrick, thinking he meant it as a refusal, says, in a passion:*) Bad cess to the likes o' you!

Throth, if you were in my counthry, it's not that-a-way they'd use you. The curse o' the crows on you, you owld sinner! The divil another word I 'll say to you. (*The Frenchman puts his hand on his heart, and tries to express compassion in his countenance.*) Well, I 'll give you one chance more, you owld thafe! Are you a Christian, at all, at all? Are you a furriner that all the world calls so p'lite? Bad luck to you! do you understand your mother tongue? Parley voo frongsay? (*Very loud.*) Parley voo frongsay?

Frenchman. Oui, monsieur, oui, oui.

Patrick. Then, thunder and turf! will you lind me the loan of a gridiron? (*The Frenchman shakes his head, as if he did not understand; and Pat says vehemently:*) The curse of the hungry be on you, you owld negarly villain! the back of my hand and the sowl of my fut to you! May you want a gridiron yourself yet, and wherever I go, it 's high and low, rich and poor, shall hear of it, and be hanged to you!

SAMUEL LOVER.

THE STUTTERING LASS.

When deeply in love with Miss Emily Pryne,
I vowed, if the maiden would only be mine,
I would always endeavor to please her.
She blushed her consent, though the stuttering lass
Said never a word, except "You're an ass—
An ass—an ass-iduous teaser!"

But when we were married, I found to my ruth,
The stammering lady had spoken the truth.
For often in obvious dudgeon,
She'd say,—if I ventured to give her a jog
In the way of reproof,—"You 're a dog—you 're a dog—
A dog—a dog-matic curmudgeon!"

And once when I said, "We can hardly afford
This extravagant style, with our moderate hoard,
And hinted we ought to be wiser,
She looked, I assure you, exceedingly blue,
And fretfully cried, "You're a Jew—you're a Jew—
A very judicious adviser!"

Again, when it happened that, wishing to shirk
Some rather unpleasant and arduous work,
I begged her to go to a neighbor,
She wanted to know why I made such a fuss,
And saucily said, "You 're a cus—cus—cus—
You were always ac-cus-tomed to labor!"

Out of temper at last with the insolent dame,
And feeling that Madame was greatly to blame
To scold me instead of caressing,
I mimicked her speech,—like a churl as I am,—
And angrily said, "You 're a dam—dam—dam—
A dam-age instead of a blessing!"

JOHN G. SAXE.

HENRY V.'S WOOING.

SCENE.—*An Apartment in the French King's Palace.—King Kenry, Katherine; and Alice her Gentlewoman.*

Hing Henry. Fair Katherine, and most fair!
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms,
Such as will enter at a lady's ear,
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

Kath. Your majesty shall mock at me; I cannot speak your England.

K. Hen. O fair Katherine, if you will love me soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to hear you confess it brokenly with your English tongue. Do you like me, Kate?

Kath. Pardonnez moy, I cannot tell vat is—like me.

K. Hen. An angel is like you, Kate; and you are like an angel.

Kath. Que dit-il? que je suis semblable a les anges?

Alice. Ouy, vrayment, sauf vostre Grace, ainsi dit-il.

K. Hen. I said so, dear Katherine, and I must not blush to affirm it.

Kath. O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes sont pleines de tromperies.

K. Hen. What says she, fair one? that the tongues of men are full of deceits?

Alice. Ouy; dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits; dat is de Princess.

K. Hen. The Princess is the better Englishwoman. I' faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding: I am glad thou canst speak no better English; for, if thou couldst, thou wouldst find me such a plain king that thou wouldst think I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say—I love you: then, if you urge me further than to say—Do you in faith? I wear out my suit. Give me your answer; I' faith, do, and so clap hands and a bargain. How say you, lady?

Kath. Sauf vostre honneur, me understand well.

K. Hen. Marry, if you would put me to verses, or to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me: for the one, I have neither words nor measure; and for the other I have no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armor on my back, under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife; or. if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favors, I could lay on like a butcher, and sit like a jack-an-apes, never off: but, before God, Kate, I cannot look greenly, nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation; only down-right oaths, which I never use till urged, nor never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sun-burning, that never looks in his glass for love of anything he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier; if thou canst love me for this, take me; if not, to say to thee that I shall die, is true; but for thy love, by the Lord, no; yet I love thee too. And while thou liv'st, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy, for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places; for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favors, they do always reason themselves out again. What! a speaker is but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall, a straight back will stoop, a black beard will turn white, a curled pate will grow bald, a fair face will wither, a full eye will wax hollow; but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon; or, rather, the sun, and not the moon, for it shines bright, and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me: and take me, take a soldier; take a soldier, take a king; and what say'st thou then to my love? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

Kath. Is it possible dat I should love de enemy of France?

K. Hen. No; it is not possible you should love the enemy of France, Kate; but in loving me, you should love the friend of France, for I love France so well that I will not part with a village of it; I will have it all mine; and, Kate, when France is mine and I am yours, then yours is France and you are mine.

Kath. I cannot tell vat is dat.

K. Hen. No, Kate? I will tell thee in French, which I am sure will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off. *Quand j'ay la possession de France, et quand vous avez le possession de moy* (let me see, what then? Saint Denis be my speed!)—*donc vostre est France et vous estes mienne.* It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the Kingdom, as to speak so much more French. I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

Kath. Sauf vostre honneur, le François que vous parlez est meilleur que l'Anglois lequel je parle.

K. Hen. No, faith, is't not, Kate; but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English? Canst thou love me?

Kath. I cannot tell.

K. Hen. Can any of your neighbors tell, Kate? I'll ask them. Come, I know thou lovest me, and at night, when you come into your closet, you'll question this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will to her, dispraise those parts in me that you love with your heart; but, good Kate, mock me mercifully, the rather, gentle Princess, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou be'st mine Kate, (as I have a saving faith within me tells thou shalt), I get thee with scambling. But what says't thou, my fair flower-de-luce?

Kath. I do not know dat.

K. Hen. No; 't is hereafter to know, but now to promise. How answer you, *la plus belle Katherine du monde, mon très chère et divin déese?*

Kath. Your *Majesté* have *fausse* French enough to deceive de most *sage damoiselle* dat is *en France.*

K. Hen. Now, fie upon my false French! By mine honor, in true English, I love thee, Kate: by which honor I dare not swear thou lovest me; yet my blood begins to flatter me thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempering

effect of my visage. I was created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that, when I come to woo ladies, I fright them But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear: my comfort is, that old age, that ill layer-up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face; thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better. And therefore tell me, most fair Katherine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress; take me by the hand and say — Harry of England, I am thine: which word thou shalt no sooner bless my ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud — England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine. Who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best King, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken music, for thy voice is music, and thy English broken; therefore, Queen of all Katherines, break thy mind to me in broken English: wilt thou have me?

Kath. Dat is as it shall please de *Roy mon pere.*

K. Hen. Nay it will please him well, Kate: it shall please him, Kate.

Kath. Den it shall also content me.

K. Hen. Upon that I kiss your hand, and I call you — my queen.

Kath. Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez! Ma foy, je ne veux point que vous abbaissez vostre grandeur, en baisant la main d'une vostre indigne serviteure: excusez moy, je vous supplie, mon très puissant seigneur.

K. Hen. Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

Kath. Les dames, et damoiselles, pour estre baisées devant leur nopces, il n'est pas la coustume de France.

K. Hen. Madam, my interpreter, what says she?

Alice. Dat it is not de fashion *pour les* ladies of France, —I cannot tell what is *baiser en* Anglish.

K. Hen. To kiss.

Alice. Your Majesty *entend* bettre *que moy.*

K. Hen. It is not the fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say?

Alice. Ouy, vrayment.

K. Hen. O Kate, nice customs curt'sy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list of a country's fashion; we are the makers of manners,

Kate; and the liberty that follows our places stops the mouths of all find-faults, as I will do yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your country in denying me a kiss; therefore patiently and yielding. [*Kissing her.*] You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate: there is more eloquence in a sugar-touch of them than in the tongues of the French Council; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father. [*Enter French King and attendants.*] God save your Majesty! Shall *Kate* be my wife?

K. Hen. I am content.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE CHARITY DINNER.

Time: half-past six o'clock. Place: The London Tavern. Occasion: Fifteenth Annual Festival of the Society for the Distribution of Blankets and Top-Boots among the Natives of the Cannibal Islands.

On entering the room, we find more than two hundred noblemen and gentlemen already assembled; and the number is increasing every minute. The preparations are now complete, and we are in readiness to receive the chairman. After a short pause, a little door at the end of the room opens, and the great man appears, attended by an admiring circle of stewards and toadies, carrying white wands like a parcel of charity-school boys bent on beating the bounds. He advances smilingly to his post at the principal table, amid deafening and long-continued cheers.

The dinner now makes its appearance, and we yield up ourselves to the enjoyments of eating and drinking. These important duties finished, and grace having been beautifully sung by the vocalists, the real business of the evening commences. The usual loyal toasts having been given, the noble chairman rises, and, after passing his fingers through his hair, he places his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat, gives a short preparatory cough, accompanied by a vacant stare round the room, and commences as follows:—

"My Lords and Gentlemen:—It is with feelings of mingled pleasure and regret that I appear before you this evening: of pleasure, to find that this excellent and world-wide-known society is in so promising a condition; and of

regret, that you have not chosen a worthier chairman; in fact, one who is more capable than myself of dealing with a subject of such vital importance as this. (Loud cheers.) But although I may be unworthy of the honor, I am proud to state that I have been a subscriber to this society from its commencement; feeling sure that nothing can tend more to the advancement of civilization, social reform, fireside comfort, and domestic economy among the Cannibals, than the diffusion of blankets and top-boots. (Tremendous cheering, which lasts for several minutes.) Here, in this England of ours, which is an island surrounded by water, as I suppose you all know—or, as our great poet so truthfully and beautifully expresses the same fact, 'England bound in by the triumphant sea'—what, down the long vista of years, have conduced more to our successes in arms, and arts, and song, than blankets? Indeed, I never gaze upon a blanket without my thoughts reverting fondly to the days of my early childhood. Where should we all have been now but for those warm and fleecy coverings? My Lords and Gentlemen! Our first and tender memories are all associated with blankets: blankets when in our nurses' arms, blankets in our cradles, blankets in our cribs, blankets to our French bedsteads in our school-days, and blankets to our marital four-posters now. Therefore, I say, it becomes our bounden duty as men—and, with feelings of pride, I add, as Englishmen—to initiate the untutored savage, the wild and somewhat uncultivated denizen of the prairie, into the comfort and warmth of blankets; and to supply him, as far as practicable, with those reasonable, seasonable, luxurious, and useful appendages. At such a moment as this, the lines of another poet strikes familiarly upon the ear. Let me see, they are something like this—ah—ah—

> "Blankets have charms to sooth the savage breast,
> And to—to do—a—"

I forget the rest. (Loud cheers.) Do we grudge our money for such a purpose? I answer, fearlessly, No! Could we spend it better at home? I reply, most emphatically, No! True, it may be said that there are thousands of our own people who at this moment are wandering about the streets of this great metropolis without food to eat or rags to cover them. But what have *we* to do with them? Our thoughts, our feelings, and our sympathies are all wafted

on the wings of charity to the dear and interesting Cannibals in the far-off islands of the great Pacific Ocean. (Hear, hear.) Besides, have not our own poor the workhouse to go to; the luxurious straw of the casual wards to repose upon, if they please; the mutton broth to bathe in; and the ever toothsome, although somewhat scanty allowance of "toke" provided for them! If people choose to be poor, is it our business? And let it ever be remembered that our own people are not savages and man-eaters; and, therefore, our philanthropy would be wasted upon them. (Overwhelming applause.) To return to our subject. Perhaps some person or persons here may wonder why we should not send out side-springs and bluchers, as well as top-boots. To those I will say, that top-boots alone answer the object desired—namely, not only to keep the feet dry, but the legs warm, and thus to combine the double uses of shoes and stockings. Is it not an instance of the remarkable foresight of this society, that it purposely abstains from sending out any other than top-boots? To show the gratitude of the Cannibals, for the benefits conferred upon them, I will just mention that, within the last few weeks, his illustrous Majesty, Hokee Pokey Wankey Fum the First—surnamed by his loving subjects 'The Magnificent,' from the fact of his wearing, on Sundays, a shirt-collar and an eyeglass as full court costume—has forwarded the president of the society a very handsome present, consisting of two live alligators, a boa constructor, and three pots of preserved Indian, to be eaten with toast; and I am told, by competent judges, that it is quite equal to Russian caviare.

"My Lords and Gentlemen—I will not trespass on your patience by making any further remarks; knowing how incompetent I am—no, no! I don't mean that—knowing how incompetent you all are—no! I don't mean that either—but you all know what I mean. Like the ancient Roman lawgiver, I am in a peculiar position; for the fact is, I cannot sit down—I mean to say, that I cannot sit down without saying that, if ever there *was* an institution, it is *this* institution; and, therefore, I beg to propose, 'Prosperity to the Society for the Distribution of Blankets and Top-Boots among the Natives of the Cannibal Islands.'"

The toast having been cordially responded to, his lordship calls upon Mr. Duffer, the secretary, to read the report. Whereupon that gentleman, who is of a bland and oily

temperament, and whose eyes are concealed by a pair of green spectacles, produces the necessary document, and reads in the orthodox manner—

"Thirtieth Half-yearly Report of the Society for the Distribution of Blankets and Top-Boots to the Natives of the Cannibal Islands.

"The society having now reached its fifteenth anniversary, the committee of management beg to congratulate their friends and subscribers on the success that has been attained.

"When the Society first commenced its labors, the generous and noble-minded natives of the islands, together with their King—a chief whose name is well known in connection with one of the most sterling and heroic ballads of this country—attired themselves in the light but somewhat insufficient costume of their tribe—viz, little before, nothing behind, and no sleeves, with the occasional addition of a pair of spectacles; but now, thanks to this useful association, the upper classes of the Cannibals seldom appear in public without their bodies being enveloped in blankets, and their feet encased in top-boots.

"When the latter useful articles were first introduced into the islands, the society's agents had a vast amount of trouble to prevail upon the natives to apply them to their proper purpose; and, in their work of civilization, no less than twenty of its representatives were massacred, roasted, and eaten. But we persevered; we overcame the natural antipathy of the Cannibals to wear any covering to their feet; until, after a time, the natives discovered the warmth and utility of boots; and now they can scarcely be induced to remove them until they fall off through old age.

"During the past half-year, the society has distributed no less than 71 blankets and 128 pairs of top-boots; and your committee, therefore, feel convinced that they will not be accused of inaction. But a great work is still before them; and they earnestly invite co-operation, in order that they may be enabled to supply the whole of the Cannibals with these comfortable, nutritious and savory articles.

"As the balance sheet is rather a lengthy document, I will merely quote a few of the figures for your satisfaction. We have received, during the last half-year, in subscriptions, donations, and legacies, the sum of 5,403*l.* 6*s.* 8¾*d.* We have disbursed for advertising, &c., 222*l.* 6*s.* 2*d.* Rent,

rates, and taxes, 305*l.* 10*s.* 0¼*d.* Seventy-one pairs of blankets, at 20*s.* per pair, have taken 71*l.* exactly; and 128 pairs of top-boots, at 21*s.* per pair, cost us 134*l.* some odd shillings. The salaries and expenses of management amount to 1,307*l.* 4*s.* 2½*d.*; and sundries, which include committee meetings and t aveling expenses, have absorbed the remainder of the sum, and amount to 326*l.* 9*s.* 1¾*d.* So that we have expended on the d ar and interesting Cannibals the sum of 205*l.* and the remainder of the sum—amounting to 5,198*l.*—has been devoted to the working expenses of the society."

The reading concluded, the secretary resumes his seat, amid hearty applause, which continues until Mr. Alderman Gobbleton rises, and, in a somewhat lengthy and discursive speech—in which the phrases, "the Corporation of the City of London," "suit and service," "ancient guild," "liberties and privileges," and "Court of Common Council," figure frequently, states that he agrees with everything the noble chairman has said; and has, moreover, never listened to a more comprehensive and exhaustive document than the one just read; which is calculated to satisfy even the most obtuse and hard-headed of individuals.

Gobbleton is a great man in the city. He has either been lord mayor, or sheriff, or something of the sort; and, as a few words of his go a long way with his friends and admirers, his remarks are very favorably received.

"Clever man, Gobbleton!" says a common councilman, sitting near us, to his neighbor, a languid swell of the period.

"Ya-as, vewy! Wemarkable style of owatowy—gweat fluency," replies the other.

But attention, if you please!—for M. Hector de Longuebeau, the great French writer is on his legs. He is staying in England for a short time, to become acquainted with our manners and customs.

"MILORS AND GENTLEMANS!" commences the Frenchman, elevating his eyebrows and shrugging his shoulders. "Milors and Gentlemans — You excellent chairman, M. le Baron de Mount-Stuart, he have say to me, 'Make de toast.' Den I say to him dat I have no toast to make; but he nudge my elbow ver soft, and say dat dere is von toast dat nobody but von Frenchman can make proper; and, derefore, wid your kind permission, I vill make de toast. 'De brevete is de

sole of de feet,' as you great philosophere, Dr. Johnson, do say, in dat amusing little vork of his, de Pronouncing Dictionaire; and, derefore, I vill not say ver mooch to de point. Ven I vas a boy, about so moch tall, and used for to promenade de streets of Marseilles et of Rouen, vid no feet to put onto my shoe, I nevare to have expose dat dis day vould to have arrive. I vas to begin de vorld as von garcon — or, vat you call in dis countrie, von vataire in a café — vere I vork ver hard, vid no habilimens at all to put onto myself, and ver little food to eat, excep' von old bleu blouse vat vas give to me by de proprietaire, just for to keep myself fit to be showed at; but, tank goodness, tings dey have change ver moch for me since dat time, and I have rose myself, seulement par mon industrie et perseverance. (Loud cheers.) Ah! mes amis! ven I hear to myself de flowing speech, de oration magnifique of you Lor' Maire, Monsieur Gobbledown, I feel dat it is von great privilege for von étranger to sit at de same table, and to eat de same food, as dat grand, dat majestique man, who are de terreur of de voleurs and de brigands of de metropolis; and who is also, I for to supposé, a halterman and de chef of you common scoundrel. Milors and gentlemans, I feel dat I can perspire to no greataire honneur dan to be von common scoundrelman myself; but, helas! dat plaisir are not for me, as I are not freeman of your great cité, not von liveryman servant of von of you compagnies joint-stock. But I must not forget de toast. Milors and Gentlemans! De immortal Shakispeare he have write, 'De ting of beauty are de joy for nevermore.' It is de ladies who are de toast. Vat is more entrancing dan de charmante smile, de soft voice de vinking eye of de beautiful lady! It is de ladies who do sweeten de cares of life. It is de ladies who are de guiding stars of our existence. It is de ladies who do cheer but not inebriate, and derefore, vid all homage to dere sex, de toast dat I have to propose is, 'De Ladies! God bless dem all!' "

And the little Frenchman sits down amid a perfect tempest of cheers.

A few more toasts are given, the list of subscriptions is read, a vote of thanks is passed to the noble chairman; and the Fifteenth Annual Festival of the Society for the Distribution of Blankets and Top-Boots among the Natives of the Cannibal Islands is at an end.

LITCHFIELD MOSLEY.

IRISH ASTRONOMY.

A VERITABLE MYTH, TOUCHING THE CONSTELLATION OF O'RYAN, IGNORANTLY AND FALSELY SPELLED ORION.

O'RYAN was a man of might
Whin Ireland was a nation,
But poachin' was his heart's delight
And constant occupation.
He had an ould militia gun,
And sartin sure his aim was;
He gave the keepers many a run,
And would n't mind the game laws,

St. Pathrick wanst was passin' by
O'Ryan's little houldin',
And, as the saint felt wake and dhry,
He thought he'd enter bould in.
"O'Ryan," says the saint, "avick!
To praich at Thurles I 'm goin';
So let me have a rasher quick,
And a dhrop of Innishowen."

No rasher will I cook for you
While betther is to spare, sir,
But here 's a jug of mountain dew,
And there 's a rattlin' hare, sir."
St. Pathrick he looked mighty sweet,
And says he, "Good luck attind you,
And when you 're in your windin' sheet,
It's up to heaven I 'll sind you."

O'Ryan gave his pipe a whiff,—
"Them tidin's is thransportin',
But may I ax your saintship if
There 's any kind of sportin'?"
St. Pathrick said, "A Lion's there,
Two Bears, a Bull, and Cancer"—
"Bedad," says Mick, "the huntin 's rare;
St. Pathrick, I'm your man, sir."

So, to conclude my song aright,
For fear I 'd tire your patience,
You 'll see O'Ryan any night
Amid the constellations..

And Venus follows in his track
  Till Mars grows jealous raally,
But faith, he fears the Irish knack
  Of handling the shillaly.

CHARLES G. HALPINE (MILES O'REILLY).

WIDOW MALONE.

DID you hear of the Widow Malone,
  Ohone!
Who lived in the town of Athlone,
  Alone!
  O, she melted the hearts
  Of the swains in them parts:
So lovely the Widow Malone,
  Ohone!
So lovely the Widow Malone.

Of lovers she had a full score,
  Or more,
And fortunes they all had galore,
  In store;
  From the minister down
  To the clerk of the Crown,
All were courting the Widow Malone,
  Ohone!
All were courting the Widow Malone.

But so modest was Mistress Malone
  'T was known!
That no one could see her alone,
  Ohone!
  Let them ogle and sigh,
  They could ne'er catch her eye,
So bashful the Widow Malone,
  Ohone!
So bashful the Widow Malone.

Till one Misther O'Brien, from Clare,
  (How quare!
It's little for blushing they care
  Down there.)

Put his arm round her waist,—
Gave ten kisses at laste,—
"O," says he, "you're my Molly Malone,
My own!
"O," says he, "you're my Molly Malone."

And the widow they all thought so shy,
My eye!
Ne'er thought of a simper or sigh,—
For why?
But, "Lucius," says she,
"Since you've now made so free,
You may marry your Mary Malone,
Ohone!
You may marry your Mary Malone."

There's a moral contained in my song,
Not wrong;
And one comfort, it's not very long,
But strong.
If for widows you die,
Learn to kiss, not to sigh;
For they're all like sweet Mistress Malone,
Ohone!
O they're all like sweet Mistress Malone.

CHARLES LEVER.

WORDS AND THEIR USES.

A SATIRE ON SLANG PHRASES.

RESPECTED WIFE: From these few lines my whereabouts thee 'll learn—
Moreover, I impart to thee my serious concern:
The language of this people is a riddle unto me,
And words, with them, are figments of a reckless mockery!

For instance: As I left the cars, an imp with smutty face,
Said "Shine" Nay, I 'll not shine" I said, "except with inward grace!"
"Is 'inward grace' a liquid or a paste?" asked this young Turk;
"Hi Daddy! What *is* 'inward grace'? How does the old thing work?"

"Friend," said I to Jehu, whose breath suggested gin,
"Can thee convey me straightway to a reputable inn?"
His answer's gross irrelevance I shall not soon forget—
Instead of simply yea or nay, he gruffly said "You bet!"

"Nay, nay, I shall not bet," said I, "for that would be a sin—
Why don't thee answer plainly: Can thee take me to an inn?
Thy vehicle is doubtless meant to carry folk about in—
Then why prevaricate?" Said he, perversely, "Now yer shoutin'!"

"Nay, verily, I shouted not!" quoth I, "my speech is mild;
But thine—I grieve to say it—with falsehood is defiled.
Thee ought to be admonished to rid thy heart of guile."
"See here! my lively moke," said he, "You sling on too much style!"

"I've had these plain drab garments some twenty years and more," said I,
And when thee says I 'sling on style,' thee tells a willful lie!"
At that he pranced around as if "a bee were in his bonnet,"
And, with hostile demonstrations, inquired if I was "on it!"

"On what? Till thee explains thyself, I cannot tell," I said;
He swore that something was "too thin;" moreover it was "played!"
But all his jargon was surpassed, in wild absurdity,
By threats, profanely emphasized, "to put a head" on me!

"No son of Belial," said I, "that miracle can do!"
Whereat he fell upon me with blows and curses, too,
But failed to work that miracle — if such was his design —
For instead of putting on a head, he strove to smite off mine!

Thee knows I cultivate the peaceful habit of our sect,
But this man's conduct wrought on me a singular effect;
For when he slapped my broad-brim off, and asked "How's that for high?"
It roused the Adam in me, and I smote him hip and thigh!

The throng then gave a specimen of calumny broke loose,
And said I'd "snatched him bald-headed," and likewise
"cooked his goose;"
Although, I solemnly affirm, I did not pull his hair,
Nor did I cook his poultry—for he had no poultry there!

They called me "Bully boy," although I've seen nigh three-
score year;
And said that I was "lightning" when I "got up on my ear!"
And when I asked if lightning climbed its ear, or dressed
in drab,
"You know how 'tis yourself!" said one inconsequential blab!

Thee can conceive that by this time, I was somewhat per-
plexed;
Yea, the placid spirit in me has seldom been so vexed;
I tarried there no longer, for plain-spoken men — like me —
With such perverters of our tongue, can have no unity.

FRANK CLIVE.

THE ONE-HOSS SHAY;

OR, THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE.

A LOGICAL STORY.

HAVE you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay,
That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then of a sudden, it—ah, but stay,
I'll tell you what happened without delay,
Scaring the parson into fits,
Frightning people out of their wits,—
Have you ever heard of that I say?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five,
Georgius Secundus was then alive,—
Snuffy old drone from the German hive.
That was the year when Lisbon-town
Saw the earth open and gulp her down,
And Braddock's army was done so brown,
Left without a scalp to its crown.
It was on the terrible earthquake day
That the Deacon finished the one-hoss shay.

Now in building of chaises, I tell you what,
There is always *somewhere* a weakest spot,—
In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill,
In panel, or crossbar, or floor, or sill,
In screw, bolt, thorough-brace,—lurking still,
Find it somewhere you must and will,—
Above or below, or within or without,—
And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,
A chaise *breaks down* but doesn't *wear out.*

But the Deacon swore (as Deacons do,
With an "I dew vum," or an "I tell *yeou*,")
He would build one shay to beat the taown
'N' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun';
It should be so built that it *could n'* break daown;
—"Fur," said the Deacon, "'t's mighty plain
That the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain;
'N' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain,
Is only jest
T' make that place uz strong uz the rest."

So the Deacon inquired of the village folk
Where he could find the strongest oak,
That could n't be split nor bent nor broke,—
That was for spokes and floor and sills;
He sent for lancewood to make the thills;
The crossbars were ash, from the straightest trees;
The panels of whitewood, that cuts like cheese,
But lasts like iron for things like these;
The hubs of logs from the "Settler's ellum,"—
Last of its timber,—they could n't sell 'em,
Never an axe had seen their chips,
And the wedges flew from between their lips,
Their blunt ends frizzled like celery-tips;
Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,
Spring, tire, axle and linchpin too,
Steel of the finest, bright and blue;
Thoroughbrace bison-skin, thick and wide;
Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide
Found in the pit when the tanner died.
That was the way he "put her through."—
"There!" said the Deacon, "naow she'll dew!"

Do! I tell you, I rather guess
She was a wonder, and nothing less!
Colts grew horses, beards turned gray,
Deacon and deaconess dropped away,
Children and grandchildren,—where were they?
But there stood the stout old one-hoss shay
As fresh as on Lisbon-earthquake day!

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED;—it came and found
The Deacon's masterpiece strong and sound.
Eighteen hundred increased by ten;—
"Hahnsum kerridge" they called it then.
Eighteen hundred and twenty came;—
Running as usual; much the same.
Thirty and forty at last arrive,
And then come fifty, and FIFTY-FIVE.

Little of all we value here
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
Without both feeling and looking queer.
In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth,
So far as I know, but a tree and truth.
(This is a moral that runs at large;
Take it.—You're welcome.—No extra charge.)

FIRST OF NOVEMBER,—the Earthquake day,—
There are traces of age in the one-hoss shay,
A general flavor of mild decay,
But nothing local as one may say.
There couldn't be,—for the Deacon's art
Had made it so like in every part
That there wasn't a chance for one to start.
For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,
And the floor was just as strong as the sills,
And the panels just as strong as the floor,
And the whippletree neither less nor more,
And the back crossbar as strong as the fore,
And spring and axle and hub *encore*.
And yet, *as a whole*, it is past a doubt
In another hour it will be *worn out!*

First of November, 'Fifty-five!
This morning the parson takes a drive.

Now, small boys, get out of the way!
Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay,
Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay.
"Huddup!" said the parson.—Off went they.
The parson was working his Sunday's text,—
Had got to fifthly, and stopped perplexed
At what the—Moses was coming next.
All at once the horse stood still.
Close by the meetin'-house on the hill.
—First a shiver, and then a thrill,
Then something decidedly like a spill,—
And the parson was sitting upon a rock,
At half-past nine by the meetin'-house clock,—
Just the hour of the Earthquake shock!
—What do you think the parson found,
When he got up and stared around?
The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,
As if it had been to the mill and ground!
You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,
How it went to pieces all at once,—
All at once, and nothing first,—
Just as bubbles do when they burst.

End of the wonderful one-hoss shay.
Logic is logic. That's all I say.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

THE CANAL-BOAT.

Of all the ways of traveling which obtain among our locomotive nation, this said vehicle, the canal-boat, is the most absolutely prosaic and inglorious. One sees all there is in the case,—a horse, a rope, and a muddy strip of water,—and that is all.

Did you ever try it? If not, take an imaginary trip with us, just for experiment.

"There 's the boat!" exclaims a passenger in the omnibus, as we are rolling down from the Pittsburg Mansion House to the canal.

"Where?" exclaim a dozen voices, and forthwith a dozen heads go out of the window.

"Why, down there, under that bridge; don't you see those lights?"

"What, that little thing!" exclaims an inexperienced traveler; "dear me! we can't half of us get into it!"

"We! indeed," says some old hand in the business, "I think you'll find it will hold us and a dozen loads like us."

"Impossible!" say some.

"You'll see," say the initiated; and, as soon as you get out, you *do* see, and hear too, what seems like a general breaking loose from the Tower of Babel, amid a perfect hailstorm of trunks, boxes, valises, carpet-bags, and every describable and indescribable form of what a Westerner calls "plunder."

"That's my trunk!" barks out a big round man.

"That's my bandbox?" screams a heart-stricken old lady, in terror for her immaculate Sunday caps.

"Where's my little red box? I had two carpet-bags and a— My trunk had a scarle— Halloo! where are you going with that portmanteau?— Husband! husband! do see after the large basket and the little hair trunk— O, and the baby's little chair!"

"Go below, for mercy's sake, my dear! I'll see to the baggage."

"Mercy on us!" says one, after surveying the little room, about ten feet long and six high, "where are we all to sleep to-night?"

"O me! what a sight of children!" says a young lady in a despairing tone.

"Poh!" says an initiated traveler; "children! scarce any here. Let's see: one; the woman in the corner, two; that child with the bread-and-butter, three; and then there's that other woman with two. Really it's quite moderate for a canal-boat. However, we can't tell till they have all come."

"All! for mercy's sake, you don't say there are any more coming!" exclaim two or three in a breath; "they *can't* come; *there is not room!*"

Notwithstanding the impressive utterance of this sentence, the contrary is immediately demonstrated by the appearance of a very corpulent elderly lady, with three well-grown daughters, who come down looking about them most complacently, entirely regardless of the unchristian looks of the company. What a mercy it is that fat people are always good-natured!

After this follows an indiscriminate raining down of all

shapes, sizes, sexes, and ages—men, women, children, babies, and nurses. The state of feeling becomes perfectly desperate. Darkness gathers on all faces.

"We shall be smothered! we shall be crowded to death! we *can't stay* here!" are heard faintly from one and another; and yet, though the boat grows no wider, the walls no higher, they do live, and do stay there, in spite of repeated protestations to the contrary. Truly, as Sam Slick says, "there's a *sight of wear* in human natur'."

But, meanwhile, the children grow sleepy, and divers interesting little duets and trios arise from one part or another of the cabin.

"Hush, Johnny! be a good boy," says a pale, nursing mamma to a great, bristling, white-headed phenomenon, who is kicking very much at large in her lap.

"I won't be a good boy, neither," responds Johnny, with interesting explicitness; "I want to go to bed, and so-o-o-o!" and Johnny makes up a mouth as big as a teacup, and roars with good courage, and his mamma asks him if he ever saw pa do so," and tells him that "he is mamma's dear, good little boy, and must not make a noise," with various observations of the kind, which are so strikingly efficacious in such cases. Meanwhile, the domestic concert in other quarters proceeds with vigor.

"Mamma, I 'm tired!" bawls a child.

"Where's the baby's nightgown?" calls a nurse.

"Do take Peter up in your lap, and keep him still."

"Pray get some biscuits and stop their mouths."

Meanwhile, sundry babies strike in "con spirito," as the music-books have it, and execute various flourishes; the disconsolate mothers sigh, and look as if all was over with them; and the young ladies appear extremely disgusted, and wonder "what business women have to be traveling round with babies."

"What, sleep up there! *I* won't sleep on one of those top shelves, *I* know. The cords will certainly break."

The chambermaid here takes up the conversation, and solemnly assures them that such an accident is not to be thought of at all, that it is a natural impossibility,—a thing that could not happen without an actual miracle; and since it becomes increasingly evident that thirty ladies cannot all sleep on the lowest shelf, there is some effort made to exercise faith in this doctrine; nevertheless, all look on their neigh-

bors with fear and trembling, and when the stout lady talks of taking a shelf, she is most urgently pressed to change places with her alarmed neighbor below. Points of location being after a while adjusted, comes the last struggle. Everybody wants to take off a bonnet, or look for a shawl, to find a cloak or get a carpet-bag, and all set about it with such zeal that nothing can be done.

"Ma'am, your 're on my foot!" says one.

"Will you please to move, ma'am?" says somebody who is gasping and struggling behind you.

"Move!" you echo. "Indeed I should be very glad to, but I don't see much prospect of it."

"Chambermaid!" calls a lady, who is struggling among a heap of carpet bags and children at one end of the cabin.

"Ma'am!" echoes the poor chambermaid, who is wedged fast, in a similar situation, at the other.

"Where's my cloak, chambermaid?"

"I'd find it Ma'am if I could move."

"Chambermaid, my basket!"

"Chambermaid, my parasol!"

"Chambermaid, my carpet-bag!"

"Mamma, they push me so!"

"Hush, child; crawl under there, and lie still till I can undress you."

At last, however, the various distresses are over, the babies sink to sleep, and even that much-enduring being, the chambermaid, seeks out some corner for repose. Tired and drowsy, you are just sinking into a doze, when bang! goes the boat against the sides of a lock; ropes scrape, men run and shout, and up fly the heads of all the top shelfites, who are generally the more juvenile and airy part of the company.

"What's that! What's that!" flies from mouth to mouth; and forthwith they proceed to awaken their respective relations. "Mother! Aunt Hannah! do wake up; what is this awful noise?"

"O, only a lock! Pray be still! groan out the sleepy members from below.

"A lock!" exclaim the vivacious creatures, ever on the alert for information; "and what *is* a lock, pray?"

"Don't you know what a lock is, you silly creatures? Do lie down and go to sleep."

"But say, there ain't any *danger* in a lock, is there?" respond the querists.

"Danger!" exclaims a deaf old lady, poking up her head. "What's the matter? There hain't nothin' burst, has there?"

"No, no, no!" exclaim the provoked and despairing opposition party, who find that there is no such thing as going to sleep till they have made the old lady below and the young ladies above understand exactly the philosophy of the lock. After awhile the conversation again subsides; again all is still; you hear only the trampling of horses and the rippling of the rope in the water, and sleep again is stealing over you. You doze, you dream, and all of a sudden you are startled by a cry,—

"Chambermaid! wake up the lady that wants to be set ashore."

Up jumps chambermaid, and up jumps the lady and two children, and forthwith form a committee of inquiry as to ways and means.

"Where's my bonnet?" says the lady, half awake, and fumbling among the various articles of that name. "I thought I hung it up behind the door."

"Can't you find it?" says poor chambermaid, yawning and rubbing her eyes.

"O yes, here it is," says the lady; and then the cloak, the shawl, the gloves, the shoes, receive each a separate discussion. At last all seems ready, and they begin to move off, when lo! Peter's cap is missing. "Now, where can it be?" soliloquizes the lady. "I put it right here by the table leg; maybe it got into some of the berths."

At this suggestion the chambermaid takes the candle, and goes round deliberately to every berth, poking the light directly in the face of every sleeper. "Here it is," she exclaims, pulling at something black under one pillow.

"No, indeed, those are my shoes," says the vexed sleeper.

"Maybe it's here," she resumes, darting upon something dark in another berth.

"No, that's my bag," responds the occupant.

The chambermaid then proceeds to turn over all the children on the floor, to see if it is not under them. In the course of which process they are most agreeably waked up and enlivened; and when everybody is broad awake, and most uncharitably wishing the cap, and Peter too, at the bottom of the canal, the good lady exclaims, "Well, if this isn't lucky; here I had it safe in my basket all the time!" And she departs amid the—what shall I say?—execrations?—of the whole company, ladies though they be.

At last, however, voice after voice drops off; you fall into a most refreshing slumber; it seems to you that you sleep about a quarter of an hour, when the chambermaid pulls you by the sleeve: "Will you please to get up, ma'am? We want to make up the beds."

You start and stare. Sure enough the night is gone. So much for sleeping on board canal-boats.

Let us not enumerate the manifold perplexities of the morning toilet in a place where every lady realizes most forcibly the condition of the old lady who lived under a broom: "All she wanted was elbow room." Let us not tell how one glass is made to answer for thirty fair faces, one ewer and vase for thirty lavations, and—tell it not in Gath!—one towel for a company! Let us not intimate how ladies' shoes have, in a night, clandestinely slid into the gentlemen's cabin, and gentlemen's boots elbowed—or, rather, *toed*—their way among ladies' gear, nor recite the exclamations after runaway property that are heard.

"I can 't find nothin' of Johnny's shoe!"

"Here 's a shoe in the water-pitcher,—is this it!"

"My side-combs are gone!" exclaims a nymph with dishevelled curls.

"Massy! do look at my bonnet!" exclaims an old lady, elevating an article crushed into as many angles as there are pieces in a mince-pie.

"I never did sleep *so much together* in my life," echoes a poor little French lady, whom despair has driven into talking English.

But we must not prolong our catalogue of distresses beyond reasonable bounds, and therefore we will close with advising all our friends, who intend to try this way of traveling for *pleasure*, to take a good stock both of patience and clean towels with them, for we think they will find abundant need for both.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

SAM WELLER'S VALENTINE.

THE brandy and water luke, and the inkstand, having been carried into the little parlor, and the young lady having carefully flattened down the coals to prevent their blazing, and carried away the poker to preclude the possibil-

ity of the fire being stirred, without the full privity and concurrence of the Blue Boar being first had and obtained, Sam Weller sat himself down in a box near the stove, and pulled out the sheet of gilt-edged letter-paper, and the hard-nibbed pen. Then looking carefully at the pen to see that there were no hairs in it, and dusting down the table, so that there might be no crumbs of bread under the paper, Sam tucked up the cuffs of his coat, squared his elbows, and composed himself to write.

To ladies and gentlemen who are not in the habit of devoting themselves practically to the science of penmanship, writing a letter is no very easy task; it being always considered necessary in such cases for the writer to recline his head on his left arm, so as to place his eyes as nearly as possible on a level with the paper, while glancing sideways at the letters he is constructing, to form with his tongue imaginary characters to correspond. These motions, although unquestionably of the greatest assistance to original composition, retard in some degree the progress of the writer; and Sam had unconsciously been a full hour and a half writing words in small text, smearing out wrong letters with his little finger, and putting in new ones which required going over very often to render them visible through the old blots, when he was roused by the opening of the door and the entrance of his parent.

"Vell, Sammy," said the father.

"Vell, my Prooshan Blue," responded the son, laying down his pen. "What's the last bulletin about mother-in-law?"

"Mrs. Veller passed a very good night, but is uncommon perwerse, and unpleasant this mornin'. Signed upon oath, S. Veller, Esquire, Senior. That's the last vun as was issued, Sammy," replied Mr. Weller, untying his shawl.

"No better yet?" inquired Sam.

"All the symptoms aggerawated," replied Mr. Weller, shaking his head. "But wot's that, your'e a doin' of?" Pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, Sammy?"

"I've done now," said Sam, with slight embarrassment; "I've been a writin'."

"So I see," replied Mr. Weller. "Not to any young 'ooman, I hope, Sammy."

"Why, it's no use a sayin' it aint," replied Sam. "It's a walentine."

"A what?" exclaimed Mr. Weller, apparently horror-stricken by the word.

"A walentine," replied Sam.

"Samivel, Samivel," said Mr. Weller, in reproachful accents, "I didn't think you 'd ha' done it. Arter the warnin' you've had o' your father's wicious propensities; arter all I've said to you upon this here wery subject; arter actiwally seein' and bein' in the company o' your own mother-in-law, vich I should ha' thought was a moral lesson as nó man could ever ha' forgotten to his dyin' day! I didn't think you'd ha' done it, Sammy, I didn't think you'd ha' done it." These reflections were too much for the good old man; he raised Sam's tumbler to his lips and drank off the contents.

"Wot's the matter now?" said Sam.

"Nev'r mind, Sammy," replied Mr. Weller, "it'll be a wery agonizin' trial to me at my time o' life, but I'm pretty tough, that's vun consolation, as the wery old turkey remarked ven the farmer said he vos afeerd he should be obliged to kill him for the London market."

"Wot'll be a trial!" inquired Sam.

"To see you married, Sammy; to see you a deluded wictim, and thinkin' in your innocence that it's all wery capital," replied Mr. Weller. "It's a dreadful trial to a father's feelin's, that 'ere, Sammy.

"Nonsense," said Sam, "I ain't a goin' to get married, don't you fret yourself about that. I know you're a judge o' these things; order in your pipe, and I'll read you the letter,—there!"

Sam dipped his pen into the ink to be ready for any corrections, and began with a very theatrical air —

"'Lovely———'

"Stop," said Mr. Weller, ringing the bell. "A double glass o' the inwariable, my dear."

"Very well, sir," replied the girl, who with great quickness appeared, vanished, returned, and *disappeared.*

"They seem to know your ways here," observed Sam.

"Yes," replied his father, "I've been here before, in my time. Go on, Sammy."

"'Lovely creetur','" repeated Sam.

"'Taint in poetry, is it?" interposed the father.

"No, no," replied Sam.

"Wery glad to hear it," said Mr. Weller. "Poetry's

unnat'ral. No man ever talked in poetry 'cept a beadle on boxin' day, or Warren's blackin' or Rowland's oil, or some o' them low fellows. Never you let yourself down to talk poetry, my boy. Begin again, Sammy."

Mr. Weller resumed his pipe with critical solemnity, and Sam once more commenced and read as follows:

"'Lovely creetur' i feel myself a damned'"—

"That ain't proper," said Mr. Weller, taking his pipe from his mouth.

"No: it ain't damned," observed Sam, holding the letter up to the light, "it's 'shamed,' there's a blot there; 'i feel myself ashamed.'"

"Werry good," said Mr. Weller. "Go on."

"'Feel myself ashamed, and completely cir—.' I forget wot this 'ere word is," said Sam, scratching his head with the pen, in vain attempts to remember.

"Why don't you look at it, then?" inquired Mr. Weller.

"So I *am* a lookin' at it," replied Sam, "but there's another blot: here's a 'c,' and a 'i,' and a 'd."

"Circumwented, p'rhaps," suggested Mr. Weller.

"No, it ain't that," said Sam: "'circumscribed,' that's it."

"That ain't as good a word as circumwented Sammy," said Mr. Weller, gravely.

"Think not?" said Sam.

"Nothin' like it," replied his father.

"But don't you think it means more?" inquired Sam.

"Vell, p'rahps it's a more tenderer word," said Mr. Weller, after a few moments' reflection. "Go on, Sammy."

"'Feel myself ashamed and completely circumscribed in a dressin' of you, for you *are* a nice gal and nothin' but it.'"

"That's a wery pretty sentiment." said the elder Mr. Weller, removing his pipe to make way for the remark.

"Yes, I think it's rayther good," observed Sam, highly flattered.

"Wot I like in that 'ere style of writin'," said the elder Mr. Weller, "is, that there ain't no callin' names in it—no Wenuses, nor nothing' o' that kind; wot's the good o' callin' a young 'ooman a Wenus or a angel, Sammy?"

"Ah! what indeed?" replied Sam.

"You might just as vell call her a griffin, or a unicorn, or a king's arms at once, which is werry vell known to be a collection o' fabulous animals," added Mr. Weller.

"Just as well," replied Sam.

"Drive on, Sammy," said Mr. Weller.

Sam complied with the request, and proceeded as follows, his father continuing to smoke with a mixed expression of wisdom and complacency, which was particularly edifying:

"'Afore i see you i thought all women was alike.'"

"So they are," observed the elder Mr. Weller, parenthetically.

"'But now,'" continued Sam, "'now i find what a reg'lar soft-headed, ink-red'lous turnip i must ha' been, for there ain't nobody like you, though *i* like you better than nothin' at all.' I thought it best to make that raythor strong," said Sam, looking up.

Mr. Weller nodded approvingly, and Sam resumed.

"'So i take the privilidge of the day, Mary, my dear,—as the gen'lem' in difficulties did, ven he valked out of a Sunday,—to tell you that the first and only time i see you your likeness wos took on my hart in much quicker time and brighter colors than ever a likeness was taken by the profeel macheen (which p'rhaps you may have heered on Mary my dear), altho' it *does* finish a portrait and put the frame and glass on complete with a hook at the end to hang it up by, and all in two minutes and a quarter.'"

"I am afeerd that werges on the poetical, Sammy," said Mr. Weller, dubiously.

"No it don't," replied Sam, reading on very quickly to avoid contesting the point.

"'Except of me Mary my dear as your walentine, and think over what I've said. My dear Mary I will now conclude.' That's all," said Sam.

"That's raythor a sudden pull up, ain't it, Sammy?" inquired Mr. Weller.

"Not a bit on it," said Sam: "she'll vish there wos more, and that's the great art o' letter writin'."

"Well," said Mr. Weller, "there's somethin' in that; and I wish your Mother-in-law 'ud only conduct her conwersation on the same gen-teel principle. Ain't you agoin' to sign it?"

"That's the difficulty," said Sam, "I don't know what *to* sign it."

"Sign it—Veller," said the oldest surviving proprietor of that name.

"Won't do," said Sam. "Never sign a walentine with your own name."

"Sign it Pickvick, then," said Mr. Weller; it's a wery good name, and a easy one to spell."

"The wery thing," said Sam. "I *could* end with a verse: what do you think?"

"I don't like it, Sam," rejoined Mr. Weller. "I never know'd a respectable coachman as wrote poetry, 'cept one as made an affectin' copy o' verses the night afore he wos hung for a highway robbery, and *he* wos only a Cambervell man, so even that's no rule."

But Sam was not to be dissuaded from the poetical idea that had occurred to him, so he signed the letter,—

"Your love-sick
Pickwick."

CHARLES DICKENS.

THE BALLAD OF THE OYSTERMAN.

It was a tall young oysterman lived by the river-side,
His shop was just upon the bank, his boat was on the tide;
The daughter of a fisherman, that was so straight and slim,
Lived over on the other bank, right opposite to him.

It was the pensive oysterman that saw a lovely maid,
Upon a moonlight evening, a sitting in the shade;
He saw her wave her handkerchief, as much as if to say,
"I 'm wide awake, young oysterman, and all the folks away."

Then up arose the oysterman and to himself said he:
"I guess I 'll leave the skiff at home, for fear that folks should see;
I read it in the story-book, that, for to kiss his dear,
Leander swam the Hellespont,—and I will swim this here."

And he has leaped into the waves, and crossed the shining stream,
And he has clambered up the bank, all in the moonlight gleam;
O there were kisses sweet as dew, and words as soft as rain,—
But they have heard her father's step, and in he leaps again!

Out spoke the ancient fisherman,—"O what was that, my daughter?"
"'Twas nothing but a pebble, sir, I threw into the water."
"And what is that, pray tell me, love, that paddles off so fast?"
"It's nothing but a porpoise, sir, that's been a swimming past."

Out spoke the ancient fisherman,—"Now bring me my harpoon!
I'll get into my fishing-boat, and fix the fellow soon."
Down fell that pretty innocent, as falls a snow-white lamb,
Her hair drooped round her pallid cheeks, like sea-weed on a clam.

Alas for those two loving ones! she waked not from her swound,
And he was taken with the cramp, and in the waves was drowned;
But Fate has metamorphosed them, in pity of their woe,
And now they keep an oyster-shop for mermaids down below.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE LOW-BACKED CAR.

When first I saw sweet Peggy,
'T was on a market day:
A low-backed car she drove, and sat
Upon a truss of hay;
But when that hay was blooming grass,
And decked with flowers of spring,
No flower was there that could compare
With the blooming girl I sing.
As she sat in the low-backed car,
The man at the turnpike bar
Never asked for the toll,
But just rubbed his owld poll,
And looked after the low-backed car.

In battle's wild commotion,
The proud and mighty Mars
With hostile scythes demands his tithes
Of death in warlike cars;
While Peggy, peaceful goddess,
Has darts in her bright eye,
That knock men down in the market town
As right and left they fly;
While she sits in her low-backed car,
Than battle more dangerous far,—
For the doctor's art
Cannot cure the heart,
That is hit from that low-backed car.

Sweet Peggy round her car, sir,
Has strings of ducks and geese,
But the scores of hearts she slaughters
By far outnumber these;
While she among her poultry sits,
Just like a turtle-dove,
Well worth the cage, I do engage,
Of the blooming god of Love!
While she sits in her low-backed car,
The lovers come near and far,
And envy the chicken
That Peggy is pickin',
As she sits in her low-backed car.

O, I'd rather own that car, sir,
With Peggy by my side,
Than a coach and four, and gold *galore*,
And a lady for my bride;
For the lady would sit forninst me,
On a cushion made with taste,
While Peggy would sit beside me,
With my arm around her waist,
While we drove in the low-backed car,
To be married by Father Mahar;
O, my heart would beat high
At her glance and her sigh,—
Though it beat in a low-backed car!

SAMUEL LOVER.

KITTY OF COLERAINE.

As beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping
With a pitcher of milk, from the fair of Coleraine,
When she saw me she stumbled, the pitcher it tumbled,
And all the sweet buttermilk watered the plain.

"O, what shall I do now?—'t was looking at you now!
Sure, sure, such a pitcher I 'll ne'er meet again!
'T was the pride of my dairy: O Barney M'Cleary!
You 're sent as a plague to the girls of Coleraine."

I sat down beside her, and gently did chide her,
That such a misfortune should give her such pain.
A kiss then I gave her; and ere I did leave her,
She vowed for such pleasure she 'd break it again.

'T was hay-making season—I can't tell the reason—
Misfortunes will never come single, 't is plain;
For very soon after poor Kitty's disaster
The devil a pitcher was whole in Coleraine.

CHARLES DAWSON SHANLY.

JUPITER AND TEN.

Mrs. Chub was rich and portly,
Mrs. Chub was very grand,
Mrs. Chub was always reckoned
A lady in the land.

You shall see her marble mansion
In a very stately square,—
Mr. C. knows what it cost him,
But that 's neither here nor there.

Mrs. Chub was so sagacious,
Such a patron of the arts,
And she gave such foreign orders,
That she won all foreign hearts.

Mrs. Chub was always talking,
When she went away from home,
Of a most prodigious painting
Which had just arrived from Rome.

"Such a treasure," she insisted,
"One might never see again!"
"What 's the subject?" we inquired.
"*It is Jupiter and Ten!*"

"Ten *what?*" we blandly asked her,
For the knowledge we did lack.
"Ah! that I cannot tell you,
But the name is on the back.

"There it stands in printed letters,—
Come to-morrow, gentlemen,—
Come and see our splendid painting,
Our fine *Jupiter and Ten.*"

When Mrs. Chub departed,
Our brains began to rack, —
She could not be mistaken,
For the name was on the back.

So we begged a great Professor
To lay aside his pen,
And give some information
Touching "Jupiter and Ten."

And we pondered well the subject,
And our Lemprière we turned,
To find out who the *Ten* were;
But we could not, though we burned!

But when we saw the picture,—
O Mrs. Chub! O, fie! O!
We perused the printed label,
And 't was *Jupiter and Io!*

JAMES T. FIELDS.

THE COURTIN'.

God makes sech nights, all white an' still
Fur 'z you can look or listen,
Moonshine an' snow on field an' hill,
All silence an' all glisten.

Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown
An' peeked in thru' the winder,
An' there sot Huldy all alone,
'Ith no one nigh to hender.

A fireplace filled the room's one side
With half a cord o' wood in —
There warn't no stoves (tell comfort died)
To bake ye to a puddin'.

The wa'nut logs shot sparkles out
Towards the pootiest, bless her,
An' leetle flames danced all about
The chiny on the dresser.

Agin the chimbley crook-necks hung,
An' in amongst 'em rusted
The ole queen's arm that gran'ther Young
Fetched back from Concord busted.

The very room, coz she was in,
Seemed warm from floor to ceilin',
An' she looked full ez rosy agin
Ez the apples she was peelin'.

'T was kin' o' kingdom-come to look
On sech a blesséd creetur,
A dogrose blushin' to a brook
Ain't modester nor sweeter.

He was six foot o' man, A 1,
Clean grit an' human natur';
None could n't quicker pitch a ton
Nor dror a furrer straighter.

He'd sparked it with full twenty gals,
Had squired 'em, danced 'em, druv 'em,
Fust this one, an' then thet, by spells —
All is, he could n't love 'em.

But long o' her his veins 'ould run
All crinkly like curled maple,
The side she breshed felt full o' sun,
Ez a south slope in Ap'il.

She thought no v'ice hed 'sech a swing
  Ez hisn in the choir;
My! when he made Ole Hundred ring,
  She *knowed* the Lord was nigher.

An she'd blush scarlit, right in prayer,
  When her new meetin'-bunnet
Felt somehow thru' its crown a pair
  O' blue eyes sot upon it.

Thet night, I tell ye, she looked *some!*
  She seemed to 've gut a new soul,
For she felt sartin-sure he'd come,
  Down to her very shoe-sole.

She heered a foot, an' knowed it tu,
  A-raspin' on the scraper,—
All ways to once her feelin's flew
  Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat,
  Some doubtfle o' the sekle,
His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,
  But hern went pity Zekle.

An' yit she gin her cheer a jerk
  Ez though she wished him furder,
An' on her apples kep' to work,
  Parin' away like murder.

"You want to see my Pa, I s'pose?"
  "Wal . . . no . . . I come designin'"—
"To see my ma? She's sprinklin' clo'es
  Agin to-morrer's i'nin'."

To say why gals acts so or so,
  Or don't 'ould be presumin';
Mebby to mean *yes* an' say *no*
  Comes nateral to women.

He stood a spell on one foot fust,
  Then stood a spell on t' other,
An' on which one he felt the wust
  He couldn't ha' told ye nuther.

Says he, "I'd better call agin";
  Says she, "Think likely, Mister";
Thet last word pricked him like a pin,
  An' . . . Wal, he up an' kist her.

When Ma bimeby up -- 'em slips,
  Huldy sot pale ez ashes,
All kin' o' smily 'roun the lips
  An' teary 'roun the lashes.

For shé was jes' the quiet kind
  Whose naturs never vary,
Like streams that keep a summer mind
  Snowhid in Jenooary.

The blood clost roun' her heart felt glued
  Too tight for all expressin',
Tell mother see how metters stood,
  An gin 'em both her blessin'.

Then her red come back like the tide
  Down to the Bay o' Fundy,
An' all I know is they was cried
  In meetin' come nex' Sunday.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

MISADVENTURES AT MARGATE.

I WAS in Margate last July, I walked upon the pier,
I saw a little vulgar Boy,—I said, "What make you here?
The gloom upon your youthful cheek speaks anything but joy";
Again I said, "What make you here, you little vulgar Boy?"

He frowned, that little vulgar Boy,—he deemed I meant to scoff,—
And when the little heart is big, a little "sets it off."
He put his finger in his mouth, his little bosom rose,—
He had no little handkerchief to wipe his little nose!

"Hark! don't you hear, my little man?—it 's striking Nine," I said,
"An hour when all good little boys and girls should be in bed.

Run home and get your supper, else your Ma will scold,—O fie!
It 's very wrong indeed for little boys to stand and cry!"

The tear-drop in his little eye again began to spring,
His bosom throbbed with agony,—he cried like anything!
I stooped, and thus amidst his sobs I heard him murmur,—"Ah!
I have n't got no supper! and I have n't got no Ma!—

"My father, he is on the seas,—my mother's dead and gone!
And I am here, on this here pier, to roam the world alone;
I have not had, this livelong day, one drop to cheer my heart.
Nor '*brown*' to buy a bit of bread with,—let alone a tart.

"If there 's a soul will give me food, or find me in employ,
By day or night, then blow me tight!" (he was a vulgar Boy;)
"And now I 'm here, from this here pier it is my fixed intent
To jump as Mister Levi did from off the Monument!"

"Cheer up! cheer up! my little man,—cheer up! I kindly said,
"You are a naughty boy to take such things into your head;
If you should jump from off the pier, you'd surely break yoor legs,
Perhaps your neck,—then Bogey 'd have you, sure as eggs are eggs!

"Come home with me, my little man, come home with me and sup;
My landlady is Mrs. Jones,—we must not keep her up,—
There's roast potatoes at the fire,—enough for me and you,—
Come home, you little vulgar Boy,—I lodge at number 2."

I took him home to number 2, the house beside "The Foy,"
I bade him wipe his dirty shoes,—that little vulgar Boy,—
And then I said to Mistress Jones, the kindest of her sex,
"Pray be so good as go and fetch a pint of double X!"

But Mrs. Jones was rather cross, she made a little noise,
She said she "did not like to wait on little vulgar Boys."

She with her apron wiped the plates, and, as she rubbed the delf,
Said I might "go to Jericho, and fetch my beer myself!"

I did not go to Jericho,—I went to Mr. Cobb,—
I changed a shilling (which in town the people call a Bob,)—
It was not so much for myself as for that vulgar child,—
And I said, "A pint of double X, and please to draw it mild!"

When I came back I gazed about,—I gazed on stool and chair.—
I could not see my little friend, because he was not there!
I peeped beneath the table-cloth, beneath the sofa too,—
I said, "You little vulgar Boy! why, what 's become of you?"

I could not see my table-spoons,—I looked, but could not see
The little fiddle-patterned ones I use when I 'm at tea;
I could not see my sugar-tongs, my silver watch,—O, dear!
I know 't was on the mantle-piece when I went out for beer.

I could not see my Macintosh,—it was not to be seen!
Nor yet my best white beaver hat, broad brimmed and lined with green;
My carpet-bag,—my cruet-stand, that holds my sauce and soy,—
My roast potatoes!—all are gone!—and so 's that vulgar Boy!

I rang the bell for Mrs. Jones, for she was down below,
"O Mrs. Jones, what *do* you think?—ain't this a pretty go?
That horrid little vulgar Boy whom I brought here to-night
He 's stolen my things and run away!" Says she, "And sarve you right!"

Next morning I was up betimes,—I sent the Crier round,
All with his bell and gold-laced hat, to say, I 'd give a pound
To find that little vulgar Boy, who 'd gone and used me so;
But when the Crier cried, "O Yes!" the people cried, "O No!"

I went to "Jarvis' Landing-place," the glory of the town,
There was a common sailor-man a walking up and down,

I told my tale,—he seemed to think I'd not been treated well.
And called me "Poor old Buffer!"—what that means I cannot tell.

A landsman said, "I *twig* the chap,—he's been upon the Mill,—
And 'cause he *gammons* so the *flats*, ve calls him Veeping Bill!"
He said "he'd done me werry brown," and nicely "*stowed* the *swag*,"—
That's French, I fancy, for a hat, or else a carpet-bag.

I went and told the constable my property to track;
He asked me if "I did not wish that I might get it back."
I answered, "To be sure I do!—it's what I'm come about."
He smiled and said, "Sir, does your mother know you're out?"

Not knowing what to do, I thought I'd hasten back to town,
And beg our own Lord Mayor to catch the boy who'd "done me brown."
His Lordship very kindly said he'd try and find him out,
But he "rather thought that there were several vulgar boys about."

He sent for Mr. Whithair then, and I described "the swag,"
My Macintosh, my sugar-tongs, my spoons, and carpet-bag;
He promised that the New Police should all their powers employ,
But never to this hour have I beheld that vulgar Boy!

MORAL.

Remember, then, what when a boy I've heard my Grandma tell,
"BE WARNED IN TIME BY OTHERS' HARM, AND YOU SHALL DO FULL WELL!"
Don't link yourself with vulgar folks, who've got no fixed abode,
Tell lies, use naughty words, and say they "wish they may be blowed!"

Do n't take too much of double X!—and do n't at night go out
To fetch your beer yourself, but make the pot-boy bring your stout!
And when you go to Margate next, just stop, and ring the bell,
Give my respects to Mrs. Jones, and say I 'm pretty well!

RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM.

THE LOST HEIR.

One day, as I was going by
That part of Holborn christened High,
I heard a loud and sudden cry
That chilled my very blood;
And lo! from out a dirty alley,
Where pigs and Irish wont to rally,
I saw a crazy woman sally,
Bedaubed with grease and mud.
She turned her East, she turned her West,
Staring like Pythoness possest,
With streaming hair and heaving breast
As one stark mad with grief.
This way and that she wildly ran,
Jostling with woman and with man—
Her right hand held a frying pan,
The left a lump of beef.
At last her frenzy seemed to reach
A point just capable of speech,
And with a tone almost a screech,
As wild as ôcean birds,
Or female Ranter moved to preach,
She gave her "sorrow words."

"O Lord! O dear, my heart will break, I shall go stick stark staring wild!
Has ever a one seen anything about the streets like a crying lost-looking child?
Lawk help me, I don't know where to look or to run, if I only knew which way—
A Child as is lost about London streets, and especially Seven Dials, is a needle in a bottle of hay.

I am all in a quiver—get out of my sight, do, you wretch, you little Kitty M'Nab!
You promised to have half an eye to him, you know you did, you dirty deceitful young drab.
The last time as ever I see him, poor thing, was with my own blessed Motherly eyes,
Sitting as good as gold in the gutter, a playing at making little dirt pies.
I wonder he left the court where he was better off than all, the other young boys,
With two bricks, an old shoe, nine oyster-shells, and a dead kitten by way of toys.
When his father comes home, and he always comes home as sure as ever the clock strikes one,
He'll be rampant he will, at his child being lost; and the beef and the inguns not done!
La bless you, good folks, mind your own consarns, and don't be making a mob in the street;
O serjeant M'Farlane! you have not come across my poor little boy, have you in your beat?
Do, good people, move on! don't stand staring at me like a parcel of stupid stuck pigs;
Saints forbid! but he's p'r'aps been inviggled away up a court for the sake of his clothes by the prigs;
He'd a very good jacket, for certain, for I bought it myself for a shilling one day in Rag Fair;
And his trowsers considering not very much patched, and red plush, they was once his Father's best pair.
His shirt, it's very lucky I'd got washing in the tub, or that might have gone with the rest;
But he'd got on a very good pinafore with only two slits and a burn on the breast.
He'd a goodish sort of hat, if the crown was sewed in, and not quite so much jagged at the brim.
With one shoe on, and the other shoe is a boot, and not a fit and you'll know by that if it's him.
Except being so well dressed, my mind would misgive, some old beggar woman in want of an orphan,
Had borrowed the child to go a begging with, but I'd rather see him laid out in his coffin!
Do, good people, move on, such a rabble of boys! I'll break every bone of 'em I come near,
Go home—you're spilling the porter—go home—Tommy Jones, go along with your beer.

This day is the sorrowfullest day of my life, ever since my name was Betty Morgan,
Them vile Savoyards! they lost him once before all along of following a Monkey and an Organ.
O my Billy—my head will turn right round—if he's got kid-dynapped with them Italians,
They'll make him a plaster parish image boy, they will, the outlandish tatterdemalions.
Billy—where are you, Billy?—I'm as hoarse as a crow, with screaming for ye, you young sorrow!
And shan't have half a voice, no more I shan't, for crying fresh herrings to-morrow.
Billy—where are you, Billy, I say? come Billy, come home, to your best of Mothers!
I'm scared when I think of them Cabroleys, they drive so, they'd run over their own Sisters and Brothers.
Or may be he's stole by some chimbly sweeping wretch, to stick fast in narrow flues and what not,
And be poked up behind with a picked pointed pole, when the soot has ketched, and the chimbly's red hot.
Oh, I'd give the whole wide world, if the world was mine, to clap my two longin' eyes on his face.
For he's my darlin' of darlin's, and if he don't soon come back, you'll see me drop stone dead on the place.
I only wish I'd got him safe in these two Motherly arms, and wouldn't I hug him and kiss him!
Lawk! I never knew what a precious he was—but a child don't feel like a child till you miss him.
Why there he is! Punch and Judy hunting, the young wretch, it's that Billy as sartin as sin!
But let me get him home, with a good grip of his hair, and I'm blest if he shall have a whole bone in his skin!

THOMAS HOOD.

OUR GUIDE IN GENOA AND ROME.

EUROPEAN guides know about enough English to tangle everything up so that a man can make neither head nor tail of it. They know their story by heart,—the history of every statue, painting, cathedral, or other wonder they show you. They know it and tell it as a parrot would,—and if you interrupt, and throw them off the track, they have to

go back and begin over again. All their lives long, they are employed in showing strange things to foreigners and listening to their bursts of admiration.

It is human nature to take delight in exciting admiration. It is what prompts children to say "smart" things, and do absurd ones, and in other ways "show off" when company is present. It is what makes gossips turn out in rain and storm to go and be the first to tell a startling bit of news. Think, then, what a passion it becomes with a guide, whose privilege it is, every day, to show to strangers wonders that throw them into perfect ecstasies of admiration! He gets so that he could not by any possibility live in a soberer atmosphere.

After we discovered this, we *never* went into ecstasies any more,—we never admired anything,—we never showed any but impassible faces and stupid indifference in the presence of the sublimest wonders a guide had to display. We had found their weak point. We have made good use of it ever since. We have made some of those people savage, at times, but we have never lost our serenity.

The doctor asks the questions generally, because he can keep his countenance, and look more like an inspired idiot, and throw more imbecility into the tone of his voice than any man that lives. It comes natural to him.

The guides in Genoa are delighted to secure an American party, because Americans so much wonder, and deal so much in sentiment and emotion before any relic of Columbus. Our guide there fidgeted about as if he had swallowed a spring mattress. He was full of animation,—full of impatience. He said:—

"Come wis me, genteelmen!—come! I show you ze letter writing by Christopher Colombo!—write it himself!—write it wis his own hand!—come!"

He took us to the municipal palace. After much impressive fumbling of keys and opening of locks, the stained and aged document was spread before us. The guide's eyes sparkled. He danced about us and tapped the parchment with his finger:—

"What I tell you, genteelmen! Is it not so? See! handwriting Christopher Colombo!—write it himself!"

We looked indifferent,—unconcerned. The doctor examined the document very deliberately, during a painful pause. Then he said, without any show of interest,—

"Ah,—Ferguson,—what—what did you say was the name of the party who wrote this?"

"Christopher Colombo! ze great Christopher Colombo!"

Another deliberate examination.

"Ah,—did he write it himself, or, or—how?"

"He write it himself!—Christopher Colombo! he's own handwriting, write by himself!"

Then the doctor laid the document down and said,—

"Why, I have seen boys in America only fourteen years old that could write better than that."

"But zis is ze great Christo—"

"I don't care who it is! It's the worst writing I ever saw. Now you must n't think you can impose on us because we are strangers. We are not fools, by a good deal. If you have got any specimens of penmanship of real merit, trot them out!—and if you have n't, drive on!"

We drove on. The guide was considerably shaken up, but he made one more venture. He had something which he thought would overcome us. He said,—

"Ah, genteelmen, you come wis me! I show you beautiful, O, magnificent bust Christopher Colombo!—splendid, grand, magnificent!"

He brought us before the beautiful bust,—for it *was* beautiful,—and sprang back and struck an attitude:—

"Ah, look, genteelmen!—beautiful, grand,—bust Christopher Colombo!—beautiful bust, beautiful pedestal!"

The doctor put up his eye-glass,—procured for such occasions:—"

"Ah,—what did you say this gentleman's name was?"

"Christopher Colombo! ze great Christopher Colombo!"

"Christopher Colombo,—the great Christopher Colombo. Well, what did *he* do?

"Discover America!—discover America, O, ze devil!

"Discover America. No,—that statement will hardly wash. We are just from America ourselves. We heard nothing about it. Christopher Colombo,—pleasant name,—is—is he dead?"

"O, corpo di Baccho!—three hundred year!"

"What did he die of?"

"I do not know. I cannot tell."

"Small-pox, think?"

"I do not know, genteelmen,—I do not know *what* he die of."

"Measles, likely?"

"Maybe,—maybe. I do *not* know,—I think he die of somethings."

"Parents living?"

"Im-posseeble!"

"Ah,—which is the bust and which is the pedestal?"

"Santa Maria!—*zis* ze bust!—*zis* ze pedestal!"

"Ah, I see, I see—happy combination,—very happy combination indeed. Is—is this the first time this gentleman was ever on a bust?"

That joke was lost on the foreigner,—guides cannot master the subtleties of the American joke.

We have made it interesting for this Roman guide. Yesterday we spent three or four hours in the Vatican again, that wonderful world of curiosities. We came very near expressing interest sometimes, even admiration. It was hard to keep from it. We succeeded, though. Nobody else ever did, in the Vatican museums. The guide was bewildered, nonplussed. He walked his legs off, nearly, hunting up extraordinary things, and exhausted all his ingenuity on us, but it was a failure; we never showed any interest in anything. He had reserved what he considered to be his greatest wonder till the last,—a royal Egyptian mummy, the best preserved in the world, perhaps. He took us there. He felt so sure, this time, that some of his old enthusiasm came back to him:—

"See, genteelmen!—Mummy! Mummy!"

The eye-glass came up as calmly, as deliberately as ever.

"Ah,—Ferguson,—what did I understand you to say the gentleman's name was?"

"Name?—he got no name! Mummy!—'Gyptian mummy!"

"Yes, yes. Born here?"

"No. '*Gyptian* mummy."

"Ah, just so. Frenchman, I presume?"

"No!—*not* Frenchman, not Roman!—born in Egypta!"

"Born in Egypta. Never heard of Egypta before. Foreign locality, likely. Mummy,—mummy. How calm he is, how self-possessed! Is—ah!—is he dead?"

"O, *sacre bleu!* been dead three thousan' year!"

The doctor turned on him savagely:—

"Here, now, what do you mean by such conduct as this? Playing us for Chinamen because we are strangers and try-

ing to learn! Trying to impose your vile second-hand carcasses on *us!* Thunder and lightning! I 've a notion to— to— If you 've got a nice *fresh* corpse, fetch him out!—or, by George, we 'll brain you!"

We make it exceedingly interesting for this Frenchman. However, he has paid us back, partly, without knowing it. He came to the hotel this morning to ask if we were up, and he endeavored, as well as he could, to describe us, so that the landlord would know which persons he meant. He finished with the casual remark that we were lunatics. The observation was so innocent and so honest that it amounted to a very good thing for a guide to say.

Our Roman Ferguson is the most patient, unsuspecting, long-suffering subject we have had yet. We shall be sorry to part with him. We have enjoyed his society very much. We trust he has enjoyed ours, but we are harrassed with doubts.

MARK TWAIN.

THE SUBSCRIPTION LIST.

On the Sunday in question Father Phil intended delivering an address to his flock from the altar, urging them to the necessity of bestirring themselves in the repairs of the chapel, which was in a very dilapidated condition, and at one end let in the rain through its worn-out thatch. A subscription was necessary: and to raise this among a very impoverished people was no easy matter. The weather happened to be unfavorable, which was most favorable to Father Phil's purpose, for the rain dropped its arguments through the roof upon the kneeling people below, in the most convincing manner; and as they endeavored to get out of the wet, they pressed round the altar as much as they could, for which they were reproved very smartly by his Reverence in the very midst of the mass. These interruptions occurred sometimes in the most serious places, producing a ludicrous effect, of which the worthy Father was quite unconscious, in his great anxiety to make the people repair the chapel.

A big woman was elbowing her way towards the rails of the altar, and Father Phil, casting a sidelong glance at her, sent her to the right-about, while he interrupted his appeal to Heaven to address her thus:—

"*Agnus Dei* — You'd betther jump over the rails of the althar, I think. Go along out o' that, there's plenty o' room in the chapel below there—"

Then he would turn to the altar, and proceed with the service, till, turning again to the congregation, he perceived some fresh offender.

"*Orate fratres!* — Will you mind what I say to you, and go along out of that, there's room below there. Thrue for you, Mrs. Finn, — its' a shame for him to be thramplin' on you. Go along, Darby Casy, down there, and kneel in the rain, — it's a pity you have n't a decent woman's cloak under you, indeed! — *Orate fratres!*

Then would the service proceed again, till the shuffling of feet edging out of the rain would disturb him, and, casting a backward glance, he would say,—

"I hear you there,— can't you be quiet, and not be disturbin' my mass, you haythens?"

Again he proceeded, till the crying of a child interrupted him. He looked round quickly—

"You'd betther kill the child, I think, thramplin' on him, Lavery. Go out o' that, — your conduct is scandalous — *Dominus vobiscum!*"

Again he turned to pray, and after some time he made an interval in the service to address his congregation on the subject of the repairs, and produced a paper containing the names of subscribers to that pious work who had already contributed, by way of example to those who had not.

"Here it is," said Father Phil,—"here it is, and no denying it,— down in black and white; but if they who give are down in black, how much blacker are those who have not given at all! But I hope they will be ashamed of themselves when I howld up those to honor who have contributed to the uphowlding of the house of God. And is n't it ashamed o' yourselves you ought to be, to lave His house in such a condition? and does n't it rain a'most every Sunday, as if He wished to remind you of your duty?— are n't you wet to the skin a'most every Sunday? O, God is good to you! to put you in mind of your duty, giving you such bitther cowlds that you are coughing and sneezin' every Sunday to that degree that you can't hear the blessed mass for a comfort and a benefit to you; and so you'll go on sneezin' until you put a good thatch on the place, and prevent the appearance of the evidence from Heaven against you every

Sunday, which is condemning you before your faces, and behind your backs too, for don't I see this minit a strame o' wather that might turn a mill running down Micky Mackavoy's back, between the collar of his coat and his shirt?"

Here a laugh ensued at the expense of Micky Mackavoy, who certainly *was* under a very heavy drip from the imperfect roof.

"And is it laughing you are, you haythens?" said Father Phil, reproving the merriment which he himself had purposely created, *that he might reprove it.* "Laughing is it you are, at your backslidings and insensibility to the honor of God,—laughing because when you come here to be saved, you are lost entirely with the wet; and how, I ask you, are my words of comfort to enter your hearts when the rain is pouring down your backs at the same time? Sure I have no chance of turning your hearts while you are under rain that might turn a mill,—but once put a good roof on the house, and I will inundate you with piety! Maybe it 's Father Dominick you would like to have coming among you, who would grind your hearts to powdher with his heavy words." (Here a low murmur of dissent ran through the throng.) "Ha! ha! so you wouldn't like it, I see,—very well, very well,—take care then, for I find you insensible to my moderate reproofs, you hard-hearted haythens, you malefacthors and cruel persecuthors, that won't put your hands in your pockets because your mild and quiet poor fool of a pasthor has no tongue in his head! I say your mild, quiet, poor fool of a pasthor (for I know my own faults partly, God forgive me!) and I can't spake to you as you deserve, you hard-living vagabonds, that are as insensible to your duties as you are to the weather. I wish it was sugar or salt that you are made of, and then the rain might melt you if I couldn't; but no, them naked rafthers grins in your face to no purpose,—you chate the house of God,—but take care, maybe you won't chate the Divil so aisy." (Here there was a sensation.) "Ha! ha! that makes you open your ears, does it? More shame for you; you ought to despise that dirty enemy of man, and depend on something better,—but I see I must call you to a sense of your situation with the bottomless pit undher you, and no roof over you. O dear! dear! dear! I'm ashamed of you,—throth, if I had time and sthraw

enough, I'd rather thatch the place myself than lose my time talking to you; sure the place is more like a stable than a chapel. O, think of that!—the house of God to be like a stable!—for though our Redeemer was born in a stable, that is no reason why you are to keep his house always like one.

"And now I will read you the list of subscribers, and it will make you ashamed when you hear the names of several good and worthy Protestants in the parish, and out of it, too, who have given more than the Catholics."

SUBSCRIPTION LIST

For the Repairs and Enlargement of Ballyslough-Gutthery Chapel.

PHILIP BLAKE, P. P.

Micky Hickey, £0 7*s.* 6*d.* "He might as well have made it ten shillings; but half a loaf is betther than no bread."

"Plaze your Reverence," says Mick, from the body of the chapel, "sure seven and sixpence is more than half of ten shillings." (A laugh.)

"O, how witty you are! Faith, if you knew your prayers as well as your arithmetic, it would be betther for you, Micky."

Here the Father turned the laugh against Mick.

Billy Riley, £0 3*s.* 4*d.* "Of course he means to subscribe again?"

John Dwyer, £0 15*s.* "That's something like! I'll be bound he's only keeping back the odd five shillings for a brush full o' paint for the althar; it's as black as a crow, instead o' being as a dove."

He then hurried over rapidly some small subscribers as follows:—

Peter Hefferman, £0 1*s.* 8*d.*
James Murphy, £0 2*s.* 6*d.*
Mat Donovan, £0 1*s.* 3*d.*
Luke Dannelly, £0 3*s.* 0*d.*
Jack Quigly, £0 2*s.* 1*d.*
Pat Finnegan, £0 2*s.* 2*d.*

EDWARD O'CONNOR, Esq., £2 0*s.* 0*d.* "There's for you! Edward O'Connor, Esq.,—*a Protestant in the parish*,—two pounds."

"Long life to him!" cried a voice in the chapel.

"Amen!" said Father Phil; "I'm not ashamed to be clerk to so good a prayer."

Nicholas Fagan, £0 2*s.* 6*d.*

Young Nicholas Fagan, £0 5*s.* 0*d.* "Young Nick is bether than owld Nick, you see."

Tim Doyle, £0 7*s.* 4*d.*

Owny Doyle, £1 0*s.* 0*d.* Well done, Owny na Coppal,—you deserve to prosper, for you make good use of your thrivings."

Simon Leary, £0 2*s.* 6*d.*; Bridget Murphy, £0 10*s.* 0*d.* "You ought to be ashamed o' yourself, Simon; a lone widow-woman gives more than you."

Simon answered, "I have a large family, sir, and she has no childhre."

"That's not her fault," said the priest,—"and maybe she'll mend o' that yet." This excited much merriment, for the widow was buxom, and had recently buried an old husband, and, by all accounts, was cocking her cap at a handsome young fellow in the parish.

Judy Moylan, £0 5*s.* 0*d.* "Very good, Judy, tne women are behaving like gentlemen; they'll have their reward in the next world."

Pat Finnerty, £0 8*s.* 4*d.* "I'm not sure if it is 8*s.* 4*d.* or 3*s.* 4*d.*, for the figure is blotted, but I believe it is 8*s.* 4*d.*"

"It was three and fourpence I gave your Reverence," said Pat from the crowd.

"Well, Pat, as I said eight and fourpence, you must not let me go back o' my word, so bring me five shillings next week.

"Sure, you wouldn't have me pay for a blot, sir?"

"Yis, I would,—that's the rule of backmammon, you know, Pat. When I hit the mark, you pay for it."

Here his Reverence turned round, as if looking for some one, and called out, "Rafferty! Rafferty! Rafferty! Where are you, Rafferty?"

An old gray-headed man appeared, bearing a large plate, and Father Phil continued,—

"There now, be active — I'm sending him among you, good people, and such as cannot give as much as you would like to be read before your neighbors, give what little you can towards the repairs, and I will continue to read out the names by way of encouragement to you, and the next name I see is that of Squire Egan. Long life to him!"

SQUIRE EGAN, £5 0*s.* 0*d.* "Squire Egan — five pounds — listen to that — *a Protestant in the Parish!* — five pounds! Faith, the Protestants will make you ashamed of yourselves if you don't take care."

Mrs. Flanagan, £2 0*s.* 0*d.* "Not her own parish, either, — a kind lady."

James Milligan of Roundtown, £1 0*s.* 0*d.* "And here I must remark that the people of Roundtown has not been backward in coming forward on this occasion. I have a long list from Roundtown, — I will read it separate." He then proceeded at a great pace, jumbling the town and the pounds and the people in the most extraordinary manner: "James Milligan of Roundtown, one pound; Darby Daly of Roundtown, one pound; Sam Finnigan of Roundtown, one pound; James Casey of Roundpound, one town? Kit Dwyer of Townpound, one round — pound, I mane; Pat Roundpound — Pounden, I mane — Pat Pounden a pound of Poundtown also — there's an example for you!—

But what are you about, Rafferty? I don't like the sound of that plate of yours,—you are not a good gleaner,—go up first into the gallery there, where I see so many good-looking bonnets,—I suppose they will give something to keep their bonnets out of the rain, for the wet will be into the gallery next Sunday if they don't. I think that is Kitty Crow I see, getting her bit of silver ready; them ribbons of yours cost a thrifle, Kitty—Well, good Christians, here is more of the subscription for you.

Matthew Lavery, £0 2*s.* 6*d.* "*He* doesn't belong to Roundtown,—Roundtown will be renowned in the future ages for the support of the church. Mark my words! Roundtown will prosper from this day out,—Roundtown will be a rising place."

Mark Hennessy, £0 2*s.* 6*d.*; Luke Clancy, £0 2*s.* 6*d.*; John Doolin, £0 2*s.* 6*d.* "One would think they all agreed only to give two and sixpence apiece. And they comfortable men, too! And look at their names,—Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,—the names of the blessed Evangelists, and only ten shillings among them! O, they are apostles not worthy the name,—we'll call them the poor apostles from this out!" (Here a low laugh ran through the chapel.) "Do you hear that, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John? Faith! I can tell you that name will stick to you." (Here the laugh was louder.)

A voice, when the laugh subsided, exclaimed, "I 'll make it ten shillin's, your Reverence."

"Who's that?" said Father Phil.

"Hennessy, your Reverence."

"Very well, Mark. I suppose Matthew, Luke, and John will follow your example?"

"We will, your Reverence."

"Ha! I thought you made a mistake; we 'll call you now the faithful apostles,—and I think the change in the name is better than seven and sixpence apiece to you."

"I see you in the gallery there, Rafferty. What do you pass that well-dressed woman for? thry back—Ha! see that, she had her money ready if you only asked her for it,—don't go by that other woman there—O ho! So you won't give anything, ma'am? You ought to be ashamed of yourself. There is a woman with an elegant sthraw bonnet, and she won't give a farthing. Well now,—after that remember,—I give it from the althar, that from this day out sthraw bonnets pay fi'penny pieces."

Thomas Durfy, Esq., £1 0*s.* 0*d.* "It's not his parish, and he 's a brave gentlemen."

Miss Fanny Dawson, £1 0*s.* 0*d.* "*A Protestant, out of the parish*, and a sweet young lady, God bless her! O faith, the Protestants is shaming you!"

Dennis Fannin, £0 7*s.* 6*d.* "Very good indeed, for a working mason."

Jemmy Riley, £0 5*s.* 0*d.* "Not bad for a hedge carpenther."

"I gave you ten, plaze your Reverance," shouted Jemmy; "and by the same token, you may remember it was on the Nativity of the blessed Vargin, sir, I gave you the second five shillin's."

"So you did, Jemmy," cried Father Phil, "I put a little cross before it, to remind me of it; but I was in a hurry to make a sick call when you gave it to me, and forgot it afther: and indeed myself does n't know what I did with that same five shillings."

Here a pallid woman, who was kneeling near the rails of the altar, uttered an impassioned blessing, and exclaimed, "O, that was the very five shillings, I 'm sure, you gave to me that very day, to buy some little comforts for my poor husband, who was dying in the fever!" and the poor woman burst into loud sobs as she spoke.

A deep thrill of emotion ran through the flock as this accidental proof of their poor pastor's beneficence burst upon them; and as an affectionate murmur began to arise above the silence which that emotion produced, the burly Father Philip blushed like a girl at this publication of his charity, and even at the foot of that altar where he stood, felt something like shame in being discovered in the commission of that virtue so highly commended by the Providence to whose worship that altar was raised. He uttered a hasty "Whisht, whisht!" and waved with his outstretched hands his flock into silence.

In an instant one of those sudden changes so common to an Irish assembly, and scarcely credible to a stranger, took place. The multitude was hushed, the grotesque of the subscription list had passed away and was forgotten, and that same man and that same multitude stood in altered relations,—*they* were again a reverent flock, and *he* once more a solemn pastor; the natural play of his nation's mirthful sarcasm was absorbed in a moment in the sacredness of his office; and with a solemnity befitting the highest occasion, he placed his hands together before his breast, and, raising his eyes to heaven, he poured forth his sweet voice, with a tone of the deepest devotion, in that reverential call for prayer, "*Orate, fratres!*"

The sound of a multitude gently kneeling down followed, like the soft breaking of a quiet sea on a sandy beach; and when Father Philip turned to the altar to pray, his pent-up feelings found vent in tears, and while he prayed he wept.

I believe such scenes as this are of not unfrequent occurrence in Ireland,—that country so long suffering, so much maligned, and so little understood.

O rulers of Ireland! why have you not sooner learned to *lead* that people by love, whom all your severity has been unable to *drive?*

SAMUEL LOVER.

THE SPECTRE PIG.

It was the stalwart butcher man,
That knit his swarthy brow,
And said the gentle Pig must die,
And sealed it with a vow.

And oh! it was the gentle Pig
Lay stretched upon the ground,
And ah! it was the cruel knife
His little heart that found.

They took him then, those wicked men,
They trailed him all along;
They put a stick between his lips,
And through his heels a thong;

And round and round an oaken beam
A hempen cord they flung,
And, like a mighty pendulum,
All solemnly he swung!

Now say thy prayers, thou sinful man,
And think what thou has done,
And read thy catechism well,
Thou bloody-minded one;

For if his sprite should walk by night,
It better were for thee,
That thou wert mouldering in the ground
Or bleaching in the sea.

It was the savage butcher then,
That made a mock of sin,
And swore a very wicked oath,
He did not care a pin.

It was the butcher's youngest son,—
His voice was broke with sighs,
And with his pocket-handkerchief
He wiped his little eyes;

All young and ignorant was he,
But innocent and mild,
And, in his soft simplicity,
Out spoke the tender child:—

"O father, father, list to me;
The Pig is deadly sick,
And men have hung him by his heels,
And fed him with a stick."

It was the bloody butcher then,
That laughed as he would die,
Yet did he soothe the sorrowing child,
And bid him not to cry:—

"O Nathan, Nathan, what's a Pig,
That thou shouldst weep and wail?
Come, bear thee like a butcher's child,
And thou shalt have his tail!"

It was the butcher's daughter then,
So slender and so fair,
That sobbed as if her heart would break,
And tore her yellow hair;

And thus she spoke in thrilling tone,—
Fast fell the tear-drops big;—
"Ah! woe is me! Alas! Alas!
The Pig! The Pig! The Pig!

Then did her wicked father's lips
Make merry with her woe,
And call her many a naughty name,
Because she whimpered so.

Ye need not weep, ye gentle ones,
In vain your tears are shed,
Ye cannot wash his crimson hand,
Ye cannot soothe the dead.

The bright sun folded on his breast
His robes of rosy flame,
And softly over all the west
The shades of evening came.

He slept, and troops of murdered Pigs
Were busy with his dreams;
Loud rang their wild, unearthly shrieks,
Wide yawned their mortal seams.

The clock struck twelve; the Dead hath heard;
He opened both his eyes,
And sullenly he shook his tail
To lash the feeding flies.

One quiver of the hempen cord,—
One struggle and one bound,—
With stiffened limb and leaden eye,
The Pig was on the ground!

And straight towards the sleeper's house
His fearful way he wended:
And hooting owl, and hovering bat,
On midnight wing attended.

Back flew the bolt, up rose the latch,
And open swung the door,
And little mincing feet were heard
Pat, pat along the floor.

Two hoofs upon the sanded floor,
And two upon the bed;
And they are breathing side by side,
The living and the dead!

"Now wake, now wake, thou butcher man!
What makes thy cheek so pale?
Take hold! take hold! thou dost not fear
To clasp a spectre's tail!"

Untwisted every winding coil;
The shuddering wretch took hold,
All like an icicle it seemed,
So tapering and so cold.

"Thou com'st with me, thou butcher man!"—
He strives to loose his grasp,
But, faster than the clinging vine,
Those twining spirals clasp.

And open, open swung the door,
And, fleeter than the wind,
The shadowy spectre swept before,
The butcher trailed behind.

Fast fled the darkness of the night,
And morn rose faint and dim;
They called full loud, they knocked full long,
They did not waken him.

Straight, straight towards that oaken beam,
A trampled pathway ran;
A ghastly shape was swinging there,—
It was the butcher man.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

DARIUS GREEN AND HIS FLYING-MACHINE.

If ever there lived a Yankee lad,
Wise or otherwise, good or bad,
Who, seeing the birds fly, did n't jump
With flapping arms from stake or stump,
Or, spreading the tail
Of his coat for a sail,
Take a soaring leap from post or rail,
And wonder why
He could n't fly,
And flap and flutter and wish and try,—
If ever you knew a country dunce
Who did n't try that as often as once,
All I can say is, that 's a sign
He never would do for a hero of mine.

An aspiring genius was D. Green:
The son of a farmer,—age fourteen;
His body was long and lank and lean,—
Just right for flying, as will be seen;
He had two eyes as bright as a bean,
And a freckled nose that grew between,
A little awry,—for I must mention
That he had riveted his attention
Upon his wonderful invention,
Twisting his tongue as he twisted the strings,
And working his face as he worked the wings,
And with every turn of gimlet and screw
Turning and screwing his mouth round too,
Till his nose seemed bent
To catch the scent,
Around some corner, of new-baked pies,
And his wrinkled cheeks and his squinting eyes
Grew puckered into a queer grimace,
That made him look very droll in the face,
And also very wise.

And wise he must have been, to do more
Than ever a genius did before,
Excepting Dædalus of yore
And his son Icarus, who wore
Upon their backs
Those wings of wax
He had read of in the old almanacs.
Darius was clearly of the opinion,
That the air is also man's dominion,
And that, with paddle or fin or pinion,
We soon or late
Shall navigate
The azure as now we sail the sea.
The thing looks simple enough to me;
And if you doubt it,
Hear how Darius reasoned about it.

"The birds can fly,
An' why can't I?
Must we give in,"
Says he with a grin,
"'T the bluebird an' phœbe
Are smarter 'n we be?
Jest fold our hands an' see the swaller
An' blackbird an' catbird beat us holler?
Doos the leettle chatterin', sassy wren,
No bigger 'n my thumb, know more than men?
Jest show me that!
Er prove 't the bat
Hez got more brains than's in my hat,
An' I'll back down, an' not till then!"

He argued further: "Ner I can't see
What's th' use o' wings to a bumble-bee,
Fur to git a livin' with, mor'n to me;—
Ain't my business
Importanter 'n his 'n is?
"That Icarus
Was a silly cuss,—
Him an' his daddy Dædalus.
They might 'a' knowed wings made o' wax
Woudn't stand sun-heat an' hard whacks.
I'll make mine o' luther,
Ur suthin or other."

And he said to himself, as he tinkered and planned.
"But I ain't goin' to show my hand
To nummies that never can understand
The fust idee that's big an' grand
They'd 'a' laft an' made fun
O' Creation itself, afore 't was done!"
So he kept his secret from all the rest,
Safely buttoned within his vest;
And in the loft above the shed
Himself he locks, with thimble and thread
And wax and hammer and buckles and screws,
And all such things as geniuses use;—
Two bats for patterns, curious fellows!
A charcoal-pot and a pair of bellows;
An old hoop-skirt or two, as well as
Some wire, and several old umbrellas;
A carriage-cover, for tail and wings;
A piece of a harness; and straps and strings;
And a big strong box,
In which he locks
These and a hundred other things.

His grinning brothers, Reuben and Burke
And Nathan and Jotham and Solomon, lurk
Around the corner to see him work,—
Sitting cross-leggéd, like a Turk,
Drawing the waxed-end through with a jerk,
And boring the holes with a comical quirk
Of his wise old head, and a knowing smirk.
But vainly they mounted each other's backs,
And poked through knot-holes and pried through cracks;
With wood from the pile and straw from the stacks
He plugged the knot-holes and calked the cracks;
And a bucket of water, which one would think
He had brought up into the loft to drink
When he chanced to be dry,
Stood always nigh,
For Darius was sly!
And whenever at work he happened to spy
At chink or crevice a blinking eye,
He let a dipper of water fly.
"Take that! an' ef ever ye git a peep,
Guess ye 'll ketch a weasel asleep!"

And he sings as he locks
His big strong box:—

SONG.

"The weasel's head is small an' trim,
An' he is little an' long an' slim,
An' quick of motion an' nimble of limb,
An' ef yeou 'll be
Advised by me,
Keep wide awake when ye 're ketchin' him!"

So day after day
He stitched and tinkered and hammered away,
Till at last 't was done,—
The greatest invention under the sun!
"An' now," says Darius, "hooray fer some fun!"

'T was the fourth of July,
And the weather was dry,
And not a cloud was on all the sky,
Save a few light fleeces, which here and there,
Half mist, half air,
Like foam on the ocean went floating by,—
Just as lovely a morning as ever was seen
For a nice little trip in a flying-machine.

Thought cunning Darius: "Now I sha'n 't go
Along 'ith the fellers to see the show.
I 'll say I 've got sich a terrible cough!
An' then, when the folks 'ave all gone off,
I 'll hev full swing
Fer to try the thing,
An' practyse a leetle on the wing."

"Ain't goin' to see the celebration?"
Says Brother Nate. "No; botheration!
I 've got sich a cold—a toothache—I—
My gracious!—feel 's though I should fly!"

Said Jotham, "'Sho!
Guess ye better go."
But Darius said, "No!
Should n't wonder 'f yeou might see me, though,

'Long 'bout noon, ef I git red
O' this jumpin', thumpin' pain 'n my head."
For all the while to himself he said:—

"I tell ye what!
I 'll fly a few times around the lot,
To see how 't seems, then soon 's I 've got
The hang o' the thing, ez likely 's not,
I 'll astonish the nation,
An' all creation,
By flyin' over the celebration!
Over their heads I 'll sail like an eagle;
I'll balance myself on my wings like a sea-gull;
I 'll dance on the chimbleys; I 'll stan' on the steeple;
I 'll flop up to the winders an' scare the people!
I 'll light on the libbe'ty-pole, an' crow;
An' I 'll say to the gawpin' fools below,
'What world 's this 'ere
That I 've come near?'
Fer I 'll make 'em b'lieve I 'm a chap f'm the moon;
An' I 'll try a race 'ith their ol' bulloon!"
He crept from his bed;
And, seeing the others were gone, he said,
"I'm a gittin' over the cold 'n my head."
And away he sped,
To open the wonderful box in the shed.

His brothers had walked but a little way,
When Jotham to Nathan chanced to say,
"What on airth is he up to, hey?"
"Don'o',—the' 's suthin' ur other to pay,
Er he would n't 'a' stayed to hum to day."
Says Burke, "His toothache's all 'n his eye!
He never'd miss a Fo'th-o'-July,
Ef he hed n't got some machine to try."
Then Sol, the little one, spoke: "By darn!
Le' 's hurry back an' hide 'n the barn,
An' pay him fer tellin' us that yarn!"
"Agreed!" Through the orchard they creep back,
Along by the fences, behind the stack,
And one by one, through a hole in the wall,
In under the dusty barn they crawl,
Dressed in their Sunday garments all;

And a very astonishing sight was that,
When each in his cobwebbed coat and hat
Came up through the floor like an ancient rat.
And there they hid;
And Reuben slid
The fastenings back, and the door undid.
"Keep dark!" said he,
"While I squint an' see what the' is to see."

As knights of old put on their mail,—
From head to foot
An iron suit,
Iron jacket and Iron boot,
Iron breeches, and on the head
No hat, but an iron pot instead.
And under the chin the bail,
(I believe they called the thing a helm,)
And the lid they carried they called a shield;
And, thus accoutred, they took the field,
Sallying forth to overwhelm
The dragons and pagans that plagued the realm,—
So this modern knight,
Prepared for flight,
Put on his wings and strapped them tight;
Jointed and jaunty, strong and light;
Buckled them fast to shoulder and hip,—
Ten feet they measured from tip to tip!
And a helm had he, but that he wore,
Not on his head, like those of yore,
But more like the helm of a ship.

"Hush!" Reuben said,
"He's up in the shed!
He's opened the winder,—I see his head!
He stretches it out,
An' pokes it about,
Lookin' to see 'f the coast is clear,
An' nobody near;—
Guess he don'o' who's hid in here!
He 's riggin' a spring-board over the sill!
Stop laffin', Solomon! Burke, keep still!
He 's a climbin' out now— Of all the things!
What's he got on? I van, it 's wings!

An' that t'other thing? I vum, it 's a tail!
An' there he sets like a hawk on a rail!
Steppin' careful, he travels the length
Of his spring-board, and teeters to try its strength.
Now he stretches his wings, like a monstrous bat;
Peeks over his shoulder, this way an' that,
Fer to see 'f the' 's any one passin' by;
But the' 's on'y a ca'f an' a goslin' nigh.
They turn up at him a wonderin' eye,
To see— The dragon! he 's goin' to fly!
Away he goes! Jimminy! what a jump!
Flop—flop—an' plump
To the ground with a thump!
Flutterin' an' flound'rin', all 'n a lump!"

As a demon is hurled by an angel's spear,
Heels over head, to his proper sphere,—
Heels over head, and head over heels,
Dizzily down the abyss he wheels,—
So fell Darius. Upon his crown,
In the midst of the barn-yard, he came down,
In a wonderful whirl of tangled strings,
Broken braces and broken springs,
Broken tail and broken wings,
Shooting-stars, and various things,—
Barn-yard litter of straw and chaff,
And much that was n't so sweet by half.
Away with a bellow fled the calf,
And what was that? Did the gosling laugh?
'T is a merry roar
From the old barn-door,
And he hears the voice of Jotham crying,
"Say, D'rius! how do yeou like flyin'?"

Slowly, ruefully, where he lay,
Darius just turned and looked that way,
As he staunched his sorrowful nose with his cuff.
"Wal, I like flyin' well enough,"
He said; "but the' ain't sich a thunderin' sight
O' fun in 't when ye come to light."

MORAL.

I just have room for the moral here:
And this is the moral,—Stick to your sphere.

Or if you insist, as you have the right,
On spreading your wings for a loftier flight,
The moral is,—Take care how you light.

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

A FRENCHMAN ON MACBETH.

An enthusiastic French student of Shakspeare thus comments on the tragedy of Macbeth:—

"Ah! your Mossieu' Shak-es-pier! He is gr-r-aä-nd—mysterieuse—soo-blime! You 'ave reads ze Macabess?—ze scene of ze Mossieu' Macabess vis ze Vitch—eh? Superb sooblimitée! W'en he say to ze Vitch, 'Ar-r-roynt ze, Vitch!' she go away: but what she *say* when she go away? She say she will do s'omesing dat aves got no naäme! Ah, ha!' she say, 'I go, like ze r-r-aä-t vizout ze tail *but* I'll do! I'll *do!* I'll do! *W'at* she do? Ah, ha!—voila le graand mystérieuse Mossieu' Shak-es-pier! She not *say* what she do!"

This *was* "grand," to be sure: but the prowess of Macbeth, in his "bout" with Macduff, awakens all the mercurial Frenchman's martial ardor:—

"Mossieu' Macabess, he see him come, clos' by; he say (proud *empressement*), '*Come o-o-n*, Mossieu' Macduffs, and d—d be he who first say *Enoffs!*' Zen zey fi-i-ght—moche. Ah, ha!—voila! Mossieu' Macabess, vis his br-r-ight r-r-apier 'pink' him, vat you call, in his body. He 'ave gots mal d'estomac: he say, vis grand simplicité, '*Enoffs!* What *for* he say 'Enoffs?' 'Cause he *got* enoffs—plaänty; and he *ex*pire, r-r-ight away, 'mediately, pretty quick! Ah, mes amis, Mossieu' Shak-es-pier is rising man in La Belle France!"

ANONYMOUS.

THE WHITE SQUALL.

On deck, beneath the awning,
I dozing lay and yawning;
It was the gray of dawning,
Ere yet the sun arose;

And above the funnel's roaring,
And the fitful wind's deploring,
I heard the cabin snoring
With universal nose.
I could hear the passengers snorting,—
I envied their disporting,—
Vainly I was courting
The pleasure of a doze.

So I lay, and wondered why light
Came not, and watched the twilight,
And the glimmer of the skylight,
That shot across the deck;
And the binnacle pale and steady,
And the dull glimpse of the dead-eye,
And the sparks in fiery eddy
That whirled from the chimney neck.
In our jovial floating prison
There was sleep from fore to mizzen,
And never a star had risen
The hazy sky to speck.

Strange company we harbored,
We'd a hundred Jews to larboard,
Unwashed, uncombed, unbarbered,—
Jews black and brown and gray.
With terror it would seize ye,
And make your souls uneasy,
To see those Rabbis greasy,
Who did naught but scratch and pray.
Their dirty children puking,—
Their dirty saucepans cooking,—
Their dirty fingers hooking
Their swarming fleas away.

To starboard Turks and Greeks were,—
Whiskered and brown their cheeks were,—
Enormous wide their breeks were,—
Their pipes did puff away;
Each on his mat allotted
In silence smoked and squatted,
Whilst round their children trotted
In pretty, pleasant play.

He can't but smile who traces
The smiles of those brown faces,
And the pretty, prattling graces
Of those small heathens gay.

And so the hours kept tolling;
And through the ocean rolling
Went the brave Iberia bowling,
Before the break of day,—
When a squall, upon a sudden,
Came o'er the waters scudding;
And the clouds began to gather,
And the sea was lashed to lather,
And the lowering thunder grumbled,
And the lightning jumped and tumbled,
And the ship, and all the ocean,
Woke up in wild commotion.

Then the wind set up a howling,
And the poodle dog a yowling,
And the cocks began a crowing,
And the old cow raised a lowing,
As she heard the tempest blowing;
And fowls and geese did cackle,
And the cordage and the tackle
Began to shriek and crackle;
And the spray dashed o'er the funnels,
And down the deck in runnels;
And the rushing water soaks all,
From the seamen in the fo'ksal
To the stokers, whose black faces
Peer out of their bed-places;
And the captain he was bawling,
And the sailors pulling, hauling,
And the quarter-deck tarpauling
Was shivered in the squalling;
And the passengers awaken,
Most pitifully shaken;
And the steward jumps up, and hastens
For the necessary basins.

Then the Greeks they groaned and quivered,
And they knelt and moaned and shivered,

As the plunging waters met them,
And splashed and overset them;
And they called in their emergence
Upon countless saints and virgins;
And their marrowbones are bended,
And they think the world is ended.
And the Turkish women for'ard
Were frightened and behorrored;
And, shrieking and bewildering,
The mothers clutched their children;
The men sang "Allah! Illah!
Mashallah Bismillah!"
As the warring waters doused them,
And splashed them and soused them;
And they called upon the Prophet,
Who thought but little of it.

Then all the fleas in Jewry
Jumped up and bit like fury;
And the progeny of Jacob
Did on the main-deck wake up,
(I wot those greasy Rabbins
Would never pay for cabins;)
And each man moaned and jabbered in
His filthy Jewish gabardine,
In woe and lamentation,
And howling consternation.
And the splashing water drenches
Their dirty brats and wenches;
And they crawl from bales and benches,
In a hundred thousand stenches.

This was the white squall famous,
Which latterly o'ercame us,
And which all will well remember,
On the 28th September;
When a Prussian captain of Lancers
(Those tight-laced, whiskered prancers)
Came on the deck astonished,
By that wild squall admonished,

And wondering cried, "Potz tausend,
Wie ist der Stürm jetzt brausend?"

And looked at Captain Lewis
Who calmly stood and blew his
Cigar in all the bustle,
And scorned the tempest's tussle.
And oft we've thought hereafter
How he beat the storm to laughter;
For well he knew his vessel
With that vain wind could wrestle;
And when a wreck we thought her,
And doomed ourselves to slaughter,
How gayly he fought her,
And through the hubbub brought her,
And as the tempest caught her,
Cried, "George, some brandy and water!"

And when, its force expended,
The harmless storm was ended,
And as the sunrise splendid
Came blushing o'er the sea,—
I thought, as day was breaking,
My little girls were waking,
And smiling, and making
A prayer at home for me.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

NOCTURNAL SKETCH.

Even is come; and from the dark Park, hark,
The signal of the setting sun — one gun!
And six is sounding from the chime prime time
To go and see the Drury-Lane Dane slain,—
Or hear Othello's jealous doubt spout out,—
Or Macbeth raving at that shade-made blade,
Denying to his frantic clutch much touch;—
Or else to see Ducrow with wide stride ride
Four horses as no other man can span;
Or in the small Olympic Pitt sit split
Laughing at Liston, while you quiz his phiz.

Anon Night comes, and with her wings brings things
Such as, with his poetic tongue, Young sung;
The gas up-blazes with its bright white light,

And paralytic watchmen prowl, howl, growl,
About the streets and take up Pall-Mall Sal,
Who, hasting to her nightly jobs, robs fobs.

Now thieves to enter for your cash, smash, crash,
Past drowsy Charley, in a deep sleep, creep,
But frightened by Policeman B. 3, flee,
And while they're going, whisper low, "No go!"

Now puss, while folks are in their beds, treads leads,
And sleepers waking, grumble,—"Drat that cat!"
Who in the gutter caterwauls, squalls, mauls,
Some feline foe, and screams in shrill ill-will.

Now Bulls of Bashan, of a prize size, rise
In childish dreams, and with a roar gore poor
Georgy, or Charley, or Billy, willy-nilly;—
But Nursemaid in a nightmare rest, chest-pressed,
Dreameth of one of her old flames, James Games,
And that she hears—what faith is man's—Ann's banns
And his, from Reverend Mr. Rice, twice, thrice;
White ribbons flourish, and a stout shout out,
That upward goes, shows Rose knows those bows' woes!

THOMAS HOOD.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

"Good heaven! Why even the little children in France speak French!"
ADDISON.

NEVER go to France
  Unless you know the lingo,
If you do, like me,
  You will repent, by jingo.
Staring like a fool,
  And silent as a mummy,
There I stood alone,
  A nation with a dummy:

Chaises stand for chairs,
  They christen letters *Billies*,
They call their mothers *mares*,
  And all their daughters *fillies;*

Strange it was to hear,
I'll tell you what's a good 'un,
They call their leather *queer*,
And half their shoes are wooden.

Signs I had to make,
For every little notion,
Limbs all going like
A telegraph in motion,
For wine I reeled about,
To show my meaning fully,
And made a pair of horns,
To ask for "beef and bully."

Moo! I cried for milk;
I got my sweet things snugger,
When I kissed Jeannette
'Twas understood for sugar.
If I wanted bread,
My jaws I set a-going,
And asked for new-laid eggs,
By clapping hands and crowing!

If I wished a ride,
I'll tell you how I got it;
On my stick astride,
I made believe to trot it;
Then their cash was strange,
It bored me every minute,
Now here's a *hog* to change,
How many *sows* are in it!

Never go to France,
Unless you know the lingo;
If you do, like me,
You will repent, by jingo;
Staring like a fool,
And silent as a mummy,
There I stood alone,
A nation with a dummy!

THOMAS HOOD.

PRINCE HENRY AND FALSTAFF.

PRINCE HENRY. Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been?

Falstaff. A plague on all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen! (*To an attendant.*) Give me a cup of sack, boy. Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nethersocks, and mend them, and foot them too. A plague on all cowards!—Give me a cup of sack, rogue.—Is there no virtue extant? (*Drains the cup.*) You rogue, here's lime in this sack, too. There is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man! Yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it,—a villainous coward! Go thy ways, old Jack, die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unhanged in England; and one of them is fat and grown old,—a bad world, I say! A plague on all cowards, I say still!

P. Henry. How now, wool-sack? what mutter you?

Fal. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You—Prince of Wales!

P. Henry. Why, what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? answer me that.

P. Henry. Ye fat paunch, an' ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward? I'll see thee hanged ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back. Call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me.—Give me a cup of sack:—I am a rogue, if I have drunk to-day.

P. Henry. O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drank'st last.

Fal. All 's one for that. (*He drinks.*) A plague on all cowards, still say I!

P. Henry. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter? here be four of us have taken a thousand pound this morning.

P. Henry. Where is it Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from us, it is; a hundred upon poor four of us.

P. Henry. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have escaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet; four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a handsaw, ecce signum. (*Shows his sword.*) I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague on all cowards!—

P. Henry. What, fought you with them all?

Fal. All! I know not what ye call all; but, if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

P. Henry. Pray heaven, you have not murdered some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for, I have peppered two of them: two I am sure I have paid,—two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal; if I tell the a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward. (*Taking a position for fighting.*) Here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me—

P. Henry. What, four? thou saidst but two, even now.

Fal. Four, Hal! I told thee four. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

P. Henry. Seven! why, there were but four, even now.

Fal. In buckram?

P. Henry. Ay, four in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

P. Henry. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth listening to. These nine in buckram that I told thee of—

P. Henry. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken,—began to give me ground; but I followed me close, came in foot and hand, and with a thought, seven of the eleven I paid.

P. Henry. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Fal. But, as ill luck would have it, three misbegotten knaves, in Kendal green, came at my back, and let drive at me;—for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

P. Henry. These lies are like the father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou knotty-pated fool; thou greasy tallow-tub.

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

P. Henry. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? Come, tell us your reason; what sayest thou to this? Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion? No. Were I at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason upon compulsion! If reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion.

P. Henry. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin. This sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-back breaker, this huge hill of flesh—

Fal. Away, you starveling, you eel-skin, you dried neat's-tongue, you stock-fish! O for breath to utter what is like thee! you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck—

P. Henry. Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again; and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this. Poins and I saw you four set on four; you bound them and were masters of their wealth: mark now how a plain tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four, and with a word, outfaced you from your prize, and have it, yea, can show it you here in the house. And, Falstaff, you carried your paunch away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard a bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight? What trick, what device, what starting hole canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Fal. Ha! ha! ha! D'ye think I did n't know you, Hal? Why, hear me, my master, was it for me to kill the heir apparent? should I turn upon the true prince? why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules. But beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince; instinct is a great matter. I was a coward on instinct, I grant you; and I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life,—I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But I am

glad you have the money. Let us clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow. What! shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

P. Henry. Content!—and the argument shall be, thy running away.

Fal. Ah!—no more of that, Hal, if thou lovest me.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

PYRAMUS AND THISBE.

THIS tragical tale, which, they say, is a true one,
Is old; but the manner is wholly a new one.
One *Ovid*, a writer of some reputation,
Has told it before in a tedious narration;
In a style, to be sure, of remarkable fullness,
But which nobody reads on account of its dullness.

Young PETER PYRAMUS—I call him Peter,
Not for the sake of the rhyme or the meter;
But merely to make the name completer—
For Peter lived in the olden times,
And in one of the worst of pagan climes
That flourish now in classical fame,
Long before either noble or boor
Had such a thing as a *Christian* name—
Young Peter, then, was a nice young beau
As any young lady would wish to know;
In years, I ween, he was rather green.
That is to say, he was just eighteen,—
A trifle to short, a shaving too lean,
But "a nice young man" as ever was seen,
And fit to dance with a May-day-queen!

Now Peter loved a beautiful girl
As ever ensnared the heart of an earl,
In the magical trap of an auburn curl,—
A little Miss Thisbe, who lived next door,
(They slept, in fact, on the very same floor'
With a wall between them and nothing more,—
Those double dwellings were common of yore,)
And they loved each other the legends say,
In that very beautiful, bountiful way,

That every young maid and every young blade,
Are wont to do before they grow staid,
And learn to love by the laws of trade.
But (a-lack-a-day, for the girl and boy!)
A little impediment checked their joy,
And gave them awhile, the deepest annoy,
For some good reason, which history cloaks,
The match didn't happen to please the old folks!

So Thisbe's father and Peter's mother
Began the young couple to worry and bother,
And tried their innocent passion to smother,
By keeping the lovers from seeing each other!
But who ever heard of a marriage deterred
Or even deferred
By any contrivence so very absurd
As scolding the boy, and caging the bird?

Now, Peter, who was not discouraged at all
By obstacles such as the timid appall,
Contrived to discover a hole in the wall,
Which wasn't so thick, but removing a brick
Made a passage—though rather provokingly small.
Through this little chink the lover could greet her
And secrecy made their courting the sweeter,
While Peter kissed Thisbe, and Thisbe kissed Peter—
For kisses, like folks with diminutive souls,
Will manage to creep through the smallest of holes!

'T was here that the lovers, intent upon love,
Laid a nice little plot to meet at a spot
Near a mulberry-tree in a neighboring grove;
For the plan was all laid by the youth and the maid,
Whose hearts, it would seem, were uncommonly bold ones,
To run off and get married in spite of the old ones.
In the shadows of evening, as still as a mouse,
The beautiful maiden slipped out of the house,
The mulberry-tree impatient to find;
While Peter, the viligant matrons to blind,
Strolled leisurely out, some minutes behind.
While waiting alone by the trysting tree,
A terrible lion as e'er you set eye on,
Came roaring along quite horrid to see,
And caused the young maiden in terror to flee,

(A lion's a creature whose regular trade is
Blood—and "a terrible thing among ladies,")
And losing her veil as she ran from the wood,
The Monster bedabbled it over with blood.

Now Peter arriving, and seeing the veil
All covered o'er and reeking with gore,
Turned, all of a sudden, exceedingly pale,
And sat himself down to weep and to wail,—
For, soon as he saw the garment, poor Peter,
Made up his mind in very short meter,
That Thisbe was dead and the lion had eat her!
So breathing a prayer, he determined to share
The fate of his darling, "the loved and the lost,"
And fell on his dagger, and gave up the ghost!

Now Thisbe returning, and viewing her beau,
Lying dead by her veil, (which she happened to know,)
She guessed in a moment the cause of his erring;
And seizing the knife that had taken his life,
In less than a jiffy was dead as a herring.

MORAL.

Young gentlemen!—pray recollect if you please,
Not to make assignations near mulberry-trees.
Should your mistress be missing, it shows a weak head
To be stabbing yourself, till you know she is dead.
Young ladies!—you shouldn't go strolling about
When your anxious mammas don't know you are out;
And remember that accidents often befall
From kissing young fellows through holes in the wall!

JOHN G. SAXE.

HANDY ANDY AT THE POST OFFICE.

"RIDE into the town and see if there's a letter for me," said the squire one day to our hero.

"Yes, sir."

"You know where to go?"

"To the town, sir."

"But do you know where to go in the town?"

"No, sir."

"And why don't you ask, you stupid thief?"

"Sure I'd find out, sir."

"Didn't I often tell you to ask what you're to do, when you don't know?"

"Yes, sir."

"And why don't you?"

"I don't like to be throublesome, sir."

"Confound you!" said the squire: though he could not help laughing at Andy's excuse for remaining in ignorance.

"Well," continued he, "go to the post-office. You know the post-office, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir, where they sell gunpowder."

"You're right for once," said the squire; for his Majesty's postmaster was the person who had the privilege of dealing in the aforesaid combustible. "Go then to the post-office, and ask for a letter for me. Remember — not gunpowder, but a letter."

"Yis, sir," said Andy, who got astride of his hack, and trotted away to the post-office. On arriving at the shop of the postmaster, (for that person carried on a brisk trade in groceries, gimlets, broadcloth, and linen-drapery,) Andy presented himself at the counter, and said, "I want a letther, sir, if you plaze."

"Who do you want it for?" said the postmaster, in a tone which Andy considered an aggression upon the sacredness of private life: so Andy thought the coolest contempt he could throw upon the prying impertinence of the postmaster was to repeat his question.

"I want a letther, sir, if you plaze."

"And who do you want it for?" repeated the postmaster.

"What's that to you?" said Andy.

The postmaster, laughing at his simplicity, told him he could not tell what letter to give him unless he told him the direction.

"The directions I got was to get a letther here—that's the directions."

"Who gave you those directions?"

"The masther."

"And who's your master?"

"What consarn is that o'yours?"

"Why you stupid rascal! if you don't tell me his name, how can I give you a letter?"

"You could give it if you liked; but you're fond of axin' impident questions, bekase you think I'm simple."

"Go along out o' this! Your master must be as great a goose as yourself, to send such a messenger."

"Bad luck to your impidence," said Andy; "is it Squire Egan you dar to say goose to?"

"Oh, Squire Egan's your master, then?"

"Yes, have you anything to say agin it?"

"Only that I never saw you before."

"Faith, then you'll never see me agin if I have my own consint."

"I won't give you any letter for the squire, unless I know you're his servant. Is there any one in the town knows you?"

"Plenty," said Andy; "it's not every one is as ignorant as you."

Just at this moment a person to whom Andy was known entered the house, who vouched to the postmaster that he might give Andy the squire's letter. "Have you one for me?"

"Yes, sir," said the postmaster, producing one—"fourpence."

The gentleman paid the fourpence postage, and left the shop with his letter.

"Here's a letter for the squire," said the postmaster; "you 've to pay me elevenpence postage."

"What 'ud I pay elevenpence for?"

"For postage."

"To the devil wid you! Did n't I see you give Mr. Duffy a letther for fourpence this minit, and a bigger letther than this? and now you want me to pay elevenpence for this scrap of a thing? Do you think I'm a fool?"

"No; but I'm sure of it," said the postmaster.

"Well, you 're welkum to be sure, sure;—but don't be delayin' me now: here's fourpence for you, and gi' me the letther."

"Go along, you stupid thief!" said the postmaster, taking up the letter, and going to serve a customer with a mouse-trap.

While this person and many others were served, Andy lounged up and down the shop, every now and then putting in his head in the middle of the customers, and saying, "Will you gi' me the letther?"

He waited for above half an hour, in defiance of the anathemas of the postmaster, and at last left, when he found

it impossible to get common justice for his master, which he thought he deserved as well as another man; for, under this impression, Andy determined to give no more than the fourpence.

The squire in the meantime was getting impatient for his return, and when Andy made his appearance, asked if there was a letter for him.

"There is, sir," said Andy.

"Then give it to me."

"I have n't it, sir."

"What do you mean?"

"He would n't give it to me, sir."

"Who would n't give it you?"

"That owld chate beyant in the town—wanting to charge double for it."

"Maybe it 's a double letter. Why the devil did n't you pay what he asked, sir?"

"Arrah, sir, why would I let you be chated? It 's not a double letther at all: not above half the size o' one Mr. Duffy got before my face for fourpence."

"You 'll provoke me to break your neck some day, you vagabond! Ride back for your life, you omadhaun; and pay whatever he asks, and get me the letter."

"Why, sir, I tell you he was sellin' them before my face for fourpence apiece."

"Go back, you scoundrel! or I 'll horsewhip you; and if you 're longer than an hour, I 'll have you ducked in the horse-pond!"

Andy vanished, and made a second visit to the postoffice. When he arrived, two other persons were getting letters, and the postmaster was selecting the epistle for each, from a large parcel that lay before him on the counter; at the same time many shop customers were waiting to be served.

"I 'm come for that letther," said Andy.

"I 'll attend to you by-and-by."

"The masther 's in a hurry."

"Let him wait till his hurry 's over."

"He 'll murther me if I 'm not back soon."

"I 'm glad to hear it."

While the postmaster went on with such provoking answers to these appeals for dispatch, Andy's eye caught the heap of letters which lay on the counter: so while certain weighing of soap and tobacco was going forward, he con-

trived to become possessed of two letters from the heap, and, having effected that, waited patiently enough till it was the great man's pleasure to give him the missive directed to his master.

Then did Andy bestride his hack, and in triumph at his trick on the postmaster, rattled along the road homeward as fast as the beast could carry him. He came into the squire's presence, his face beaming with delight, and an air of self-satisfied superiority in his manner, quite unaccountable to his master, until he pulled forth his hand, which had been grubbing up his prizes from the bottom of his pocket; and holding three letters over his head, while he said, "Look at that!" he next slapped them down under his broad fist on the table before the squire, saying—

"Well! if he did make me pay eleven-pence, by gor, I brought your honor the worth o' your money anyhow!"

SAMUEL LOVER.

THE AGED STRANGER.

"I WAS with Grant—" the stranger said;
Said the farmer, "Say no more,
But rest thee here at my cottage porch,
For thy feet are weary and sore."

"I was with Grant—" the stranger said;
Said the farmer, "Nay, no more,—
I prithee sit at my frugal board,
And eat of my humble store.

"How fares my boy,—my soldier boy,
Of the old Ninth Army Corps?
I warrant he bore him gallantly
In the smoke and the battle's roar!"

"I know him not," said the aged man,
And, as I remarked before,
I was with Grant—" "Nay, nay, I know,"
Said the farmer, "say no more;

"He fell in battle?—I see, alas!
Thou 'dst smooth these tidings o'er,—

Nay: speak the truth, whatever it be,
Though it rend my bosom's core.

"How fell he,—with his face to the foe,
Upholding the flag he bore?
O, say not that my boy disgraced
The uniform that he wore!"

"I cannot tell," said the aged man,
"And should have remarked, before,
That I was with Grant,—in Illinois,—
Some three years before the war."

Then the farmer spake him never a word,
But beat with his fist full sore
That aged man, who had worked for Grant
Some three years before the war.

BRET HARTE.

VII. GRAND, SUBLIME AND REVERENTIAL STYLES.

OROTUND VOICE.

THE Orotund voice, or the voice that is used in the expression of impassioned selections, needs now to be specially considered, as we are about to treat of various classes of composition that depend upon that voice for their appropriate interpretation.

What is the Orotund voice, and wherein does it differ from the natural or conversational voice? These questions are pertinent to the present discussion.

The Natural and Orotund voices are manufactured in the same way, and differ only in their intensity and volume of sound. If a drum head be tapped by the finger a feeble report is heard; but if you beat the drum with great force a very much louder report follows each blow, and a consequent resonance is heard inside as the sound passes from one head of the drum to the other. So with these voices. In the case of the Natural voice the sound made in the glottis, as we talk, is not sufficiently loud to produce any resonance, except a slight one in the head; but when by the action of the abdominal muscles, the air in the lungs is thrown into the glottis with great force, a loud explosion of sound is heard, and a consequent resonance takes place in the cavities of the body, especially the chest; hence the term, chest tone.

The most direct answer that we can make to the inquiry, what is the Orotund voice and wherein does it differ from the Natural voice, is this. The Orotund voice is that full,

deep and resonant sound heard in all impassioned sublimity, oratory and fierce emotion, and it differs specifically from the Natural voice in that its depth, fullness and roundness arise chiefly from resonance in the cavities of the body.

The use of the Orotund voice in impassioned styles is so common a thing in ordinary life that the mention of a single example may serve to dissipate the absurd notion that elocutionary rules are arbitrary and conventional. For example, when the boy loses a finger he does not talk, he roars: he has so much feeling to get rid of that he cannot find vent in the Natural voice, and is forced by an irresistible impulse to use a larger voice in order that he may find relief. You can *read* an essay, but you must *speak* an oration. The emotion that fills the Orator's soul as he denounces an enemy, or excites his countrymen to heroic deeds, must find an outlet in the full strong and ample tones of the Orotund.

There are three kinds of Orotund voice, the Effusive, Expulsive and Explosive, each of which will receive a separate consideration.

EFFUSIVE OROTUND.

This kind of Orotund is used in the rendition of all *grand*, *sublime*, and *reverential* styles. It is the appropriate voice of prayer, of all the prayer services of the church, of nearly all hymns — since they are but prayers in verse — of the grand passages of the Prophets and Psalms, as well as the sublime utterances of the Revelation. It is also the appropriate voice for the expression of all emotions that are excited by the grandeur, vastness or splendor of natural objects. The prevailing pitch of voice is low, and in profound awe, despair and horror, we descend to the lowest pitch.

Care should be taken to avoid all harshness of tone, as impure qualities of voice are more readily detected in the full, long drawn notes of the Effusive Orotund than in any

other style of reading or speaking. A deep, full, sonorous quality of voice, free from all false intonations, sudden transitions, or conversational inflections, should be cultivated for the proper expression of this style of selections.

GRAND, SUBLIME AND REVERENTIAL SELECTIONS.

HYMN TO MONT BLANC.

HAST thou a charm to stay the morning-star
In his steep course? so long he seems to pause
On thy bald, awful head, O sovereign Blanc!
The Arvé and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful Form!
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
How silently! Around thee and above
Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black—
An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it,
As with a wedge! But when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity!
O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon thee,
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Did'st vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer,
I worshiped the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,
So sweet we know not we are listening to it,
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thought—
Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy:
Till the dilating Soul, enrapt, transfused,
Into the mighty vision passing, there,
As in her natural form, swelled vast to Heaven!

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks, and secret ecstasy! Awake,
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart, awake!
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my Hymn.

Thou first and chief, sole Sovereign of the Vale!
O, struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky or when they sink:
Companion of the morning-star at dawn,
Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald: wake, O wake, and utter praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad!
Who called you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
For ever shattered and the same for ever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?
And who commanded (and the silence came),
Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest?

Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?—
God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!
God! sing, ye meadow-streams, with gladsome voice!
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain-storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the elements!
Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise!

Thou too, hoar Mount! with thy sky-pointing peaks,
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene,
Into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast—
Thou too again, stupendous Mountain! thou
That as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
In adoration, upward from thy base
Slow traveling with dim eyes suffused with tears,
Solemnly seemest, like a vapory cloud,
To rise before me—Rise, O ever rise!
Rise like a cloud of incense, from the earth!
Thou kingly Spirit throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven,
Great Hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

"And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor; but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day." Deut. xxxiv. 6.

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave;
But no man dug that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er,
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the tramping,
Or saw the train go forth;
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes when the night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun,—

Noiselessly as the spring-time
Her crown of verdure weaves,

And all the trees on all the hills
  Open their thousand leaves,—
So, without sound of music,
  Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain crown
  The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle,
  On gray Beth-peor's height,
Out of his rocky eyrie,
  Looked on the wondrous sight.
Perchance the lion, stalking,
  Still shuns the hallowed spot;
For beast and bird have seen and heard
  That which man knoweth not.

Lo! when the warrior dieth,
  His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed, and muffled drum,
  Follow the funeral car.
They show the banners taken,
  They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
  While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
  Men lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honored place
  With costly marble dressed.
In the great minster transept,
  Where lights like glories fall,
And the sweet choir sings, and the organ rings,
  Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the bravest warrior
  That ever buckled sword;
This the most gifted poet
  That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
  Traced, with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, truths half so sage,
  As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor,
The hill-side for his pall;
To lie in state while angels wait
With stars for tapers tall;
And the dark rock pines, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave;
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave?—

In that deep grave, without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again—most wondrous thought!—
Before the judgment day,
And stand with glory wrapped around
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life
With the Incarnate Son of God

O, lonely tomb in Moab's land,
O, dark Beth-peor's hill,
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.
God hath his mysteries of Grace—
Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep, like the secret sleep
Of him he loved so well.

MRS. CECIL FRANCIS ALEXANDER.

APOSTROPHE TO THE OCEAN.

THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar.
I love not man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain,

Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals;
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war,—
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage,—what are they?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts:—not so thou,
Unchangeable, save to thy wild waves' play—
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze or gale or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark heaving;—boundless, endless, and sublime—
The image of Eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee: thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
I wantoned with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea

Made them a terror,—'t was a pleasing fear;
For I was, as it were, a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

LORD BYRON.

THE LOST CHORD.

SEATED one day at the organ,
I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the noisy keys.

I do not know what I was playing,
Or what I was dreaming then;
But I struck one chord of music,
Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight,
Like the close of an Angel's Psalm,
And it lay on my fevered spirit
With a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow,
Like love overcoming strife;
It seemed the harmonious echo
From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexed meanings
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away into silence
As if it were loth to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
That one lost chord divine,
That came from the soul of the Organ,
And entered into mine.

It may be that Death's bright angel
Will speak in that chord again;
It may be that only in Heaven
I shall hear that grand Amen.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

HYMN TO THE NIGHT.

I HEARD the trailing garments of the Night
Sweep through her marble halls!
I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light
From the celestial walls!

I felt her presence, by its spell of might,
Stoop o'er me from above;
The calm, majestic presence of the Night,
As of the one I love.

I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,
The manifold, soft chimes,
That fill the haunted chambers of the Night,
Like some old poet's rhymes.

From the cool cisterns of the midnight air
My spirit drank repose;
The fountain of perpetual peace flows there,—
From those deep cisterns flows.

O holy Night! from thee I learn to bear
What man has borne before!
Thou layest thy finger on the lips of Care,
And they complain no more.

Peace! Peace! Orestes-like I breathe this prayer!
Descend with broad-winged flight,
The welcome, the thrice-prayed for, the most fair,
The best-beloved Night!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

VIII. ORATORICAL STYLES.

EXPULSIVE OROTUND.

THIS is the form of the Orotund used in the expression of all oratorical styles. The air, instead of flowing from the mouth in a continuous stream as in the Effusive Orotund, is here gathered up in a tense, compact volume and thrown into the glottis, whence it issues in the form of a short shout.

The key to the effective and easy expression of all oratorical styles requires a separate impulsion of air for each tone or word that is uttered. The tones of the orator thus formed resemble the firm resonant strokes of a bell, or the compact and solid blows of a hammer on an anvil. Flabbiness of tone, which destroys all vigor of expression, and imperfect vocalization, producing huskiness, would be speedily overcome if the tones were made firm by energetic expulsion of the air in the pronunciation of each word. Daily practice on the vowels and numerals, securing a sturdy and resonant tone in the enunciation of each, would be the most direct and simple way to acquire this form of expression.

Two essential points of advantage are gained by the adoption of these suggestions: 1st, economy of breath. 2nd, distinctness of utterance. The tones being made in such a firm and compact manner, it is apparent that the liability of air escaping unvocalized is diminished, and what is used is put in such form as to secure the greatest amount of sound with the least possible expenditure of breath. In short, the speaker is working at his best with the least possible outlay of physical exertion.

Indistinctness arises chiefly, as we have before stated, from precipitating one word on the top of another. Here it is impossible, as each word is made by a separate impulsion of breath, and hence the speaker must be distinct in his utterance, if he pronounces individual words distinctly.

ORATORICAL SELECTIONS.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

If there be one State in the Union, Mr. President,—and I say it not in a boastful spirit,—that may challenge comparison with any other, for a uniform, zealous, ardent, uncalculating devotion to the Union, that State is South Carolina.

Sir, from the very commencement of the Revolution, up to this hour, there is no sacrifice, however great, she has not cheerfully made; no service she has hesitated to perform. She has adhered to you, in your prosperity; but, in your adversity, she has clung to you, with more than filial affection.

No matter what was the condition of her domestic affairs; though deprived of her resources, divided by parties, or surrounded with difficulties, the call of the country has been to her as the voice of God. Domestic discord ceased at the sound;—every man became at once reconciled to his brethren; and the sons of Carolina were all seen crowding together to the temple, bringing their gift to the altar of their common country.

What, sir, was the conduct of the South, during the Revolution? Sir, I honor New England for her conduct in that glorious struggle. But great as is the praise which belongs to her, I think, at least, equal honor is due to the South. They espoused the quarrel of their brethren, with a generous zeal, which did not suffer them to stop to calculate their interests in the dispute.

Favorites of the mother country, possessed of neither ships nor seamen, to create a commercial relationship, they might have found in their situation, a guarantee that their trade

would be forever fostered and protected by Great Britain. But, trampling on all consideration, either of interest or of safety, they rushed into the conflict; and fighting for principle, periled all in the sacred cause of freedom.

Never were there exhibited in the history of the world, higher examples of noble daring, dreadful suffering, and heroic endurance than by the Whigs of Carolina during the Revolution. The whole State, from the mountains to the sea, was overrun by an overwhelming force of the enemy. The fruits of industry perished on the spot where they were produced, or were consumed by the foe. The 'plains of Carolina' drank up the most precious blood of her citizens. Black and smoking ruins marked the places which had been the habitations of her children!

Driven from their homes into the gloomy and almost impenetrable swamps,—even there the spirit of liberty survived; and South Carolina, sustained by the example of her Sumpters and her Marions, proved by her conduct that though her soil might be overrun, the spirit of her people was invincible!

ROBERT YOUNG HAYNE.

NEW ENGLAND.

THE gentleman from South Carolina taunts us with counting the costs of that war in which the liberties and honor of the country, and the interests of the North, as he asserts, were forced to go elsewhere for their defense. Will he sit down with me and count the cost now? Will he reckon up how much of treasure the State of South Carolina expended in that war, and how much the State of Massachusetts?—how much of the blood of either State was poured out on sea or land? I challenge the gentleman to the test of patriotism, which the army roll, the navy lists, and the treasury books, afford.

Sir, they who revile us for our opposition to the last war, have looked only to the surface of things. They little know the extremities of suffering which the people of Massachusetts bore at that period, out of attachment to the Union,—their families beggared, their fathers and sons bleeding in camps, or pining in foreign prisons. They forget that not a field was marshaled on this side of the mountains, in

which the men of Massachusetts did not play their part, as became their sires, and their 'blood fetched from mettle of war proof.' They battled and bled, wherever battle was fought or blood drawn.

Nor only by land. I ask the gentleman, Who fought your naval battles in the last war? Who led you on to victory after victory, on the ocean and the lakes? Whose was the triumphant prowess before which the Red Cross of England paled with unwonted shames? Were they not men of New England? Were these not foremost in those maritime encounters which humbled the pride and power of Great Britain?

I appeal to my colleague before me from our common county of brave old Essex,—I appeal to my respected colleagues from the shores of the Old Colony. Was there a village or a hamlet on Massachusetts Bay, which did not gather its hardy seamen to man the gun-decks of your ships of war? Did they not rally to the battle, as men flock to a feast?

In conclusion, I beseech the House to pardon me, if I may have kindled, on this subject, into something of unseemly ardor. I cannot sit tamely by, in humble, acquiescent silence, when reflections, which I know to be unjust, are cast on the faith and honor of Massachusetts.

Had I suffered them to pass without admonition, I should have deemed that the disembodied spirits of her departed children, from their ashes mingled with the dust of every stricken field of the Revolution,—from their bones mouldering to the consecrated earth of Bunker's Hill, of Saratoga, of Monmouth, would start up in visible shape, before me, to cry shame on me, their recreant countryman.

Sir, I have roamed through the world, to find hearts nowhere warmer than hers; soldiers nowhere braver; patriots nowhere purer; wives and mothers nowhere truer; maidens nowhere lovelier; green valleys and bright rivers nowhere greener or brighter; and I will not be silent, when I hear her patriotism or her truth questioned with so much as a whisper of detraction. Living, I will defend her; dying, I would pause in my last expiring breath, to utter a prayer of fond remembrance for my native New England.

CALEB CUSHING.

SOUTH CAROLINA AND MASSACHUSETTS.

[From a speech in defense of the Union and the Constitution, delivered in the Senate of the United States, January 26, 1830.]

THE eulogium pronounced by the honorable gentlemen on the character of the State of South Carolina, for her Revolutionary and other merits, meets my hearty concurrence. I shall not acknowledge that the honorable member goes before me in regard for whatever of distinguished talent or distinguished character South Carolina has produced. I claim part of the honor; I partake in the pride, of her great names. I claim them for countrymen, one and all,—the Laurenses, the Rutledges, the Pinckneys, the Sumters, the Marions,—Americans all, whose fame is no more to be hemmed in by State lines, than their talents and patriotism were capable of being circumscribed within the same narrow limits.

In their day and generation, they served and honored the country, and the whole country; and their renown is of the treasures of the whole country. Him whose honored name the gentleman himself bears,—does he esteem me less capable of gratitude for his patriotism, or sympathy for his sufferings, than if his eyes had first opened upon the light of Massachusetts, instead of South Carolina? Sir, does he suppose it in his power to exhibit a Carolina name so bright as to produce envy in my bosom? No, sir; increased gratification and delight, rather. I thank God, that, if I am gifted with little of the spirit which is able to raise mortals to the skies, I have yet none, as I trust, of that other spirit, which would drag angels down.

When I shall be found, sir, in my place here in the Senate, or elsewhere, to sneer at public merit because it happens to spring up beyond the limits of my own State or neighborhood; when I refuse, for any such cause, or for any cause, the homage due to American talent, to elevated patriotism, to sincere devotion to liberty and the country; or if I see an uncommon endowment of heaven,—if I see extraordinary capacity and virtue in any son of the South, and if, moved by local prejudice or gangrened by State jealousy, I get up here to abate the tithe of a hair from his just character and just fame,—may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth!

Sir, let me recur to pleasing recollections; let me indulge

in refreshing remembrances of the past; let me remind you that, in early times, no States cherished greater harmony, both of principle and feeling, than Massachusetts and South Carolina. Would to God that harmony might again return! Shoulder to shoulder they went through the Revolution; hand in hand they stood round the administration of Washington, and felt his own great arm lean on them for support. Unkind feeling, if it exist, alienation and distrust, are the growth, unnatural to such soils, of false principles since sown. They are weeds, the seeds of which that same great arm never scattered.

Mr. President, I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts; she needs none. There she is. Behold her, and judge for yourselves. There is her history; the world knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill; and there they will remain forever. The bones of her sons, fallen in the great struggle for Independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every State, from New England to Georgia; and there they will lie forever.

And, sir, where American Liberty raised its first voice, and where its youth was nurtured and sustained, there it still lives, in the strength of its manhood, and full of its original spirit. If discord and disunion shall wound it; if party strife and blind ambition shall hawk at and tear it; if folly and madness, if uneasiness under salutary and necessary restraint, shall succeed in separating it from that Union by which alone its existence is made sure,—it will stand, in the end, by the side of that cradle in which its infancy was rocked; it will stretch forth its arm, with whatever of vigor it may still retain, over the friends who gather round it; and it will fall at last, if fall it must, amid the proudest monuments of its own glory, and on the very spot of its origin.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

CRIME ITS OWN DETECTER.

AGAINST the prisoner at the bar, as an individual, I cannot have the slightest prejudice; I would not do him the smallest injury or injustice. But I do not affect to be indifferent to the discovery and the punishment of this deep guilt. I cheerfully share in the opprobrium, how much soever it may

be, which is cast on those who feel and manifest an anxious concern that all who had a part in planning, or a hand in executing, this deed of midnight assassination, may be brought to answer for their enormous crime at the bar of public justice.

Gentlemen, this is a most extraordinary case. In some respects it has hardly a precedent anywhere—certainly none in our New England history. This bloody drama exhibited no suddenly excited, ungovernable rage. The actors in it were not surprised by any lion-like temptation springing upon their virtue, and overcoming it, before resistance could begin. Nor did they do the deed to glut savage vengeance, or satiate long-settled and deadly hate. It was a cool, calculating, money-making murder. It was all "hire and salary, not revenge." It was the weighing of money against life; the counting out of so many pieces of silver against so many ounces of blood.

An aged man, without an enemy in the world, in his own house, and in his own bed, is made the victim of a butcherly murder, for mere pay. Deep sleep had fallen on the destined victim, and on all beneath his roof. A healthful old man, to whom sleep was sweet—the first sound slumbers of the night held him in their soft but strong embrace.

The assassin enters through the window, already prepared, into an unoccupied apartment; with noiseless foot he paces the lonely hall, half lighted by the moon; he winds up the ascent of the stairs, and reaches the door of the chamber. Of this he moves the lock, by soft and continued pressure, till it turns on its hinges; and he enters and beholds his victim before him. The room was uncommonly light. The face of the innocent sleeper was turned from the murderer; and the beams of the moon, resting on the gray locks of his aged temple, showed him where to strike. The fatal blow is given, and the victim passes, without a struggle or a motion, from the repose of sleep to the repose of death! It is the assassin's purpose to make sure work; and he yet plies the dagger, though it was obvious that life had been destroyed by the blow of the bludgeon. He even raises the aged arm, that he may not fail in his aim at the heart, and replaces it again over the wounds of the poignard! To finish the picture, he explores the wrist for the pulse! he feels it, and ascertains that it beats no longer! It is accomplished! the deed is done! He retreats — retraces his steps to the win-

dow, passes through as he came in, and escapes. He has done the murder; no eye has seen him, no ear has heard him; the secret is his own, and he is safe!

Ah! gentlemen, that was a dreadful mistake. Such a secret can be safe nowhere. The whole creation of God has neither nook nor corner, where the guilty can bestow it and say it is safe. A thousand eyes turn at once to explore every man, every thing, every circumstance, connected with the time and place; a thousand ears catch every whisper; a thousand excited minds intently dwell on the scene; shedding all their light, and ready to kindle the slightest circumstance into a blaze of discovery. Meantime the guilty soul cannot keep its own secret. It is false to itself — or rather it feels an irresistible impulse of conscience to be true to itself — it labors under its guilty possession, and knows not what to do with it. He feels it beating at his heart, rising to his throat, and demanding disclosure. He thinks the whole world sees it in his face, reads it in his eyes, and almost hears its workings in the very silence of his thoughts. It has become his master; — it betrays his discretion; it breaks down his courage; it conquers his prudence. It must be confessed; it will be confessed; there is no refuge from confession but in suicide, and suicide is confession.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

ORATION ON THE CENTENNIAL OF THE BIRTH OF O'CONNELL.

I DO not think I exaggerate when I say that never since God made Demosthenes has He made a man better fitted for a great work than He did O'Connell.

You may say that I am partial to my hero: but John Randolph of Roanoke, who hated an Irishman almost as much as he did a Yankee, when he got to London and heard O'Connell, the old slaveholder threw up his hands and exclaimed, "This is the man, those are the lips, the most eloquent that speak English in my day," and I think he was right.

Webster could address a bench of judges; Everett could charm a college; Choate could delude a jury; Clay could magnetize a senate, and Tom Corwin could hold the mob in his right hand, but no one of these men could do more than

this one thing. The wonder about O'Connell was that he could out-talk Corwin, he could charm a college better than Everett, and leave Henry Clay himself far behind in magnetizing a senate.

It has been my privilege to have heard all the great orators of America who have become singularly famed about the world's circumference. I know what was the majesty of Webster; I know what it was to melt under the magnetism of Henry Clay; I have seen eloquence in the iron logic of Calhoun, but all three of these men never surpassed and no one of them ever equaled the great Irishman. I have hitherto been speaking of his ability and success, I will now consider his character.

To show you that he never took a leaf from our American gospel of compromise, that he never filed his tongue to silence on one truth fancying so to help another, let me compare him to Kossuth, whose only merits were his eloquence and his patriotism. When Kossuth was in Faneuil Hall, he exclaimed, "Here is a flag without a stain, a nation without a crime." We Abolitionists appealed to him, "O eloquent son of the Magyar, come to break chains, have you no word, no pulse-beat for four millions of negroes bending under a yoke ten times heavier than that of Hungary?" He exclaimed, "I would forget anybody, I would praise anything, to help Hungary." O'Connell never said anything like that.

When I was in Naples I asked Sir Thomas Foxwell Buxton, "Is Daniel O'Connell an honest man?" "As honest a man as ever breathed," said he, and then he told me the following story: "When, in 1830, O'Connell first entered Parliament, the anti-slavery cause was so weak that it had only Lushington and myself to speak for it, and we agreed that when he spoke I should cheer him up, and when I spoke he should cheer me, and these were the only cheers we ever got. O'Connell came with one Irish member to support him. A large party of members (I think Buxton said twenty-seven) whom we called the West India interest, the Bristol party, the slave party, went to him saying, 'O'Connell, at last you are in the House with one helper—if you will never go down to Freemason's Hall with Buxton and Brougham, here are twenty-seven votes for you on every Irish question. If you work with those Abolitionists, count us always against you.'"

It was a terrible temptation. How many a so-called statesman would have yielded! O'Connell said, "Gentlemen, God knows I speak for the saddest people the sun sees; but may my right hand forget its cunning and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if to help Ireland—even Ireland—I forget the negro one single hour."

"From that day" said Buxton, "Lushington and I never went into the lobby that O'Connell did not follow us."

And then besides his irreproachable character, he had what is half the power of a popular orator, he had a majestic presence. In youth he had the brow of a Jupiter or Jove, and the stature of Apollo. A little O'Connell would have been no O'Connell at all. Sydney Smith says of Lord John Russell's five feet, when he went down to Yorkshire after the Reform Bill had passed, the stalwart hunters of Yorkshire exclaimed, "What, that little shrimp, *he* carry the Reform Bill!" "No, no," said Smith, "He *was* a large man, but the labors of the bill shrunk him." You remember the story that Russell Lowell tells of Webster when we in Massachusetts were about to break up the Whig party. Webster came home to Faneuil Hall to protest, and four thousand Whigs came out to meet him. He lifted up his majestic presence before that sea of human faces, his brow charged with thunder and said, "Gentlemen I am a Whig; a Massachusetts Whig; a Revolutionary Whig; a Constitutional Whig; a Faneuil Hall Whig; and if you break up the Whig party where am *I* to go?" And, says Lowell, "we all held our breath, thinking where he *could* go." "But," says Lowell, "if he had been five feet three, we should have said, confound you, who do you suppose cares where you go?" Well, O'Connell had all that, and then he had what Webster never had, and what Clay had, the magnetism and grace that melts a million souls into his.

When I saw him he was sixty-five, lithe as a boy. His every attitude was beauty, his every gesture grace. Why, Macready or Booth never equaled him.

It would have been a pleasure even to look at him if he had not spoken at all, and all you thought of was a greyhound. And then he had, what so few American speakers have, a voice that sounded the gamut. I heard him once in Exeter Hall say, "Americans, I send my voice careering like the thunder storm across the Atlantic, to tell South Carolina that God's thunderbolts are hot, and to remind the negro

that the dawn of his redemption is drawing near," and I seemed to hear his voice reverberating and re-echoing back to London from the Rocky Mountains.

And then, with the slightest possible flavor of an Irish brogue, he would tell a story that would make all Exeter Hall laugh, and the next moment there were tears in his voice, like an old song, and five thousand men would be in tears. And all the while no effort—he seemed only breathing.

"As effortless as woodland nooks
Send violets up and paint them blue."

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

DESCRIPTION OF WEBSTER'S SPEECH IN REPLY TO HAYNE.

It was Tuesday, January the 26th 1830,—a day to be hereafter forever memorable in Senatorial annals,—that the Senate resumed the consideration of Foote's resolution.

There never was before, in the city, an occasion of so much excitement. Multitudes of strangers had for two or three days previous been rushing into the city, and the hotels overflowed. As early as nine o'clock of this morning, crowds poured into the Capitol in hot haste; at twelve o'clock, the hour of meeting, the Senate chamber—its galleries, floor, and even lobbies—was filled to its utmost capacity. The very stairways were dark with men, who clung to one another like bees in a swarm. The House of Representatives was early deserted, an adjournment could hardly have made it emptier.

Seldom, if ever, has speaker in this or any other country had more powerful incentives to exertion. A subject, the determination of which involved the most important interests; even the duration of the Republic. Competitors unequaled in reputation, ability or position; a name to make still more glorious or lose forever; and an audience comprising not only persons of this country, most eminent in intellectual greatness, but representatives of other nations where the art of eloquence had flourished for ages. *All* the soldier seeks in opportunity was here.

Mr. Webster perceived and felt equal to the destinies of the moment. The very greatness of the hazard exhilerated him. His spirits rose with the occasion. He awaited the

time of onset with a stern impatient joy. A confidence in his own resources springing from no vain estimate of his power, but the legitimate offspring of previous severe mental discipline, sustained and excited him. He had gauged his opponent, his subject and himself. He never rose on an ordinary occasion to address an ordinary audience more self-possessed. There was no tremulousness in his voice nor manner; nothing hurrried, nothing simulated. The calmness of superior strength was visible everywhere; in countenance, voice and bearing.

Mr. Webster rose and addressed the Senate. His exordium is known by heart everywhere: "Mr. President, when the mariner has been tossed, for many days in thick weather, and on an unknown sea, he naturally avails himself of the first pause in the storm, the earliest glance of the sun, to take his latitude and ascertain how far the elements have driven him from his true course. Let us imitate this prudence, and, before we float farther on the waves of this debate, refer to the point from which we departed, that we may at least be able to conjecture where we now *are*. I ask for the reading of the resolution before the Senate."

There wanted no more to enchain the attention. There was a spontaneous, though silent, expression of eager approbation, as the orator concluded these opening remarks, and while the clerk read the resolution many attempted the impossibility of getting nearer the speaker. Every head was inclined toward him, every ear turned in the direction of his voice, and that deep, sudden, mysterious silence followed, which always attends fullness of emotion. From the sea of upturned faces before him, the orator beheld his thoughts reflected as from a mirror. The varying countenance, the suffused eye, the earnest smile, the ever attentive look, assured him of his audience's entire sympathy. If among his hearers there were those who affected at first an indifference to his glowing thoughts and fervent words, the difficult mask was soon laid aside, and profound, undisguised, devoted attention followed. Those who had doubted Mr. Webster's ability to cope with and overcome his opponents were fully satisfied of their error before he had proceeded far in his speech. Their fears soon took another direction. When they heard his sentences of powerful thought, towering in accumulative grandeur, one above the other, as if the orator strove, Titan-like, to reach the very Heavens themselves;

they were giddy with an apprehension that he would break down in his flight; they dared not believe that genius, learning, and intellectual endowment however uncommon that was simply mortal, could sustain itself long in a career seemingly so perilous; they feared an Icarian fall. What New England heart was there but throbbed with vehement, tumultuous, irrepressible emotions as he dwelt upon New England struggles and New England triumphs during the war of the Revolution?

There was scarcely a dry eye in the Senate; all hearts were overcome; grave judges and men grown old in dignified life turned aside their heads to conceal the evidences of their emotion. In one corner of the gallery was clustered a group of Massachusetts men; they had hung from the first moment upon the words of the speaker, with feelings variously but always warmly excited, deepening in intensity as he proceeded. At first, while the orator was going through his exordium, they held their breath and hid their faces, mindful of the savage attack upon him and New England, and the fearful odds against him, her champion:—as he went deeper into his speech they felt easier, when he turned Hayne's flank on Banquo's ghost they breathed freer and deeper. But now as he alluded to Massachusetts their feelings were strained to their highest tension, and when the orator, concluding this encomium of the land of his birth, turned unintentionally or otherwise, his burning eye full upon them, they shed tears like girls. The exulting rush of feeling with which he went through the peroration threw a glow over his countenance, like inspiration—eye, brow, each feature, every line of his face seemed touched as with a celestial fire. The swell and roll of his voice struck upon the ears of the spell-bound audience, in deep and melodious cadence, as waves upon the shore of the far-sounding sea. The Miltonic grandeur of his words was the fit expression of his thought and raised his hearers up to his theme. His voice, exerted to its utmost power, penetrated every recess and corner of the Senate—penetrated even the ante-rooms and stair-ways, as he pronounced in the deepest tones of pathos these words of solemn significance:

"When my eyes turn to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may they not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil

feuds; or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood. Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced; its arms and trophies streaming in all their original luster; not a stripe erased or polluted; not a single star obscured; bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as "What is all this worth?" nor those other words of delusion and folly, of Liberty first, and Union afterwards, but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, and blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment dear to every American heart,—"Liberty AND Union,—now and forever,—one and inseparable."

The speech was over, but the tones of the orator still lingered upon the ear, and the audience, unconscious of the close, remained in their positions. The agitated countenance, the heaving breast, the suffused eye, attested the continued influence of the spell upon them. Hands that in the excitement of the moment had sought each other still remained closed in an unconscious grasp. Eye still turned to eye, to receive and repay mutual sympathy, and everywhere around seemed forgetfulness of all but the orator's presence and words.

CHARLES W. MARCH.

EULOGY ON CHARLES SUMNER.

AT the opening of the session in the Fall of 1872, Mr. Sumner introduced two measures which, as he thought, should complete the record of his political life. One was his Civil Rights Bill, and the other, a resolution providing that the names of the battles won over fellow-citizens in the war of the Rebellion, should be removed from the regimental colors of the army, and from the army register. This resolution called forth a new storm against him. It was denounced as an insult to the heroic soldiers of the Union, and a degradation of their victories and well-earned laurels. It was condemned as an unpatriotic act.

Charles Sumner insult the soldiers who had spilled their blood in a war for human rights! Charles Sumner degrade victories and depreciate laurels won for the cause of universal freedom! How strange an imputation!

Let the dead man have a hearing. This was his thought: No civilized nation, from the republics of antiquity down to our days, ever thought it wise or patriotic to preserve in conspicuous and durable form the mementoes of victories won over fellow-citizens in civil war. Why not?

Because every citizen should feel himself with all others as the child of a common country, and not as a defeated foe. All civilized governments of our days have instinctively followed the same dictate of wisdom and patriotism. The Irishman, when fighting for old England at Waterloo, was not to behold on the red cross floating above him the name of the Boyne. The Scotch Highlander, when standing in the trenches of Sebastopol, was not by the colors of his regiment to be reminded of Culloden. No French soldier at Austerlitz or Solferino had to read upon the tri-color any reminiscence of the Vendée. No Hungarian at Sadowa was taunted by any Austrian banner with the surrender of Villagos. No German regiment, from Saxony or Hanover, charging under the iron hail of Gravelotte, was made to remember by words written on a Prussian standard that the black eagle had conquered them at Koniggratz and Langensalza. Should the son of South Carolina, when at some future day defending the Republic against some foreign foe, be reminded by an inscription on the colors floating over him, that under this flag the gun was fired that killed his father at Gettysburg? Should this great and enlightened Republic, proud of standing in the front of human progress, be less wise, less large-hearted, than the ancients were two thousand years ago, and the kingly governments of Europe are to-day? Let the battle-flags of the brave volunteers, which they brought home from the war with the glorious record of their victories, be preserved intact as a proud ornament of our State-houses and armories. But let the colors of the army, under which the sons of all the States are to meet and mingle in common patriotism, speak of nothing but union, — not a union of conquerors and conquered, but a union which is the mother of all, equally tender to all, knowing of nothing but equality, peace and love among her children.

Such were the sentiments which inspired that resolution. Such were the sentiments which called forth a storm of obloquy. Such were the sentiments for which the Legislature of Massachusetts passed a solemn resolution of censure up-

on Charles Sumner, — Massachusetts, his own Massachusetts, whom he loved so ardently with a filial love, — of whom he was so proud, who had honored him so much in days gone by, and whom he had so long and so faithfully labored to serve and to honor!

How thankful I am, how thankful every human soul in Massachusetts, how thankful every American must be, that he did not die then! How thankful that he was spared to see the day when the heart of Massachusetts came back to him full of the old love and confidence, assuring him that he would again be her chosen son for her representative seat in the House of States;—when the lawgivers of the old commonwealth, obeying an irresistible impulse of justice, wiped away from the records of the Legislature, and from the fair name of the State, that resolution of censure which had stung him so deeply.

Now we have laid him into his grave, in the motherly soil of Massachusetts, which was so dear to him. He is at rest now, the stalwart, brave old champion, whose face and bearing were so austere, and whose heart was so full of tenderness; who began his career with a pathetic plea for universal peace and charity, and whose whole life was an arduous, incessant, never-resting struggle, which left him all covered with scars. And we can do nothing for him but commemorate his lofty ideals of liberty and equality, and justice, and reconciliation, and purity, and the earnestness and courage and touching fidelity with which he fought for them; so genuine in his sincerity, so single-minded in his zeal, so heroic in his devotion.

CARL SCHURZ.

IDOLS.

It is a grave thing when a State puts a man among her jewels, the glitter of whose fame makes doubtful acts look heroic. The honors we grant mark how high we stand, and they educate the future. The men we honor and the maxims we lay down in measuring our favorites, show the level and morals of the time. A name has been in every one's mouth of late, and men have exhausted language in trying to express their admiration and their respect. The courts have covered the grave of Mr. Choate with eulogy. Let us see what is their idea of a great lawyer. We are told that

"he worked hard," "he never neglected his client," "he flung over the discussions of the forum the grace of a rare scholarship," "No pressure or emergency ever stirred him to an unkind word." A ripe scholar, a profound lawyer, a faithful servant of his client, a gentleman. This is a good record surely. May he sleep in peace. What he earned, God grant he may have. But the bar that seeks to claim for such a one a place among great jurists must itself be weak indeed. Not one high moral trait specified; not one patriotic act mentioned; not one patriotic service even claimed. Look at Mr. Webster's idea of what a lawyer should be in order to be called great, in the sketch he drew of Jeremiah Mason, and notice what stress he lays upon the religious and moral elevation, and the glorious and high purposes which crown his life. Nothing of this now; nothing but incessant eulogy. But not a word of one effort to lift the yoke of cruel or unequal legislation from the neck of its victim; not one attempt to make the code of his country wiser, purer, better; not one effort to bless his times or breathe a higher moral purpose into the community. Not one blow struck for right or for liberty, while the battle of the giants was going on about him; not one patriotic act to stir the hearts of his idolaters; not one public act of any kind whatever about whose merit friend or foe could even quarrel, unless when he scouted our great charter as a glittering generality, or jeered at the philanthropy which tried to practice the sermon on the mount.

When Cordus, the Roman senator, whom Tiberius murdered, was addressing his fellows he began: "Fathers, they accuse me of illegal words; plain proof that there are no illegal deeds with which to charge me." So with those eulogies. Words, nothing but words; plain proof that there were no deeds to praise. Yet this is the model which Massachusetts offers to the Pantheon of the great jurists of the world!

Suppose we stood in that lofty temple of jurisprudence,— on either side of us the statues of the great lawyers of every age and clime,— and let us see what part New England — Puritan, educated, free New England — would bear in the pageant.

Rome points to a colossal figure and says, "That is Papinian, who, when the Emperor Caracella murdered his own brother, and ordered the lawyer to defend the deed, went cheerfully to death, rather than sully his lips with the atro-

cious plea; and that is Ulpian, who, aiding his prince to put the army below the law, was massacred at the foot of a weak but virtuous throne."

And France stretches forth her grateful hands, crying "That is D'Aguesseau, worthy, when he went to face an enraged King, of the farewell his wife addressed him: 'Go, forget that you have a wife and children to ruin, and remember only that you have France to save.'"

England says, "That is Coke, who flung the laurels of eighty years in the face of the first Stuart, in defense of the people. This is Selden on every book of whose library you saw written the motto of which he lived worthy, 'Before everything Liberty!' That is Mansfield, silver-tongued, who proclaimed, 'Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs receive our air, that moment they are free.'

"This is Romily, who spent life trying to make law synonymous with justice, and succeeded in making life and property safer in every city of the empire. And that is Erskine, whose eloquence, spite of Lord Eldon and George the Third made it safe to speak and to print."

Then New England shouts, "This is Choate, who made it safe to murder, and of whose health thieves asked before they began to steal!"

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

SOME doubt the courage of the negro. Go to Hayti, and stand on those fifty thousand graves of the best soldiers France ever had, and ask them what they think of the negro's sword. And if that does not satisfy you, go to France, to the splendid mausoleum of the Counts of Rochambeau, and to the eight thousand graves of Frenchmen who skulked home under the English flag, and ask them. And if that does not satisfy you, come home, and if it had been October, 1859, you might have come by way of quaking Virginia, and asked her what she thought of negro courage.

You may also remember this,—that we Saxons were slaves about four hundred years, sold with the land, and our fathers never raised a finger to end that slavery. They waited till Christianity and civilization, till commerce and the discov-

ery of America, melted away their chains. Every race has been, some time or other, in chains. But there never was a race that, weakened and degraded by such chattel slavery, unaided, tore off its own fetters, forged them into swords, and won its liberty on the battle-field, but one, and that was the black race of St. Domingo.

So much for the courage of the negro. Now look at his endurance. In 1805 he said to the white men, "This island is ours; not a white foot shall touch it." Side by side with him stood the South American republics, planted by the best blood of the countrymen of Lope de Vega and Cervantes. They topple over so often that you could no more daguerreotype their crumbling fragments than you could the waves of the ocean. And yet, at their side, the negro has kept his island sacredly to himself. Burn over New York to-night, fill up her canals, sink every ship, destroy her railroads, blot out every remnant of education from her sons; let her be ignorant and penniless, with nothing but her hands to begin the world again,—how much could she do in sixty years? And Europe, too, would lend you money, but she will not lend Hayti a dollar. Hayti, from the ruins of her colonial dependence, is become a civilized state, the seventh nation in the catalogue of commerce with this country, inferior in morals and education to none of the West Indian isles. Toussaint L'Ouverture made her what she is. Toussaint was indisputably their chief. Courage, purpose, endurance,—these are the tests. He did plant a state so deep that all the world has not been able to root it up.

Now, blue-eyed Saxon, proud of your race, go back with me to the commencement of the century, and select what statesman you please. Let him be either American or European; let him have a brain the result of six generations of culture; let him have the ripest training of university routine; let him add to it the better education of practical life; crown his temples with the silver of seventy years; and show me the man of Saxon lineage for whom his most sanguine admirer will wreathe a laural rich as embittered foes have placed on the brow of this negro.

I would call him Napoleon, but Napoleon made his way to empire over broken oaths and through a sea of blood. This man never broke his word. I would call him Cromwell, but Cromwell was only a soldier, and the state he founded

went down with him into his grave. I would call him Washington, but the great Virginian held slaves. This man risked his empire rather than permit the slave-trade in the humblest village of his dominions.

You think me a fanatic to-night, for you read history not with your eyes, but with your prejudices. But fifty years hence, when Truth gets a hearing, the Muse of History will put Phocion for the Greek, and Brutus for the Roman, Hampden for England, Fayette for France, choose Washington as the bright, consummate flower of our earlier civilization, and John Brown the ripe fruit of our noon-day; then, dipping her pen in the sunlight, will write in the clear, blue, above them all, the name of the soldier, the statesman, the martyr, TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

IMPEACHMENT OF WARREN HASTINGS.

MY LORDS, you have now heard the principles on which Mr. Hastings governs the part of Asia subjected to the British empire. Here he has declared his opinion, that he is a despotic prince; that he is to use arbitrary power; and, of course, all his acts are covered with that shield. "I know," says he, "the Constitution of Asia only from its practice." Will your Lordships submit to hear the corrupt practices of mankind made the principles of Government?

He have arbitrary power! My Lords, the East India Company have not arbitrary power to give him; the King has no arbitrary power to give him; your Lordships have not; nor the Commons; nor the whole Legislature. We have no arbitrary power to give, because arbitrary power is a thing which neither any man can hold nor any man can give. No man can lawfully govern himself according to his own will, much less can one person be governed by the will of another. We are all born in subjection, all born equally, high and low, governors and governed, in subjection to one great, immutable, pre-existent law, prior to all our devices, and prior to all our contrivances, paramount to all our ideas, and all our sensations, antecedent to our very existence, by which we are knit and connected in the eternal frame of the universe, out of which we cannot stir.

This great law does not arise from our conventions or com-

pacts; on the contrary, it gives to our conventions and compacts all the force and sancion they can have; — it does not arise from our vain institutions. Every good gift is of God; all power is of God; — and He, who has given the power, and from whom alone it originates, will never suffer the exercise of it to be practiced upon any less solid foundation than the power itself. If then all dominion of man over man is the effect of the divine disposition, it is bound by the eternal laws of Him that gave it, with which no human authority can dispense; neither he that exercises it, nor even those who are subject to it: and if they were mad enough to make an express compact that should release their magistrate from his duty, and should declare their lives, liberties, and properties dependent upon, not rules and laws, but his mere capricious will, that covenant would be void.

This arbitrary power is not to be had by conquest. Nor can any sovereign have it by succession; for no man can succeed to fraud, rapine, and violence. Those who give and those who receive arbitrary power are alike criminal; and there is no man but is bound to resist it to the best of his power, wherever it shall show its face to the world.

Law and arbitrary power are in eternal enmity. Name me a magistrate, and I will name property; name me power, and I will name protection. It is a contradiction in terms; it is blasphemy in religion, it is wickedness in politics, to say that any man can have arbitrary power. In every patent of office the duty is included. For what else does a magistrate exist? To suppose for power, is an absurdity in idea. Judges are guided and governed by the eternal laws of justice, to which we are all subject. We may bite our chains, if we will; but we shall be made to know ourselves, and be taught that man is born to be governed by *law;* and he that will substitute *will* in the place of it, is an enemy to God.

My Lords, I do not mean to go further than just to remind your Lordships of this,—that Mr. Hastings' government was one whole system of oppression, of robbery of individuals, of spoliation of the public, and of supersession of the whole system of the English Government, in order to vest in the worst of the natives all the power that could possibly exist in any Government; in order to defeat the ends which all Governments ought, in common, to have in view. In the

name of the Commons of England, I charge all this villainy upon Warren Hastings, in this last moment of my application to you.

Therefore, it is with confidence that, ordered by the Commons of Great Britain, I impeach Warren Hastings of high crimes and misdemeanors.

I impeach him in the name of the Commons of Great Britain in Parliament assembled, whose parliamentary trust he has abused.

I impeach him in the name of the Commons of Great Britain, whose national character he has dishonored.

I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose laws, rights, and liberties he has subverted.

I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose property he has destroyed, whose country he has laid waste and desolate.

I impeach him in the name of human nature itself, which he has cruelly outraged, injured and oppressed, in both sexes. And I impeach him in the name and by the virtue of those eternal laws of justice, which ought equally to pervade every age, condition, rank, and situation, in the world.

EDMUND BURKE.

CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

THERE are but three individuals upon whom mankind, with some approach to general consent, have bestowed the epithet of "the Great." Shall we compare our Washington for a moment with each of them? Shall we compare him with Peter the Great of Russia, who flourished in the beginning of the century, and hewed that political colossus of the North into form and symmetry? A sovereign of vast, though often most ill-directed energy; a fearless, and, on some occasions, a beneficent reformer; a consummate organizer, who with a kind of rough tact, truly felt the pulses of national life in the Titanic frame which he called into being; pursuing a few grand ideas, though often by eccentric methods bordering on madness, but with a resolution which no labors could weary and no dangers appall, and forcing them with an iron will upon an unsympathizing and apathetic people. These are his titles to the epithet of "Great"; but with them all he was an unmitigated tyrant,—the murderer, per-

haps the torturer, of his own son; a man who united the wisdom of a philosopher and the policy of a great prince with the tastes of a satyr, the manners of a barbarian, and the passions of a fiend; guilty of crimes so hideous and revolting, that if I attempted to describe them, I should drive you shrieking from this hall. You surely would not permit me to place the name of Washington in comparison with his.

Or shall we compare him with Frederick the Second of Prussia, to whom complacent public opinion has also accorded the epithet of "Great." He was no doubt a military and a civil genius of the first order; by the energy of his character he built up a kingdom scarcely known by that title when he came to the throne, into a first-rate power; the fearless soldier, the profound strategist, the heroic chief; nor less a master of political combination, a zealous promoter of the material prosperity of his subjects, who doubled the population of his little kingdom, and increased all the resources in more than the same proportion, notwithstanding the wars in which he was continually involved; but at the same time a pedant, ostentatious, of superficial literary attainments, a wretched poetaster, a dupe of the insipid adulation of godless foreign wits, who flattered him to his face and ridiculed him behind his back; a German sovereign who yet preferred to write and speak poor broken French, in which Voltaire said there was not a sentence which you would not know to be the language of a foreigner; a prince raised by Providence in the bitter school of adversity to an absolute throne, entertaining the most exalted ideas of the Kingly prerogative, drawing everything, even the administration of justice, into an arbitrary centraliz .tion, who had yet trained his undevout heart to believe that blind chance or blind destiny occupies the throne of the universe; that the heavens and the earth could do without a God, though the paltry electorate of Brandenburgh could not do without a king; and that while it was impossible for him to hold the scattered provinces of his little realm together without a daily outgoing of civil, military, and judicial power, moved by one intellect and one will, could yet believe that the systems and systems which compose the universe, beyond the power of human speech to enumerate, or human thought to conceive, are thrown out into one vast anarchy, wheeling and hurtling through the regions of space without a lawgiver and a head: who, so thinking and so believing while he lived, when he came to die, in

order to mark more emphatically his contempt for the species to which he belonged, instead of allowing his "poor old carcass," as he himself called it, to be laid by the side of his kindred, ordered that it should be buried with his favorite dogs at Potsdam!

Or shall we compare Washington with the third greatness of his age, the illustrious captain of the last generation in France; that portentous blazing star which began to flame in the eastern sky as our benignant luminary was sinking in the west, amidst the golden clouds of a nation's blessings? I have no wish to trample on the memory of Napoleon the First, whom I regard by no means as the most ambitious of conquerors, the most arbitrary of despots, or the worst of men. The virtues and the feelings, like the talents, the opportunities, and the fortunes of this extraordinary man, are on too colossal a scale to be measured by ordinary standards of morality. The prevalent opinions in this country of his character and career have come to us through a British medium, discolored by a national prejudice and the deadly struggle of a generation; or by natural reaction have been founded on the panegyrics of grateful adherents and admiring subjects, who deem every Frenchman a partner in the glory of their chief. Posterity and impartial history will subdue the lights and relieve the shadows of the picture. They will accord to him a high, perhaps the highest, rank among the great masters of war, placing his name upon an equality with the three great captains of antiquity, if not above them; will point to his code as a noble monument of legislative wisdom; will dwell upon the creative vigor with which he brought order out of the chaos of the Revolution, retrieving the dilapidated finances and restoring the prostrate industry of France; will enumerate the harbors, the canals, the bridges, the public buildings, the Alpine roads, the libraries, the museums, and all the thousand works of industrious peace and productive art; will not withhold their admiration for the giant grasp of his genius and the imperial grandeur of his fortunes, nor deny a tribute of human sympathy to his calamitous decline and fall;—but the same impartial history will record more than one ineffaceable stain upon his character, and never, to the end of time, never on the page of historian, poet or philosopher; never till a taste for true moral greatness is eaten out of the hearts of men by a mean admiration of success and power;

never in the exhortations of the prudent magistrate counseling his fellow-citizens for their good; never in the dark ages of national fortune, when anxious patriots explore the annals of the past for examples of public virtue; never in the admonition of the parent forming the minds of his children by lessons of fireside wisdom; never, O never, will the name of Napoleon, nor of any of the other of the famous conquerors of ancient and modern days, be placed upon a level with Washington's.

And while we on the 22d of February celebrate with solemn and joyous rites the great anniversary of our Washington, our fellow citizens on the Hudson, on the Potomac, from the Southern plains to the Western lakes, are engaged in the same offices of gratitude and love. Nor we, nor they alone,—beyond the Ohio, beyond the Mississippi, along the stupendous trail of immigration from East to West, which, bursting into States as it moves westward, is already threading the Western prairies, swarming through the portals of the Rocky Mountains and winding down their slopes, the name and the memory of Washington on that gracious night will travel with the silver queen of heaven through sixty degrees of longitude, nor part company with her till she walks in her brightness through the golden gate of California, and passes serenely on to hold midnight court with her Australian stars. There and there only, in barbarous archipelagos, as yet untrodden by civilized man, the name of Washington is unknown; and there, too, when they swarm with enlightened millions, new honors shall be paid with ours to his memory.

EDWARD EVERETT.

EULOGY ON LAFAYETTE.

THERE have been those who have denied to Lafayette, the name of a great man. What is greatness? Does goodness belong to greatness, and make an essential part of it? If it does, who, I would ask, of all the prominent names in history, has run through such a career with so little reproach, justly or unjustly bestowed? Are military courage and conduct the measure of greatness? Lafayette was intrusted by Washington with all kinds of service, — the laborious and complicated, which required skill and patience; the perilous-

that demanded nerve; and we see him performing all with entire success and brilliant reputation. Is the readiness to meet vast responsibilities a proof of greatness? The memoirs of Mr. Jefferson show us that there was a moment, in 1789, when Lafayette took upon himself, as the head of the military force, the entire responsibility of laying down the basis of the Revolution. Is the cool and brave administration of gigantic power a mark of greatness? In all the whirlwind of the Revolution, and when, as commander-in-chief of the National Guard, an organized force of three millions of men, who, for any popular purpose, needed but a word, a look, to put them in motion, we behold him ever calm, collected, disinterested; as free from affectation as selfishness, clothed not less with humility than with power. Is the voluntary return, in advancing years, to the direction of affairs, at a moment like that, when, in 1815, the ponderous machinery of the French Empire was flying asunder,—stunning, rending, crushing thousands on every side,—a mark of greatness? Lastly, is it any proof of greatness, to be able, at the age of seventy-three, to take the lead in a successful and bloodless revolution; to change the dynasty; to organize, exercise, and abdicate a military command of three and a half millions of men; to take up, to perform, and lay down the most momentous, delicate, and perilous duties, without passion, without hurry, without selfishness? Is it great to disregard the bribes of title, office, money; to live, to labor, and suffer for great public ends alone; to adhere to principle under all circumstances; to stand before Europe and America conspicuous, for sixty years, in the most responsible stations, the acknowledged admiration of all good men?

But it is more than time, fellow-citizens, that I commit the memory of this great and good man to your unprompted contemplation. On his arrival among you, ten years ago, when your civil fathers, your military, your children, your whole population, poured itself out, in one throng, to salute him; when your cannons proclaimed his advent with joyous salvos, and your acclamations were answered, from steeple to steeple, by festal bells,—with what delight did you not listen to his cordial and affectionate words—"I beg of you all, beloved citizens of Boston, to accept the respectful and warm thanks of a heart which has for nearly half a century been devoted to your illustrious city!"

That noble heart,—to which, if any object on earth was dear, that object was the country of his early choice, of his adoption, and his more than regal triumph,—that noble heart will beat no more for your welfare. Cold and still, it is already mingling with the dust. While he lived, you thronged with delight to his presence; you gazed with admiration on his placid features and venerable form, not wholly unshaken by the rude storms of his career; and now that he has departed, you have assembled in this cradle of the liberties for which, with your fathers, he risked his life, to pay the last honors to his memory. You have thrown open these consecrated portals to admit the lengthened train, which has come to discharge the last public offices of respect to his name. You have hung these venerable arches, for the second time since their erection, with the sable badges of sorrow. You have thus associated the memory of Lafayette in those distinguished honors, which but a few years since you paid to your Adams and Jefferson.

There is not, throughout the world, a friend of liberty who has not dropped his head when he has heard that Lafayette is no more. Poland, Italy, Greece, Spain, Ireland, the South American republics—every country where man is struggling to recover his birthright,—have lost a benefactor, a patron in Lafayette. And what was it, fellow-citizens, which gave to our Lafayette his spotless fame? The love of liberty. What has consecrated his memory in the hearts of good men? The love of liberty. What nerved his youthful arm with strength, and inspired him, in the morning of his days, with sagacity and counsel? The living love of liberty. To what did he sacrifice power, and rank, and country, and freedom itself? To the horror of licentiousness,—to the sanctity of plighted faith,—to the love of liberty protected by law. Thus the great principle of your Revolutionary fathers, and of your Pilgrim sires, was the rule of his life—*the love of liberty protected by law.*

You have now assembled within these celebrated walls, to perform the last duties of respect and love, on the birthday of your benefactor. The spirit of the departed is in high communion with the spirit of the place—the temple worthy of the new name which we now behold inscribed on its walls. Listen, Americans, to the lesson which seems borne to us on the very air we breathe, while we perform these dutiful rites! Ye winds, that wafted the Pilgrims to

the land of promise, fan, in their children's hearts, the love of freedom! Blood, which our fathers shed, cry from the ground! Echoing arches of this renowned hall, whisper back the voices of other days! Glorious Washington, break the long silence of that votive canvas! Speak, speak, marble lips; teach us THE LOVE OF LIBERTY PROTECTED BY LAW.

EDWARD EVERETT.

GRATTAN'S REPLY TO MR. CORRY.

HAS the gentleman *done?* Has he *completely* done? He was unparliamentary from the beginning to the end of his speech. There was scarce a word he uttered that was not a violation of the privileges of the House. But I did not call him to order,—why? because the limited talents of *some* men render it impossible for them to be severe *without* being unparliamentary. But before I sit down, I shall show him how to be severe and parliamentary at the same time.

On any other occasion I should think myself justifiable in treating with silent contempt anything which might fall from that honorable member; but there are times when the insignificance of the *accuser* is lost in the magnitude of the *accusation*. I know the difficulty the honorable gentleman labored under when he attacked me, conscious that, on a comparative view of our characters, public and private, there is nothing he could say which would injure me. The public would not believe the charge. I despise the falsehood. If such a charge were made by an honest man, I would answer it in the manner I shall do before I sit down. But I shall first reply to it when *not* made by an honest man.

The right honorable gentleman has called me "an unimpeached traitor." I ask why not "traitor," unqualified by any epithet? I will tell him: it was because he durst not. It was the act of a coward, who raises his arm to strike, but has not courage to give the blow. I will not call him villain, because it would be unparliamentary, and he is a privy counselor. I will not call him fool, because he happens to be chancellor of the exchequer. But I say, he is one who has abused the privilege of Parliament and the freedom of debate, by uttering language which, if spoken out of the House, I should answer only with a *blow*. I care not how high his situation, how low his character, how contemptible

his speech; whether a privy counselor or a parasite, my answer would be a blow.

He has charged me with being connected with the rebels. The charge is utterly, totally, and meanly false. Does the honorable gentleman rely on the report of the House of Lords for the foundation of his assertion? If he does, I can prove to the committee there was a physical impossibility of that report being true. But I scorn to answer any man for my conduct, whether he be a political coxcomb, or whether he brought himself into power by a false glare of courage or not.

I have returned,—not as the right honorable member has said, to raise another storm,—I have returned to discharge an honorable debt of gratitude to my country, that conferred a great reward for past services, which, I am proud to say, was not greater than my desert. I have returned to protect that Constitution of which I was the parent and founder, from the assassination of such men as the right honorable gentleman and his unworthy associates. They are corrupt, they are seditious, and they, at this very moment, are in a conspiracy against their country. I have returned to refute a libel, as false as it is malicious, given to the public under the appellation of a report of the committee of the Lords. Here I stand, ready for impeachment or trial. I dare accusation. I defy the honorable gentleman; I defy the government; I defy their whole phalanx; let them come forth. I tell the ministers, I will neither give quarter nor take it. I am here to lay the shattered remains of my constitution on the floor of this House, in defense of the liberties of my country.

HENRY GRATTAN.

SPARTACUS TO THE GLADIATORS.

It had been a day of triumph in Capua. Lentulus, returning with victorious eagles, had amused the populace with the sports of the amphitheatre, to an extent hitherto unknown even in that luxurious city. The shouts of revelry had died away; the roar of the lion had ceased; the last loiterer had retired from the banquet, and the lights in the palace of the victor were extinguished. The moon, piercing the tissue of fleecy clouds, silvered the dew-drop on the

corselet of the Roman sentinel, and tipped the dark waters of Volturnus with wavy, tremulous light. It was a night of holy calm, when the zephyr sways the young spring leaves, and whispers among the hollow reeds its dreamy music. No sound was heard but the last sob of some weary wave, telling its story to the smooth pebbles of the beach, and then all was still as the breast when the spirit has departed.

In the deep recesses of the amphitheatre, a band of gladiators were crowded together,—their muscles still knotted with the agony of conflict, the foam upon their lips, and the scowl of battle yet lingering upon their brows,—when Spartacus, rising in the midst of that grim assemblage, thus addressed them:

Ye call me chief; and ye do well to call him chief who for twelve long years has met upon the arena every shape of man or beast the broad Empire of Rome could furnish, and who never yet lowered his arm. If there be one among you who can say that ever, in public fight or private brawl, my actions did belie my tongue, let him stand forth and say it. If there be three in all your company dare face me on the bloody sands, let them come on. And yet I was not always thus,—a hired butcher, a savage chief of still more savage men. My ancestors came from old Sparta, and settled among the vine-clad rocks and citron groves of Syrasella. My early life ran quiet as the brooks by which I sported; and when, at noon, I gathered the sheep beneath the shade, and played upon the shepherd's flute, there was a friend, the son of a neighbor, to join me in the pastime. We led our flocks to the same pasture, and partook together our rustic meal. One evening, after the sheep were folded, and we were all seated beneath the myrtle which shaded our cottage, my grandsire, an old man, was telling of Marathon and Leuctra; and how, in ancient times, a little band of Spartans, in a defile of the mountains, had withstood a whole army. I did not then know what war was; but my cheek burned, I know not why, and I clasped the knees of that venerable man, until my mother, parting the hair from off my forehead, kissed my throbbing temples, and bade me go to rest, and think no more of those old tales and savage wars. That very night the Romans landed on our coast. I saw the breast that had nourished me trampled by the hoof of the war horse,—the bleeding body of my father flung amidst the blazing rafters of our dwelling! To-day I killed

a man in the arena; and, when I broke his helmet clasps, behold! he was my friend. He knew me, smiled faintly, gasped, and died; the same sweet smile upon his lips that I had marked, when, in adventurous boyhood, we scaled the lofty cliff to pluck the first ripe grapes, and bear them home in childish triumph! I told the prætor that the dead man had been my friend, generous and brave; and I begged that I might bear away the body, to burn it on a funeral pile, and mourn over its ashes. Ay! upon my knees, amid the dust and blood of the arena, I begged that poor boon, while all the assembled maids and matrons, and the holy virgins they call Vestals, and the rabble, shouted in derision, deeming it rare sport, forsooth, to see Rome's fiercest gladiator turn pale and tremble at sight of that piece of bleeding clay! And the prætor drew back as I were pollution, and sternly said, "Let the carrion rot; there are no noble men but Romans." And so, fellow-gladiators, must you, and so must I, die like dogs. O Rome! Rome! thou hast been a tender nurse to me. Ay! thou hast given to that poor, gentle, timid shepherd lad, who never knew a harsher tone than a flute-note, muscles of iron and a heart of flint; taught him to drive the sword through plaited mail and links of rugged brass, and warm it in the marrow of his foe;—to gaze into the glaring eyeballs of the fierce Numidian lion, even as a boy upon a laughing girl! And he shall pay thee back, until the yellow Tiber is as red as frothing wine, and in its deepest ooze thy life-blood lies curdled.

Ye stand here now like giants, as ye are! The strength of brass is in your toughened sinews, but to-morrow some Roman Adonis, breathing sweet perfume from his curly locks, shall, with his lily fingers, pat your red brawn, and bet his sesterces upon your blood. Hark! hear ye yon lion roaring in his den? 'Tis three days since he has tasted flesh; but to-morrow he shall break his fast upon yours, — and a dainty meal for him ye will be! If ye are beasts, then stand here like fat oxen, waiting far the butcher's knife! If ye are men, follow me! Strike down yon guard, gain the mountain passes, and then do bloody work, as did your sires at old Thermopylæ! Is Sparta dead? Is the old Grecian spirit frozen in your veins, that you do crouch and cower like a belabored hound beneath his master's lash? O comrades! warriors! Thracians! if we must fight, let us fight for ourselves! If we must slaughter, let us slaughter our oppres-

sors! If we must die, let it be under the clear sky, by the bright waters, in noble, honorable battle!

ELIJAH KELLOGG.

ADDRESS AT THE DEDICATION OF GETTYSBURG CEMETERY.

FOURSCORE and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation, so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting-place of those who here gave their lives that that nation might live.

It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here.

It is for us, the living rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that the government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

IX. ABRUPT AND STARTLING STYLES.

EXPLOSIVE OROTUND.

UNDER this head come all *abrupt* and *startling emotions*, as fear, alarm, terror, hurry and commotion, anger, etc.

The chief peculiarity of this form of the Orotund is that the tones, as they issue from the glottis, resemble the successive reports of a pistol. In the case of the Expulsive Orotund the form of utterance was a short shout. Here it has no prolongation whatsoever, but is a sudden, instantaneous burst of voice. Without this sharp, clear and pistol-like utterance, all pieces of anger and fierce emotion, as well as the fury and intensity of battle scenes, would be lost, and the words charged with fire and passion would fall from the lips of the speaker lifeless and flat. On the other hand, if this explosive utterance were applied to Oratory, it would crush out all the dignity of persuasive eloquence and turn the prudent and manly utterance of the Orator into nothing but angry diatribes.

The only style of Oratory in which the voice assumes anything like an explosive form is that of fierce invective.

The prevailing pitch of the Explosive Orotund is *high*, and sometimes *very high*, and the movement of the voice quick or rapid.

SELECTIONS OF BOLD ADDRESS, ANGER, HURRY AND COMMOTION, ETC.

MARMION AND DOUGLAS.

THE train from out the castle drew,
But Marmion stopped to bid adieu:—
"Though something I might plain," he said,
"Of cold respect to stranger guest,
Sent hither by your king's behest,
While in Tantallon's towers I stayed,
Part we in friendship from your land,
And noble Earl, receive my hand."—

But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke:—
"My manors, halls, and bowers shall still
Be open, at my sovereign's will,
To each one whom he lists, howe'er
Unmeet to be the owner's peer.
My castles are my king's alone
From turret to foundation-stone,—
The hand of Douglas is his own;
And never shall in friendly grasp
The hand of such as Marmion clasp."—

Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
And shook his very frame for ire,
And—"This to me!" he said,—
"An 't were not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
To cleave the Douglas' head!
And, first, I tell thee, haughty Peer,
He who does England's message here,
Although the meanest in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate:
And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,
Even in thy pitch of pride,
Here in thy hold, thy vassals near,
(Nay, never look upon your lord,
And lay your hands upon your sword,)
I tell thee, thou'rt defied!

And if thou said'st I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or Highland, far or near,
  Lord Angus, thou hast lied! "—

On the Earl's cheek the flush of rage
O'ercame the ashen hue of age;
Fierce he broke forth,—" And dar'st thou then
To beard the lion in his den,
  The Douglas in his hall?
And hop'st thou hence unscathed to go?
No, by St. Bride of Bothwell, no!
Up drawbridge, grooms,—what, Warder, ho!
  Let the portcullis fall."—

Lord Marmion turned,—well was his need!—
And dashed the rowels in his steed,
Like arrow through the archway sprung;
The ponderous gate behind him rung:
To pass there was such scanty room,
The bars, descending, razed his plume.

The steed along the drawbridge flies,
Just as it trembled on the rise;
Not lighter does the swallow skim
Along the smooth lake's level brim;
And when Lord Marmion reached his band,
He halts, and turns with clenched hand,
And shout of loud defiance pours,
And shook his gauntlet at the towers.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

BATTLE OF BEAL' AN DUINE.

No cymbal clash'd, no clarion rang,
  Still were the pipe and drum:
Save heavy tread, and armor's clang,
  The sullen march was dumb.
There breathed no wind their crests to shake,
  Or wave their flags abroad;
Scarce the frail aspen seem'd to quake,
  That shadowed o'er their road.

Their vaward scouts no tidings bring,
Can rouse no lurking foe,
Nor spy a trace of living thing
Save when they stirr'd the roe;
The host moves, like a deep-sea-wave,
Where rise no rocks its pride to brave,
High-swelling, dark, and slow.
The lake is pass'd, and now they gain,
A narrow and a broken plain,
Before the Trosach's rugged jaws;
And here the horse and spearmen pause,
While to explore the dangerous glen,
Dive through the pass the archer-men.

At once there rose so wild a yell
Within that dark and narrow dell,
As all the fiends, from heaven that fell,
Had peal'd the banner-cry of hell!
Forth from the pass in tumult driven,
Like chaff before the wind of heaven,
The archery appear:
For life! for life! their flight they ply—
And shriek, and shout and battle-cry,
And plaids and bonnets waving high,
And broadswords flashing to the sky,
Are maddening in the rear.
Onward they drive in dreadful race,
Pursuers and pursued;
Before that tide of flight and chase,
How shall it keep its rooted place,
The spearmen's twilight-wood?

—"Down, down," cried Mar, "your lances down!
Bear back both friend and foe!"
Like reeds before the tempest's frown,
That serried grove of lances brown
At once lay level'd low;
And closely shouldering side to side,
The bristling ranks the onset bide,—
—"We'll quell the savage mountaineer,
As their Tinchel cows the game!
They come as fleet as forest-deer
We'll drive them back as tame."—

Bearing before them, in their course,
The relics of the archer-force,
Like wave with crest of sparkling foam,
Right onward did Clan-Alpine come.
Above the tide each broad-sword bright,
Was brandishing like beam of light
  Each targe was dark below;
And with the ocean's mighty swing,
When heaving to the tempest's wing,
  They hurl'd them on the foe.
I heard the lance's shivering crash,
As when the whirlwind rends the ash;
I heard the broad-swords' deadly clang,
As if an hundred anvils rang!
But Moray wheel'd his rear-ward rank
Of horsemen on Clan-Alpine's flank,
  —"My banner-man, advance!
I see," he cried, "their column shake,—
Now, gallants! for your ladies' sake,
  Upon them with the lance!"

The horsemen dash'd among the rout,
  As deer break through the broom;
Their steeds are stout, their swords are out,
  They soon make lightsome room.
Clan-Alpine's best are backward borne,—
  Where, where was Roderick then!
One blast upon his bugle-horn
  Were worth a thousand men.
And refluent through the pass of fear
  The battle's tide was pour'd;
Vanished the Saxon's struggling spear,
  Vanished the mountain-sword.
As Bracklinn's chasm, so black and steep,
  Receives her roaring linn,
As the dark caverns of the deep
  Suck the wild whirlpool in,
So did the deep and darksome pass
Devour the battle's mingled mass;
None linger now upon the plain,
Save those who ne'er shall fight again.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE BURIAL-MARCH OF DUNDEE.

On the heights of Killiecrankie
Yester-morn our army lay;
Slowly rose the mist in columns
From the river's broken way;
Hoarsely roared the swollen torrent,
And the Pass was wrapped in gloom,
When the clansmen rose together
From their lair amidst the broom.

Then we belted on our tartans,
And our bonnets down we drew,
And we felt our broadswords' edges,
And we proved them to be true;
And we prayed the prayer of soldiers,
And we cried the gathering-cry,
And we clasped the hands of kinsmen,
And we swore to do or die!
Then our leader rode before us
On his war-horse black as night,—
Well the Cameronian rebels
Know that charger in the fight!—
And a cry of exultation
From the bearded warriors rose;
For we loved the house of Claver'se,
And we thought of good Montrose.
But he raised his hand for silence—
"Soldiers! I have sworn a vow:
Ere the evening star shall glisten
On Schehallion's lofty brow,
Either we shall rest in triumph,
Or another of the Græmes
Shall have died in battle-harness
For his Country and King James!
Think upon the Royal Martyr,—
Think of what his race endure,—
Think of him whom butchers murdered
On the field of Magus Nuir:—
By his sacred blood I charge ye,
By the ruined hearth and shrine,—
By the blighted hopes of Scotland,
By your injuries and mine,—

Strike this day as if the anvil
Lay beneath your blows the while,
Be they covenanting traitors,
Or the brood of false Argyle!
Strike! and drive the trembling rebels
Backwards o'er the stormy Forth;
Let them tell their pale Convention
How they fared within the North.
Let them tell that Highland honor
Is not to be bought nor sold,
That we scorn their Prince's anger
As we loath his foreign gold.
Strike! and when the fight is over,
If ye look in vain for me,
Where the dead are lying thickest,
Search for him that was Dundee!"

Loudly then the hills re-echoed
With our answer to his call,
But a deeper echo sounded
In the bosoms of us all.
For the lands of wide Breadalbane,
Not a man who heard him speak
Would that day have left the battle.
Burning eye and flashing cheek
Told the clansmen's fierce emotion,
And they harder drew their breath.
For their souls were strong within them,
Stronger than the grasp of death.
Soon we heard a challenge-trumpet
Sounding in the Pass below,
And the distant tramp of horses,
And the voices of the foe;
Down we crouched amid the bracken,
Till the Lowland ranks drew near,
Panting like the hounds in summer,
When they scent the stately deer.
From the dark defile emerging,
Next we saw the squadrons come,
Leslie's foot and Leven's troopers
Marching to the tuck of drum;
Through the scattered wood of birches,
O'er the broken ground and heath,

Wound the long battalion slowly,
Till they gained the plain beneath;
Then we bounded from our covert,—
Judge how looked the Saxons then,
When they saw the rugged mountains
Start to life with armèd men!
Like a tempest down the ridges
Swept the hurricane of steel,
Rose the slogan of Macdonald,—
Flashed the broadsword of Lochiel!
Vainly sped the withering volley
'Mongst the foremost of our band,—
On we poured until we met them,
Foot to foot, and hand to hand.
Horse and man went down like drift-wood
When the floods are black at Yule,
And their carcasses are whirling
In the Garry's deepest pool.
Horse and man went down before us,—
Living foe there tarried none
On the field of Killiecrankie,
When that stubborn fight was done!

And the evening star was shining
On Schehallion's distant head,
When we wiped our bloody broadswords,
And returned to count the dead.
There we found him gashed and gory,
Stretched upon the cumbered plain,
As he told us where to seek him,
In the thickest of the slain.
And a smile was on his visage,
For within his dying ear
Pealed the joyful note of triumph,
And the clansmen's clamorous cheer:
So, amidst the battle's thunder,
Shot, and steel, and scorching flame,
In the glory of his manhood
Passed the spirit of the Græme!

Open wide the vaults of Atholl,
Where the bones of heroes rest,—
Open wide the hallowed portals
To receive another guest!

Last of Scots, and last of freemen,—
  Last of all that dauntless race,
Who would rather die unsullied
  Than outlive the land's disgrace!
O thou lion-hearted warrior!
  Reck not of the after-time;
Honor may be deemed dishonor,
  Loyalty be called a crime.
Sleep in peace with kindred ashes
  Of the noble and the true,
Hands that never failed their country,
  Hearts that never baseness knew.
Sleep! — and till the latest trumpet
  Wakes the dead from earth and sea,
Scotland shall not boast a braver
  Chieftain than our own Dundee!

W. EDMONDSTOUNE AYTOUN.

MILES STANDISH'S ENCOUNTER WITH THE INDIANS.

After a three days' march he came to an Indian encampment
Pitched on the edge of a meadow, between the sea and the forest;
Women at work by the tents, and the warriors, horrid with war-paint,
Seated about a fire, and smoking and talking together;
When, when they saw from afar the sudden approach of the white men,
Saw the flash of the sun on breastplate and sabre and musket,
Straightway leaped to their feet, and two, from among them advancing,
Came to parley with Standish, and offer him furs as a present;
Friendship was in their looks, but in their hearts there was hatred.
Braves of the tribe were these, and brothers gigantic in stature,
Huge as Goliath of Gath, or the terrible Og, king of Bashan;

One was Pecksuot named, and the other was called Wattawamat.
Round their necks were suspended their knives in scabbards of wampum,
Two-edged, trenchant knives, with points as sharp as a needle.
Other arms had they none, for they were cunning and crafty.
"Welcome, English!" they said, — these words they had learned from the traders
Touching at times on the coast, to barter and chaffer for peltries.
Then in their native tongue they began to parley with Standish,
Through his guide and interpreter, Hobomok, friend of the white man,
Begging for blankets and knives, but mostly for muskets and powder,
Kept by the white man, they said, concealed, with the plague, in his cellars,
Ready to be let loose, and destroy his brother the red man!
But when Standish refused, and said he would give them the Bible,
Suddenly changing their tone, they began to boast and to bluster.
Then Wattawamat advanced with a stride in front of the other,
And, with a lofty demeanor, thus vauntingly spake to the Captain:
"Now Wattawamat can see, by the fiery eyes of the captain,
Angry is he in his heart; but the heart of the brave Wattawamat
Is not afraid of the sight. He was not born of a woman,
But on a mountain, at night, from an oak-tree riven by lightning,
Forth he sprang at a bound with all his weapons about him
Shouting, 'Who is there here to fight with the brave Wattawamat?'"
Then he unsheathed his knife, and, whetting the blade on his left hand,
Held it aloft and displayed a woman's face on the handle,
Saying, with bitter expression and look of sinister meaning:

"I have another at home, with the face of a man on the handle;
By and by they shall marry; and there will be plenty of children!"

Then stood Pecksuot forth, self-vaunting, insulting Miles Standish:
While with his fingers he patted the knife that hung at his bosom,
Drawing it half from its sheath, and plunging it back, as he muttered,
"By and by it shall see; it shall eat; ah, ha! but shall speak not!
This is the mighty Captain the white men have sent to destroy us!
He is a little man; let him go and work with the women!"

Meanwhile Standish had noted the faces and figures of Indians
Peeping and creeping about from bush to tree in the forest,
Feigning to look for game, with arrows set on their bowstrings,
Drawing about him still closer and closer the net of their ambush.
But undaunted he stood, and dissembled and treated them smoothly;
So the old chronicles say, that were writ in the days of the fathers.
But when he heard their defiance, the boast, the taunt, and the insult,
All the hot blood of his race, of Sir Hugh and of Thurston de Standish,
Boiled and beat in his heart, and swelled in the veins of his temples.
Headlong he leaped on the boaster, and, snatching his knife from its scabbard,
Plunged it into his heart, and, reeling backward, the savage
Fell with his face to the sky, and a fiendlike fierceness upon it.
Straight there arose from the forest the awful sound of the war-whoop,
And like a flurry of snow on the whistling wind of December,

Swift and sudden and keen came a flight of feathery arrows.
Then came a cloud of smoke, and out of the cloud came the lightning,
Out of the lightning thunder; and death unseen ran before it.
Frightened the savages fled for shelter in swamp and in thicket,
Hotly pursued and beset; but their sachem, the brave Wattawamat,
Fled not; he was dead. Unswerving and swift had a bullet
Passed through his brain, aud he fell with both hands clutching the greensward,
Seeming in death to hold back from his foe the land of his fathers.
Thus the first battle was fought and won by the stalwart Miles Standish.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE BATTLE OF IVRY.

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are!
And glory to our Sovereign Liege, King Henry of Navarre!
Now let there be the merry sound of music and the dance,
Through thy corn-fields green, and sunny vales, O pleasant land of France!
And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters;
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,
For cold and stiff and still are they who wrought thy walls annoy.
Hurrah! hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of war.
Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry and King Henry of Navarre!

Oh, how our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of day,
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array;
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears!

There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land!
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand;
And as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled flood,
And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,
To fight for His own holy Name, and Henry of Navarre.

The King has come to marshal us, in all his armor drest,
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.
Right graciously, he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,
Down all our line, in deafening shout, "God save our lord, the King!"
"And if my standard-bearer fall, — as fall full well he may,
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray, —
Press where ye see my white plume shine, amid the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme, to-day, the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving! Hark to the mingled din
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin!
The fiery Duke is pricking fast across Saint André's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
Now, by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies now, — upon them with the lance!
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest,
And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours! Mayenne hath turned his rein,
D'Aumale hath cried for quarter — the Flemish Count is slain;
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;
The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven mail.
And then we thought on vengeance, and all along our van,
"Remember St. Bartholomew!" was passed from man to man;
But out spake gentle Henry then, "No Frenchman is my foe;
Down, down with every foreigner; but let your brethren go."
Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre!

Ho! maidens of Vienna! Ho! matrons of Lucerne!
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall return;
Ho! Phillip, send for charity thy Mexican pistoles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearmen's souls!
Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be bright!
Ho! burghers of St. Genevieve, keep watch and ward to-night!
For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised the slave,
And mocked the counsel of the wise and the valor of the brave.
Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glories are;
And glory to our sovereign lord, King Henry of Navarre!

LORD MACAULAY.

CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of death
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said.
Into the valley of death,
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldiers knew
Some one had blundered:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die:
Into the valley of death,
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them,
Volleyed and thundered:
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well:
Into the jaws of death,
Into the mouth of hell,
Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabers bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Sab'ring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered:
Plunged in the battery smoke,
Right through the line they broke:
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the saber-stroke,
Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back—but not,
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them,
Volleyed and thundered:

Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well,
Came through the jaws of death,
Back from the mouth of hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
Oh, the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!

ALFRED TENNYSON.

BATTLE OF FONTENOY.

May 11th, 1745.

THRICE, at the huts of Fontenoy, the English column failed,
And, twice, the lines of Saint Antoine, the Dutch in vain assailed;
For town and slope were filled with fort and flanking battery,
And well they swept the English ranks, and Dutch auxiliary.
As vainly, through De Barri's wood, the British soldiers burst,
The French artillery drove them back, diminished and dispersed.
The bloody Duke of Cumberland beheld with anxious eye,
And ordered up his last reserve, his latest chance to try.
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, how fast his generals ride!
And mustering come his chosen troops, like clouds at eventide.

Six thousand English veterans in stately column tread,—
Their cannon blaze in front and flank, Lord Hay is at their head;
Steady they step adown the slope — steady they climb the hill;
Steady they load — steady they fire, moving right onward still,

Betwixt the wood and Fontenoy, as through a furnace blast,
Through rampart, trench, and palisade, and bullets showering fast;
And on the open plain above they rose and kept their course,
With ready fire and grim resolve, that mocked at hostile force;
Past Fontenoy, past Fontenoy, while thinner grow their ranks,
They break, as broke the Zuyder Zee through Holland's ocean banks.

More idly than the summer flies, French tirailleurs rush round;
As stubble to the lava tide, French squadrons strew the ground;
Bombshell, and grape, and round-shot tore, still on they marched and fired —
Fast from each volley, grenadier and voltigeur retired.
"Push on my household cavalry;" King Louis madly cried;
To death they rush, but rude their shock — not unavenged they died.
On through the camp the column trod — King Louis turns his rein;
"Not yet, my liege," Saxe interposed, "the Irish troops remain;"
And Fontenoy, famed Fontenoy, had been a Waterloo,
Were not these exiles ready then, — fresh, vehement and true.

"Lord Clare," he says "you have your wish, there are your Saxon foes!"
The Marshal almost smiled to see, so furiously he goes!
How fierce the look these exiles wear, who 're wont to be so gay,
The treasured wrongs of fifty years are in their hearts today —
The treaty broken, ere the ink wherewith 't was writ could dry,
Their plundered homes, their ruined shrines, their women's parting cry,
Their priesthood hunted down like wolves, their country overthrown, —
Each looks, as if revenge for all were staked on him alone.

On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, nor ever yet elsewhere,
Rushed on to fight a nobler band than those proud exiles were.

O'Brien's voice is hoarse with joy, as, halting, he commands,
"Fix bay'nets — Charge!" Like mountain-storm, rush on these fiery bands.
Thin is the English column now, and faint their volleys grow,
Yet, must'ring all the strength they have, they make a gallant show.
They dress their ranks upon the hill to face that battle wind —
Their bayonets the breakers' foam; like rocks, the men behind!
One volley crashes from their line, when, through the surging smoke,
With empty guns clutched in their hands, the headlong Irish broke.
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, hark to that fierce huzza!
"Revenge! remember Limerick! dash down the Sassenagh!"

Like lions leaping at a fold, when mad with hunger's pang,
Right up against the English line the Irish exiles sprang:
Bright was their steel, 'tis bloody now, their guns are filled with gore;
Through shattered ranks, and severed files, and trampled flags they tore;
The English strove with desperate strength, paused, rallied, staggered, fled —
The green hill-side is matted close with dying and with dead;
Across the plain, and far away passed on that hideous wrack,
While cavalier and fantassin dash in upon their track.
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, like eagles in the sun,
With bloody plumes the Irish stand — the field is fought and won!

THOMAS DAVIS.

HERVÉ RIEL.

On the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two,
Did the English fight the French,—woe to France!

And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter through the blue,
Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks pursue,
Came crowding ship on ship to St. Malo on the Rance,
With the English fleet in view.

'T was the squadron that escaped, with the victor in full chase,
First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship, Damfreville;
Close on him fled, great and small,
Twenty-two good ships in all;
And they signaled to the place,
"Help the winners of a race!
Get us guidance, give us harbor, take us quick,—or, quicker still,
Here 's the English can and will!"

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and leaped on board.
"Why, what hope or chance have ships like these to pass?" laughed they;
"Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage scarred and scored,
Shall the Formidable here, with her twelve and eighty guns,
Think to make the river-mouth by the single narrow way,
Trust to enter where 't is ticklish for a craft of twenty tons,
And with flow at full beside?
Now 't is slackest ebb of tide.
Reach the mooring? Rather say,
While rock stands or water runs,
Not a ship will leave the bay!"

Then was called a council straight;
Brief and bitter the debate:
"Here's the English at our heels; would you have them take in tow
All that 's left us of the fleet, linked together stern and bow,
For a prize to Plymouth Sound?
Better run the ships aground!"
(Ended Damfreville his speech.)
"Not a minute more to wait!
Let the captains all and each
Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the beach!
France must undergo her fate."

"Give the word!" But no such word
Was ever spoke or heard;
For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid all these,—
A captain? A lieutenant? A mate,—first second, third?
No such man of mark, and meet
With his betters to compete!
But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tourville for the fleet,—
A poor coasting-pilot he, Hervé Riel the Croisickese.
And "What mockery or malice have we here?" cries Hervé Riel;
Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you cowards, fools, or rogues?
Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the soundings, tell
On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell
'Twixt the offing here and Greve, where the river disembogues?
Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the lying's for?
Morn and eve, night and day,
Have I piloted your bay,
Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.
Burn the fleet, and ruin France? That were worse than fifty Hogues!
Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe me, there's a way!
Only let me lead the line,
Have the biggest ship to steer,
Get this Formidable clear,
Make the others follow mine,
And I lead them most and least by a passage I know well,
Right to Solidor, past Greve,
And there lay them safe and sound;
And if one ship misbehave,—
Keel so much as grate the ground,—
Why, I've nothing but my life; here's my head!" cries Hervé Riel.

Not a minute more to wait.
"Steer us in, then, small and great!
Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!" cried its chief.
Captains, give the sailor place!
He is Admiral, in brief.

Still the north-wind, by God's grace.
See the noble fellow's face
As the big ship, with a bound,
Clears the entry like a hound,
Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the wide sea's profound!
See, safe through shoal and rock,
How they follow in a flock.
Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the ground.
Not a spar that comes to grief!
The peril, see, is past,
All are harbored to the last;
And just as Hervé Riel halloos "Anchor!"—sure as fate,
Up the English come, too late.

So the storm subsides to calm;
They see the green trees wave
On the heights o'erlooking Greve;
Hearts that bled are stanched with balm.
"Just our rapture to enhance,
Let the English rake the bay,
Gnash their teeth and glare askance
As they cannonade away!
'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the Rance!"
How hope succeeds despair on each captain's countenance!
Outburst all with one accord,
"This is Paradise for Hell!
Let France, let France's King
Thank the man that did the thing!"
What a shout, and all one word,
"Hervé Riel,"
As he stepped in front once more,
Not a symptom of surprise
In the frank blue Breton eyes,
Just the same man as before.

Then said Damfreville, "My friend,
I must speak out at the end,
Though I find the speaking hard:
Praise is deeper than the lips;
You have saved the king his ships,
You must name your own reward,
Faith, our sun was near eclipse!

Demand whate'er you will,
France remains your debtor still.
Ask to heart's content, and have! or my name's not Damfreville."

Then a beam of fun outbroke
On the bearded mouth that spoke,
As the honest heart laughed through
Those frank eyes of Breton blue;
"Since I needs must say my say,
Since on board the duty's done,
And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what is it but a run?—
Since 't is ask and have I may,—
Since the others go ashore,—
Come! A good whole holiday!
Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle Aurore!"
That he asked, and that he got,—nothing more.

Name and deed alike are lost;
Not a pillar nor a post
In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell;
Not a head in white and black
On a single fishing-smack.
In memory of the man but for whom had gone to wrack
All that France saved from the fight whence England bore the bell.
Go to Paris; rank on rank
Search the heroes flung pell-mell
On the Louvre, face and flank;
You shall look long enough ere you come to Hervé Riel.
So, for better or for worse,
Hervé Riel, accept my verse!
In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more
Save the squadron, honor France, love thy wife, the Belle Aurore!

ROBERT BROWNING.

WARREN'S ADDRESS.

STAND! the ground's your own, my braves!
Will ye give it up to slaves?
Will ye look for greener graves?
Hope ye mercy still?
What 's the mercy despots feel?
Hear it in that battle-peal!
Read it on yon bristling steel!
Ask it,—ye who will.

Fear ye foes who kill for hire?
Will ye to your *homes* retire?
Look behind you!—they 're afire!
And, before you, see
Who have done it! From the vale
On they come!—and will ye quail?
Leaden rain and iron hail
Let their welcome be!

In the God of battles trust!
Die we may,—and die we must:
But, O, where can dust to dust
Be consigned so well,
As where heaven its dew shall shed
On the martyred patriot's bed,
And the rocks shall raise their head,
Of his deeds to tell.

JOHN PIERPONT.

THE SEMINOLE'S REPLY.

BLAZE, with your serried columns!
I will not bend the knee!
The shackles ne'er again shall bind
The arm which now is free.
I've mailed it with the thunder,
When the tempest muttered low;
And where it falls, ye well may dread
The lightning of its blow!

I've scared ye in the city,
I've scalped ye on the plain;

Go, count your chosen, where they fell
  Beneath my leaden rain!
I scorn your proffered treaty!
  The pale-face I defy!
Revenge is stamped upon my spear,
  And blood my battle cry!

Some strike for hope of booty,
  Some to defend their all,—
I battle for the joy I have
  To see the white man fall:
I love, among the wounded,
  To hear his dying moan,
And catch, while chanting at his side,
  The music of his groan.

Ye've trailed me through the forest,
  Ye've tracked me o'er the stream;
And struggling through the everglade,
  Your bristling bayonets gleam;
But I stand as should the warrior,
  With his rifle and his spear;
The scalp of vengeance still is red,
  And warns ye—Come not here!

I loathe ye in my bosom,
  I scorn ye with mine eye,
And I'll taunt ye with my latest breath,
  And fight ye till I die!
I ne'er will ask ye quarter,
  And I ne'er will be your slave;
But I'll swim the sea of slaughter,
  Till I sink beneath its wave!

GEORGE W. PATTEN.

X. MISCELLANEOUS.

From the fact that the selections under this head are of varied emotion, and no satisfactory classification can be made unless each piece is analyzed, it has been thought best to rely upon the suggestions already given as the best means for their successful interpretation.

The student after careful study of the leading styles of composition which have been considered, will have acquired such familiarity with the written forms of impassioned literature that he will be prepared to analyze the spirit and temper of all selections involving a variety of mingled emotions.

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

KING ROBERT OF SICILY.

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Appareled in magnificent attire,
With retinue of many a knight and squire,
On St. John's eve, at vespers, proudly sat
And heard the priests chant the Magnificat.
And as he listened, o'er and o'er again
Repeated, like a burden or refrain,
He caught the words, "*Deposuit potentes*
De sede et exaltavit humiles";
And slowly lifting up his kingly head,
He to a learned clerk beside him said,

"What mean these words?" the clerk made answer meet,
"He has put down the mighty from their seat,
And has exalted them of low degree."
Thereat King Robert muttered scornfully,
"'T is well that such seditious words are sung
Only by priests and in the Latin tongue;
For unto priests and people be it known,
There is no power can push me from my throne!"
And leaning back, he yawned and fell asleep,
Lulled by the chant monotonous and deep.

When he awoke it was already night;
The church was empty, and there was no light,
Save where the lamps, that glimmered few and faint,
Lighted a little space before some saint.
He started from his seat and gazed around,
But saw no living thing and heard no sound.
He groped towards the door, but it was locked;
He cried aloud, and listened, and then knocked,
And uttered awful threatenings and complaints,
And imprecations upon men and saints,
The sounds re-echoed from the roof and walls
As if dead priests were laughing in their stalls.

At length the sexton, hearing from without
The tumult of the knocking and the shout,
And thinking thieves were in the house of prayer,
Came with his lantern, asking, "Who is there?"
Half choked with rage, King Robert fiercely said,
"Open: 't is I, the King! Art thou afraid?"
The frightened sexton, muttering, with a curse,
"This is some drunken vagabond, or worse!"
Turned the great key and flung the portal wide;
A man rushed by him at a single stride,
Haggard, half naked, without hat or cloak,
Who neither turned, nor looked at him, nor spoke,
But leaped into the blackness of the night
And vanished like a spectre from his sight.

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Despoiled of his magnificent attire,
Bareheaded, breathless, and besprent with mire,

With sense of wrong and outrage desperate,
Strode on and thundered at the palace gate:
Rushed through the court-yard, thrusting in his rage
To right and left each seneschal and page,
And hurried up the broad and sounding stair,
His white face ghastly in the torches' glare.
From hall to hall he passed with breathless speed:
Voices and cries he heard, but did not heed,
Until at last he reached the banquet room,
Blazing with light and breathing with perfume.

There on the dais sat another king,
Wearing his robes, his crown, his signet-ring,
King Robert's self in feature, form and height,
But all transfigured with angelic light!
It was an Angel; and his presence there
With a divine effulgence filled the air,
An exaltation, piercing the disguise,
Though none the hidden Angel recognize.

A moment speechless, motionless, amazed,
The throneless monarch on the Angel gazed,
Who met his look of anger and surprise
With the divine compassion of his eyes;
Then said, "Who art thou? and why com'st thou here?"
To which King Robert answered with a sneer,
"I am the King, and come to claim my own
From an imposter, who usurps my throne!"
And suddenly, at these audacious words,
Up sprang the angry guests, and drew their swords!
The Angel answered with unruffled brow,
"Nay, not the King, but the King's Jester, thou
Henceforth shalt wear the bells and scalloped cape,
And for thy counselor shalt lead an ape;
Thou shalt obey my servants when they call,
And wait upon my henchmen in the hall!"

Deaf to King Robert's threats and cries and prayers,
They thrust him from the hall and down the stairs;
A group of tittering pages ran before,
And as they opened wide the folding-door,
His heart failed, for he heard, with strange alarms,
The boisterous laughter of the men-at-arms,

And all the vaulted chamber roar and ring
With the mock plaudits of "Long live the King!"
Next morning, waking with the day's first beam,
He said within himself, "It was a dream!"
But the straw rustled as he turned his head,
There were the cap and bells beside his bed,
Around him rose the bare, discolored walls,
Close by, the steeds were champing in their stalls,
And in the corner, a revolting shape,
Shivering and chattering sat the wretched ape.
It was no dream; the world he loved so much
Had turned to dust and ashes at his touch!

Days came and went; and now returned again
To Sicily the old Saturnian reign;
Under the Angel's governance benign
The happy island danced with corn and wine,
And deep within the mountain's burning breast
Enceladus, the giant, was at rest.

Meanwhile King Robert yielded to his fate,
Sullen and silent and disconsolate,
Dressed in the motley garb that Jesters wear,
With look bewildered and a vacant stare,
Close shaven above the ears, as monks are shorn,
By courtiers mocked, by pages laughed to scorn,
His only friend the ape, his only food
What others left,—he still was unsubdued.
And when the Angel met him on his way,
And half in earnest, half in jest, would say,
Sternly, though tenderly, that he might feel
The velvet scabbard held a sword of steel,
"Art thou the King?" the passion of his woe
Burst from him in resistless overflow,
And, lifting high his forehead he would fling
The haughty answer back, "I am, I am the king!"

Almost three years were ended; when there came
Ambassadors of great repute and name
From Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Unto King Robert, saying that Pope Urbane
By letter summoned them forthwith to come
On Holy Thursday to his city of Rome.

The Angel with great joy received his guests,
And gave them presents of embroidered vests,
And velvet mantels with rich ermine lined,
And rings and jewels of the rarest kind.
Then he departed with them o'er the sea
Into the lovely land of Italy,
Whose loveliness was more resplendent made
By the mere passing of that cavalcade,
With plumes, and cloaks, and housings, and the stir
Of jeweled bridle and of golden spur.

And lo! among the menials, in mock state,
Upon a piebald steed, with shambling gait,
His cloak of fox-tails flapping in the wind,
The solemn ape demurely perched behind,
King Robert rode, making huge merriment
In all the country towns through which they went.

The Pope received them with great pomp and blare
Of bannered trumpets, on Saint Peter's square,
Giving his benediction and embrace,
Fervent, and full of apostolic grace.
While with congratulations and with prayers
He entertained the Angel unawares,

Robert, the Jester, bursting through the crowd,
Into their presence rushed, and cried aloud,
"I am the King! Look and behold in me
Robert, your brother, King of Sicily!
This man who wears my semblance to your eyes,
Is an impostor in a king's disguise.
Do you not know me? does no voice within
Answer my cry, and say we are akin?"
The Pope in silence, but with troubled mien,
Gazed at the Angel's countenance serene;
The Emperor, laughing said, "It is strange sport
To keep a madman for thy Fool at court!"
And the poor, baffled Jester in disgrace
Was hustled back among the populace.

In solemn state the Holy Week went by,
And Easter Sunday gleamed upon the sky;
The presence of the Angel, with its light,
Before the sun rose, made the city bright,

And with new fervor filled the hearts of men,
Who felt that Christ indeed had risen again.
Even the Jester on his bed of straw,
With haggard eyes the unwonted splendor saw,
He felt within a power unfelt before,
And, kneeling humbly on his chamber floor,
He heard the rushing garments of the Lord
Sweep through the silent air, ascending heavenward.

And now the visit ending, and once more
Valmond returning to the Danube's shore,
Homeward the Angel journeyed, and again
The land was made resplendent with his train
Flashing along the towns of Italy
Unto Salerno, and from thence by sea.
And when once more within Palermo's wall,
And seated on the throne in his great hall,
He heard the Angelus from convent towers,
As if a better world conversed with ours,
He beckoned to King Robert to draw nigher,
And with a gesture bade the rest retire;
And when they were alone, the Angel said,
"Art thou the King?" Then, bowing down his head,
King Robert crossed both hands upon his breast,
And meekly answered him: "Thou knowest best!
My sins as scarlet are; let me go hence,
And in some cloister's school of penitence,
Across those stones, that pave the way to heaven,
Walk barefoot, till my guilty soul be shriven!"

The Angel smiled, and from his radiant face
A holy light illumined all the place,
And through the open window, loud and clear,
They heard the monks chant in the chapel near,
Above the stir and tumult of the street:
"He has put down the mighty from their seat,
And has exalted them of low degree!"
And through the chant a second melody
Rose like the throbbing of a single string:
"I am an Angel, and thou art the King!"

King Robert, who was standing near the throne,
Lifted his eyes, and lo! he was alone!

But all appareled as in days of old,
With ermined mantle and with cloth of gold;
And when his courtiers came, they found him there
Kneeling upon the floor, absorbed in silent prayer.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

HORATIUS AT THE BRIDGE.

LARS PORSENA of Clusium,
By the nine gods he swore
That the great house of Tarquin
Should suffer wrong no more.
By the nine gods he swore it,
And named a trysting-day,
And bade his messengers ride forth,
East and west and south and north,
To summon his array.

East and west and south and north
The messengers ride fast,
And tower and town and cottage
Have heard the trumpet's blast.
The horsemen and the footmen
Are pouring in amain
From many a stately market-place,
From many a fruitful plain;

And now hath every city
Sent up her tale of men;
The foot are fourscore thousand
The horse are thousands ten.
Before the gates of Sutrium
Is met the great array,
A proud man was Lars Porsena
Upon the trysting day.

But by the yellow Tiber
Was tumult and affright:
From all the spacious champaign
To Rome men took their flight.
A mile around the city,
The throng stopped up the ways;

A fearful sight it was to see
Through two long nights and days.

Now, from the rock Tarpeian,
Could the wan burghers spy
The line of blazing villages
Red in the midnight sky.
The Fathers of the City,
They sat all night and day
For every hour some horseman came
With tidings of dismay.

They held a council standing
Before the river-gate;
Short time was there, ye well may guess,
For musing or debate.
Outspake the Consul roundly:
"The bridge must straight go down;
For since Janiculum is lost
Naught else can save the town."

Just then a scout came flying,
All wild with haste and fear:
"To arms! to arms! Sir Consul;
Lars Porsena is here."
On the low hills to westward
The Consul fixed his eye,
And saw the swarthy storm of dust
Rise fast along the sky.

And nearer, fast and nearer,
Doth the red whirlwind come;
And louder still and still more loud,
From underneath that rolling cloud,
Is heard the trumpet's war-note proud,
The trampling and the hum.
And plainly and more plainly
Now through the gloom appears,
Far to left and far to right,
In broken gleams of dark-blue light,
The long array of helmets bright,
The long array of spears.

But the Consul's brow was sad,
And the Consul's speech was low,
And darkly looked he at the wall,
And darkly at the foe:
"Their van will be upon us
Before the bridge goes down;
And if they once may win the bridge,
What hope to save the town?"

Then outspake brave Horatius,
The captain of the gate:
"To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late.
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds
For the ashes of his fathers
And the temples of his gods?

"Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
With all the speed ye may;
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play,—
In yon strait path a thousand
May well be stopped by three.
Now who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me?"

Then outspake Spurius Lartius,—
A Ramnian proud was he:
"Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
And keep the bridge with thee."
And outspake strong Herminius,—
Of Titian blood was he:
"I will abide on thy left side,
And keep the bridge with thee."

"Horatius," quoth the Consul,
"As thou sayest, so let it be."
And straight against that great array,
Forth went the dauntless Three.
Now, while the Three were tightening
Their harness on their backs,

The Consul was the foremost man
To take in hand an axe;
And Fathers mixed with Commons
Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,
And smote upon the planks above,
And loosed the props below.

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,
Right glorious to behold,
Came flashing back the noonday light,
Rank behind rank, like surges bright
Of a broad sea of gold.
Four hundred trumpets sounded
A peal of warlike glee,
As that great host, with measured tread,
And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,
Rolled slowly towards the bridge's head,
Where stood the dauntless Three.

The three stood calm and silent,
And looked upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter
From all the vanguard rose;
And forth three chiefs came spurring
Before that mighty mass;
To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,
And lifted high their shields, and flew
To win the narrow pass.

Aunus, from green Tifernum,
Lord of the hill of vines;
And Seius, whose eight hundred slaves
Sicken in Ilva's mines;
And Picus, long to Clusium
Vassal in peace and war.

Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus
Into the stream beneath;
Herminius struck at Seius,
And clove him to the teeth;
At Picus brave Horatius
Darted one fiery thrust,

And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms
Clashed in the bloody dust.

But now no sound of laughter
Was heard amongst the foes.
A wild and wrathful clamor
From all the vanguard rose.
Six spears' lengths from the entrance
Halted that mighty mass,
And for a space no man came forth
To win the narrow pass.

But, hark! the cry is Astur:
And lo! the ranks divide;
And the great lord of Luna
Comes with his stately stride.
Upon his ample shoulders
Clangs loud the fourfold shield,
And in his hand he shakes the brand
Which none but he can wield.

He smiled on those bold Romans,
A smile serene and high;
He eyed the flinching Tuscans,
And scorn was in his eye.
Quoth he, "The she-wolf's litter
Stand savagely at bay;
But will ye dare to follow,
If Astur clears the way?"

Then, whirling up his broadsword
With both hands to the height,
He rushed against Horatius,
And smote with all his might,
With shield and blade Horatius
Right deftly turned the blow,
The blow, though turned, came yet too nigh;
It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh.
The Tuscans raised a joyful cry
To see the red blood flow.

He reeled, and on Herminius
He leaned one breathing-space,

Then, like a wild-cat mad with wounds,
Sprang right at Astur's face.
Through teeth and skull and helmet
So fierce a thrust he sped,
The good sword stood a handbreadth out
Behind the Tuscan's head.

And the great lord of Luna
Fell at that deadly stroke,
As falls on Mount Avernus
A thunder-smitten oak.

On Astur's throat Horatius
Right firmly pressed his heel,
And thrice and four times tugged amain,
Ere he wrenched out the steel.
"And see," he cried, "the welcome,
Fair guests, that waits you here!
What noble Lucumo comes next
To taste our Roman cheer?"

But meanwhile axe and lever
Have manfully been plied,
And now the bridge hangs tottering
Above the boiling tide.
"Come back, come back, Horatius!"
Loud cried the Fathers all;
"Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!
Back, ere the ruin fall!"

Back darted Spurius Lartius;
Herminius darted back;
And, as they passed, beneath their feet
They felt the timbers crack;
But when they turned their faces,
And on the further shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
They would have crossed once more.
But, with a crash like thunder,
Fell every loosened beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream;

And a long shout of triumph
Rose from the walls of Rome.
As to the highest turret-tops
Was splashed the yellow foam.

Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind,—
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.
"Down with him!" cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face;
"Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsena,
"Now yield thee to our grace!"

Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see;
Naught spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus naught spake he;
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home;
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome:

"O Tiber! Father Tiber!
To whom the Romans pray
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day!"
So he spake, and, speaking, sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And, with his harness on his back,
Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank,
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank;
And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

But fiercely ran the current,
Swollen high by months of rain,
And fast his blood was flowing;
And he was sore in pain,
And heavy with his armor,
And spent with changing blows;
And oft they thought him sinking,
But still again he rose.

And now he feels the bottom;—
Now on dry earth he stands;
Now round him throng the Fathers
To press his gory hands.
And, now with shouts and clapping,
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River Gate,
Borne by the joyous crowd.

LORD MACAULAY.

THE VAGABONDS.

We are two travelers, Roger and I.
Roger's my dog:—come here, you scamp!
Jump for the gentlemen,—mind your eye!
Over the table,—look out for the lamp!—
The rogue is growing a little old;
Five years we've tramped through wind and weather,
And slept out-doors when nights were cold,
And ate and drank—and starved together.

We've learned what comfort is, I tell you!
A bed on the floor, a bit of rosin,
A fire to thaw our thumbs (poor fellow!
The paw he holds up there 's been frozen),
Plenty of catgut for my fiddle
(This out-door business is bad for the strings),
Then a few nice buckwheats hot from the griddle,
And Roger and I set up for kings!

No, thank ye, sir,—I never drink;
Roger and I are exeedingly moral,—
Are n't we, Roger?—see him wink!—
Well, something hot then,—we won't quarrel.

He's thirsty too,—see him nod his head?
What a pity, sir, that dogs can't talk!
He understands every word that 's said,—
And he knows good milk from water-and-chalk.

The truth is, sir, now I reflect,
I 've been so sadly given to grog,
I wonder I 've not lost the respect
(Here's to you, sir!) even of my dog.
But he sticks by through thick and thin;
And this old coat, with its empty pockets,
And rags that smell of tobacco and gin,
He 'll follow while he has eyes in his sockets.

There is n't another creature living
Would do it, and prove through every disaster,
So fond, so faithful, and so forgiving
To such a miserable, thankless master!
No, sir!—see him wag his tail and grin!
By George! it makes my old eyes water!—
That is, there 's something in this gin
That chokes a fellow. But no matter!

We 'll have some music, if you're willing,
And Roger (hem! what a plague a cough is, sir!)
Shall march a little. Start, you villain!
Stand straight! 'Bout face! Salute your officer!
Put up that paw! Dress! Take your rifle!
(Some dogs have arms you see!) Now hold your
Cap while the gentlemen give a trifle,
To aid a poor old patriot soldier!

March! Halt! Now show how the rebel shakes,
When he stands up to hear his sentence.
Now tell us how many drams it takes
To honor a jolly new acquaintance.
Five yelps,—that's five; he's mighty knowing!
The night 's before us, fill the glasses!—
Quick, sir! I'm ill,—my brain is going!—
Some brandy,—thank you,—there!—it passes!

Why not reform? That 's easily said;
But I've gone through such wretched treatment,

Sometimes forgetting the taste of bread,
And scarce remembering what meat meant,
That my poor stomach 's past reform;
And there are times when, mad with thinking
I'd sell out heaven for something warm
To prop a horrible inward sinking.

Is there a way to forget to think?
At your age, Sir, home, fortune, friends,
A dear girl's love,—but I took to drink,—
The same old story; you know how it ends.
If you could have seen these classic features,—
You need n't laugh, Sir; they were not then
Such a burning libel on God's creatures:
I was one of your handsome men!

If you had seen her, so fair and young,
Whose head was happy on this breast!
If you could have heard the songs I sung
When the wine went round, you wouldn't have guessed
That ever I, Sir, should be straying
From door to door, with fiddle and dog,
Ragged and penniless, and playing
To you to-night for a glass of grog!

She 's married since,—a parson's wife;
'T was better for her that we should part,—
Better the soberest, prosiest life
Than a blasted home and a broken heart.
I have seen her? Once; I was weak and spent
On the dusty road, a carriage stopped;
But little she dreamed, as on she went,
Who kissed the coin that her fingers dropped!

You 've set me talking, sir; I 'm sorry;
It makes me wild to think of the change!
What do you care for a beggar's story?
Is it amusing? you find it strange?
I had a mother so proud of me!
'T was well she died before— Do you know
If the happy spirits in heaven can see
The ruin and wretchedness here below?

Another glass, and strong, to deaden
This pain; then Roger and I will start.
I wonder, has he such a lumpish, leaden,
Aching thing in place of a heart?
He is sad sometimes, and would weep if he could,
No doubt, remembering things that were,—
A virtuous kennel, with plenty of food,
And himself a sober, respectable cur.

I 'm better now; that glass was warming.
You rascal! limber your lazy feet!
We must be fiddling and performing
For supper and bed, or starve in the street.
Not a very gay life to lead, you think?
But soon we shall go where lodgings are free,
And the sleepers need neither victuals nor drink;—
The sooner the better for Roger and me!

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

RIVERMOUTH ROCKS.

Rivermouth Rocks are fair to see,
By dawn or sunset shone across,
When the ebb of the sea has left them free,
To dry their fringes of gold-green moss:
For there the river comes winding down
From salt sea-meadows and uplands brown,
And waves on the outer rocks afoam
Shout to its waters, "Welcome home!"

And fair are the sunny isles in view
East of the grisly Head of the Boar,
And Agamenticus lifts its blue
Disk of a cloud the woodlands o'er;
And southerly, when the tide is down,
'Twixt white sea-waves and sand-hills brown,
The beach-birds dance and the gray gulls wheel
Over a floor of burnished steel.

Once in the old Colonial days,
Two hundred years ago and more,
A boat sailed down through the winding ways
Of Hampton River to that low shore,

Full of a goodly company
Sailing out on the summer sea,
Veering to catch the land-breeze light,
With the Boar to left and the Rocks to right.

In Hampton meadows, where mowers laid
Their scythes to the swaths of salted grass,
"Ah, well-a-day! our hay must be made!"
A young man sighed, who saw them pass.
Loud laughed his fellows to see him stand
Whetting his scythe with a listless hand,
Hearing a voice in a far-off song,
Watching a white hand beckoning long.

"Fie on the witch!" cried a merry girl,
As they rounded the point where Goody Cole
Sat by her door with her wheel atwirl,
A bent and blear-eyed poor old soul.
"Oho!" she muttered, "ye 're brave to-day!
But I hear the little waves laugh and say,
'The broth will be cold that waits at home;
For it 's one to go, but another to come!'"

"She 's cursed," said the skipper; "speak her fair:
I 'm scary always to see her shake
Her wicked head, with its wild gray hair,
And nose like a hawk, and eyes like a snake."
But merrily still, with laugh and shout,
From Hampton River the boat sailed out,
Till the huts and the flakes on Star seemed nigh,
And they lost the scent of the pines of Rye.

They dropped their lines in the lazy tide,
Drawing up haddock and mottled cod;
They saw not the shadow that walked beside,
They heard not the feet with silence shod.
But thicker and thicker a hot mist grew,
Shot by the lightnings through and through;
And muffled growls, like the growl of a beast,
Ran along the sky from west to east.

Then the skipper looked from the darkening sea
Up to the dimmed and wading sun;

But he spake like a brave man cheerily,
"Yet there is time for our homeward run."
Veering and tacking, they backward wore;
And just as a breath from the woods ashore
Blew out to whisper of danger past,
The wrath of the storm came down at last!

The skipper hauled at the heavy sail:
"God be our help" he only cried,
As the roaring gale, like the stroke of a flail,
Smote the boat on its starboard side.
The shoalsmen looked, but saw alone
Dark films of rain-cloud slantwise blown,
Wild rocks lit up by the lightning's glare
The strife and torment of sea and air.

Goody Cole looked out from her door:
The Isles of Shoals were drowned and gone,
Scarcely she saw the Head of the Boar
Toss the foam from tusks of stone.
She clasped her hands with a grip of pain,
The tear on her cheek was not of rain:
"They are lost," she muttered, "boat and crew!
Lord, forgive me! my words were true!"

Suddenly seaward swept the squall;
The low sun smote through cloudy rack;
The shoals stood clear in the light, and all
The trend of the coast lay hard and black.
But far and wide as eye could reach,
No life was seen upon wave or beach;
The boat that went out at morning never
Sailed back again into Hampton River.

O mower, lean on thy bended snath,
Look from the meadows green and low:
The wind of the sea is a waft of death,
The waves are singing a song of woe!
By silent river, by moaning sea,
Long and vain shall thy watching be:
Never again shall the sweet voice call,
Never the white hand rise and fall!

O Rivermouth Rocks, how sad a sight
  Ye saw in the light of breaking day!
Dead faces looking up cold and white
  From sand and sea-weed where they lay.
The mad old witch-wife wailed and wept,
And cursed the tide as it backward crept:
"Crawl back, crawl back, blue water-snake!
Leave your dead for the hearts that break!"

Solemn it was in that old day
  In Hampton town and its log-built church,
Where side by side the coffins lay
  And the mourners stood in aisle and porch.
In the singing-seats young eyes were dim,
The voices faltered that raised the hymn,
And Father Dalton, grave and stern,
Sobbed through his prayer and wept in turn.

And the sun set paled, and warmed once more
  With a softer, tenderer after-glow;
In the east was moonrise, with boats off-shore
  And sails in the distance drifting slow.
The beacon glimmered from Portsmouth bar,
The White Isle kindled its great red star;
And life and death in my old-time lay
Mingled in peace like the night and day!

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

THE FACE AGAINST THE PANE.

Mabel, little Mabel,
  With face against the pane,
Looks out across the night
And sees the Beacon Light
  A-trembling in the rain,
She hears the sea-birds screech,
And the breakers on the beach
  Making moan, making moan.
And the wind about the eaves
Of the cottage sobs and grieves;
  And the willow-tree is blown
    To and fro, to and fro,

Till it seems like some old crone
Standing out there all alone,
With her woe!
Wringing, as she stands,
Her gaunt and palsied hands,
While Mabel, timid Mabel,
With face against the pane,
Looks out across the night,
And sees the Beacon Light
A-trembling in the rain.

Set the table, maiden Mabel,
And make the cabin warm;
Your little fisher-lover
Is out there in the storm,
And your father—you are weeping!
O Mabel, timid Mabel,
Go, spread the supper-table,
And set the tea a-steeping.
Your lover's heart is brave,
His boat is staunch and tight;
And your father knows the perilous reef
That makes the water white.
—But Mabel, Mabel darling,
With face against the pane,
Looks out across the night
At the Beacon in the rain.

The heavens are veined with fire!
And the thunder how it rolls!
In the lullings of the storm
The solemn church-bell tolls
For lost souls!
But no sexton sounds the knell
In that belfry old and high;
Unseen fingers sway the bell
As the wind goes tearing by!
How it tolls for the souls
Of the sailors on the sea!
God pity them, God pity them,
Wherever they may be!
God pity wives and sweethearts
Who wait and wait in vain!

And pity little Mabel,
With face against the pane.

A boom!—the Lighthouse gun!
(How its echo rolls and rolls!)
'T is to warn the home-bound ships
Off the shoals!
See! a rocket cleaves the sky
From the Fort;—a shaft of light!
See! it fades and, fading, leaves
Golden furrows on the night!
What made Mabel's cheek so pale?
What made Mabel's lips so white?
Did she see the helpless sail
That tossing here and there,
Like a feather in the air,
Went down and out of sight?
Down, down and out of sight!
O, watch no more, no more,
With face against the pane;
You cannot see the men that drown
By the Beacon in the rain!

From a shoal of richest rubies
Breaks the morning clear and cold;
And the angel on the village spire,
Frost-touched, is bright as gold.
Four ancient fishermen,
In the pleasant autumn air,
Come toiling up the sands,
With something in their hands,—
Two bodies stark and white,
Ah, so ghastly in the light,
With sea-weed in their hair!
O ancient fishermen,
Go up to yonder cot!
You 'll find a little child,
With face against the pane,
Who looks towards the beach,
And, looking, sees it not.
She will never watch again!
Never watch and weep at night!

For those pretty, saintly eyes
Look beyond the stormy skies,
And they see the Beacon Light.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

CATILINE'S DEFIANCE.

CONSCRIPT FATHERS:
I do not rise to waste the night in words;
Let that Plebeian talk, 't is not *my* trade;
But *here* I stand for right,—let him show *proofs*,—
For Roman right, though none, it seems, dare stand
To take their share with me. Ay, cluster there!
Cling to your master, judges, Romans, *slaves!*
His charge is false;—I *dare* him to his proofs.
You have my answer. Let my actions speak!

But this I will avow, that I *have* scorned
And still *do* scorn, to hide my sense of wrong.
Who brands me on the forehead, breaks my sword,
Or lays the bloody scourge upon my back,
Wrongs me not half so much as he who shuts
The gates of honor on me,—turning out
The Roman from his birthright; and for what?
To fling your offices to every slave!
Vipers, that creep where man disdains to climb,
And, having wound their loathsome track to the top
Of this huge, mouldering monument of Rome,
Hang hissing at the nobler man below.
Come, consecrated Lictors, from your thrones;
[*To the Senate.*
Fling down your sceptres; take the rod and axe,
And make the murder as you make the law.

Banished from Rome! What 's banished but set free
From daily contact of the things I loathe?
"Tried and convicted traitor!" Who says this?
Who 'll prove it, at his peril, on my head?
Banished! I thank you for 't. It breaks my chain!
I held some slack allegiance till this hour;
But *now* my sword 's my own. Smile on, my Lords!
I scorn to count what feelings, withered hopes,

Strong provocations, bitter, burning wrongs,
I have within my heart's hot cells shut up,
To leave you in your lazy dignities.
But here I stand and scoff you! here I fling
Hatred and full defiance in your face!
Your Consul 's merciful;—for this all thanks.
He *dares* not touch a hair of Catiline!

"Traitor!" I go; but, I *return!* This—trial!
Here I devote your Senate! I 've had wrongs
To stir a fever in the blood of age,
Or make the infant's sinews strong as steel.
This day 's the birth of sorrow; this hour's work
Will breed proscriptions! Look to your hearths, my Lords!
For there, henceforth, shall sit, for household gods,
Shapes hot from Tartarus; all shames and crimes;
Wan Treachery, with his thirsty dagger drawn;
Suspicion, poisoning his brother's cup;
Naked Rebellion, with the torch and axe,
Making his wild sport of your blazing thrones;
Till Anarchy comes down on you like night,
And Massacre seals Rome's eternal grave.

I go; but not to leap the gulf alone.
I go; but when I come, 't will be the burst
Of ocean in the earthquake,—rolling back
In swift and mountainous ruin. Fare you well!
You build my funeral-pile; but your best blood
Shall quench its flame! Back, slaves! [*To the Lictors.*
I will return.

GEORGE CROLY.

McLAIN'S CHILD.

"McLAIN! you've scourged me like a hound;—
You should have struck me to the ground;
You should have played a chieftain's part;
You should have stabbed me to the heart.

You should have crushed me into death;—
But here I swear with living breath,
That for this wrong which you have done,
I'll wreak my vengeance on your son,—

"On him, and you, and all your race!"
He said, and bounding from his place,
He seized the child with sudden hold —
A smiling infant, three years old —

And starting like a hunted stag,
He scaled the rock, he clomb the crag,
And reached, o'er many a wide abyss,
The beetling seaward precipice;

And leaning o'er its topmost ledge,
He held the infant o'er the edge;—
"In vain thy wrath, thy sorrow vain;
No hand shall save it, proud McLain!"

With flashing eye and burning brow,
The mother followed, heedless how,
O'er crags with mosses overgrown,
And stair-like juts of slippery stone.

But midway up the rugged steep,
She found a chasm she could not leap,
And kneeling on its brink, she raised
Her supplicating hands, and gazed.

"O, spare my child, my joy, my pride!
O, give me back my child!" she cried:
"My child! my child!" with sobs and tears,
She shrieked upon his callous ears.

"Come, Evan," said the trembling chief,—
His bosom wrung with pride and grief,—
"Restore the boy, give back my son,
And I'll forgive the wrong you've done."

"I scorn forgiveness, haughty man!
You've injured me before the clan,
And nought but blood shall wipe away
The shame I have endured to-day.

And as he spoke, he raised the child,
To dash it 'mid the breakers wild,
But, at the mother's piercing cry,
Drew back a step, and made reply:—

"Fair lady, if your lord will strip,
And let a clansman wield the whip,
Till skin shall flay, and blood shall run,
I'll give you back your little son."

The lady's cheek grew pale with ire,
The chieftain's eyes flashed sudden fire;
He drew a pistol from his breast,
Took aim,— then dropped it, sore distressed.

"I might have slain my babe instead;
Come, Evan, come," the father said,
And through his heart a tremor ran;
We'll fight our quarrel man to man."

"Wrong unavenged I've never borne,"
Said Evan, speaking loud in scorn;
"You've heard my answer, proud McLain.
I will not fight you,— think again."

The lady stood in mute despair,
With freezing blood and stiffening hair;
She moved no limb, she spoke no word;—
She could but look upon her lord.

He saw the quivering of her eye,
Pale lips and speechless agony,—
And, doing battle with his pride,
"Give back the boy, I yield," he cried.

A storm of passions shook his mind —
Anger and shame and love combined;
But love prevailed, and bending low,
He bared his shoulders to the blow.

"I smite you," said the clansman true;
"Forgive me, chief, the deed I do!
For by yon Heaven that hears me speak,
My dirk in Evan's heart shall reek!"

But Evan's face beamed hate and joy;
Close to his breast he hugged the boy;
"Revenge is just, revenge is sweet,
And mine, McLain, shall be complete."

Ere hand could stir, with sudden shock,
He threw the infant o'er the rock,
Then followed with a desperate leap,
Down fifty fathoms to the deep.

They found their bodies in the tide;
And never till the day she died
Was that sad mother known to smile —
The Niobe of Mulla's isle.

CHARLES MACKAY.

RIENZI TO THE ROMANS.

FRIENDS!
I came not here to talk. Ye know too well
The story of our thraldom. We are slaves!
The bright sun rises to his course, and lights
A race of slaves! he sets, and his last beam
Falls on a slave! Not such as swept along
By the full tide of power, the conqueror leads
To crimson glory and undying fame,
But base, ignoble slaves!—slaves to a horde
Of petty tyrants, feudal despots; lords
Rich in some dozen paltry villages,
Strong in some hundred spearmen, only great
In that strange spell,—a name! Each hour, dark fraud,
Or open rapine, or protected murder,
Cries out against them. But this very day
An honest man, my neighbor,—there he stands,—
Was struck—struck like a dog—by one who wore
The badge of Ursini! because, forsooth,
He tossed not high his ready cap in air,
Nor lifted up his voice in servile shouts,
At sight of that great ruffian! Be we men,
And suffer such dishonor? men, and wash not
The stain away in blood? such shames are common.
I have known deeper wrongs. I that speak to ye—
I had a brother once, a gracious boy,
Full of all gentleness, of calmest hope,
Of sweet and quiet joy; there was the look
Of heaven upon his face which limners give
To the beloved disciple. How I loved

That gracious boy! younger by fifteen years,
Brother at once and son! He left my side,—
A summer bloom on his fair cheeks, a smile
Parting his innocent lips. In one short hour
The pretty, harmless boy was slain! I saw
The corse, the mangled corse, and then I cried
For vengeance! Rouse, ye Romans! Rouse, ye slaves!
Have ye brave sons?—Look in the next fierce brawl
To see them die! Have ye fair daughters?—Look
To see them live, torn from your arms, disdained,
Dishonored; and, if ye dare call for justice,
Be answered by the lash! Yet this is Rome,
That sate on her seven hills, and from her throne
Of beauty ruled the world! Yet we are Romans.
Why in that elder day to be a Roman
Was greater than a king! And once again—
Hear me, ye walls, that echoed to the tread
Of either Brutus!—once again I swear
The eternal city shall be free!

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

LOCHINVAR.

O, YOUNG Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;
And, save his good broadsword, he weapon had none,
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Eske River where ford there was none,
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late;
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
Among bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers and all.
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),
"O, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied;—
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide,—
And now I am come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine;
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh.
With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye,
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—
"Now tread we a measure," said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bridemaidens whispered, "'T were better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall-door, and the charger stood near;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung;
"She is won! we are gone! over bank, bush, and scaur;
They 'll have fleet steeds that follow, quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran:
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie lea,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war;
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

CHARLIE MACHREE.

COME over, come over the river to me,
If ye are my laddie bold Charlie Machree!

Here's Mary McPherson and Susy O'Linn,
Who say ye're faint-hearted, and dare not plunge in.

But the dark rolling river, though deep as the sea,
I know cannot scare you, nor keep you from me;

For stout is your back and strong is your arm,
And the heart in your bosom is faithful and warm.

Come over, come over the river to me,
If ye are my laddie, bold Charlie Machree.

I see him, I see him. He's plunged in the tide,
His strong arms are dashing the big waves aside.

Oh! the dark rolling water shoots swift as the sea
But blithe is the glance of his bonny blue e'e;

His cheeks are like roses, twa buds on a bough;
Who says ye're faint-hearted, my brave laddie, now.

Ho, ho, foaming river, ye may roar as ye go,
But ye canna bear Charlie to the dark loch below!

Come over, come over the river to me,
My true-hearted laddie, *my* Charlie Machree!

He's sinking, he's sinking — Oh, what shall I do!
Strike out, Charlie, boldly, ten strokes and ye 're thro'.

He's sinking, O Heaven! Ne'er fear, man, ne'er fear;
I've a kiss for ye Charlie, as soon as ye 're here!

He rises, I see him,— five strokes, Charlie, mair, —
He's shaking the wet from his bonny brown hair;

He conquers the current, he gains on the sea,—
Ho, where is the swimmer like Charlie Machree!

Come over the river, but once come to me,
And I'll love ye forever, dear Charlie Machree.

He's sinking, he's gone,—O God, it is I,
It is I, who have killed him — help, help! — he must die.

Help, help!—ah, he rises,— strike out and ye 're free.
Ho, bravely done, Charlie, once more now, for me!

Now cling to the rock, now gie us your hand,—
Ye're safe, dearest Charlie, ye 're safe on the land!

Come rest on my bosom, if there ye can sleep;
I canna speak to ye; I only can weep.

Ye 've crossed the wild river, ye 've risked all for me.
And I'll part frae ye never, dear Charlie Machree!

WILLIAM J. HOPPIN.

THE PICKET GUARD.

"ALL quiet along the Potomac," they say,
"Except now and then a stray picket
Is shot, as he walks on his beat, to and fro,
By a rifleman off in the thicket.

'Tis nothing—a private or two, now and then,
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost—only one of the men,
Moaning out, all alone, the death-rattle."

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
Their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon,
Or the light of the watchfires are gleaming.

A tremulous sigh, as the gentle night-wind
Through the forest-leaves softly is creeping;
While stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
Keep guard—for the army is sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
And thinks of the two in the low trundle-bed
Far away in the cot on the mountain.

His musket falls slack—his face dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender,

As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep—
For their mother—may Heaven defend her!

The moon seems to shine just as brightly as then,
That night, when the love yet unspoken
Leaped up to his lips—when low-murmured vows
Were pledged to be ever unbroken.

Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
He dashes off tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun closer up to its place
As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine-tree—
The footstep is lagging and weary;
Yet onward he goes through the broad belt of light
Toward the shades of the forest so dreary.

Hark! was it the night-wind that rustled the leaves?
Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing?
It looked like a rifle—"Ah! Mary, good-by!"
And the life-blood is ebbing and plashing.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
No sound save the rush of the river;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead
The picket's off duty forever.

MRS. ETHEL LYNN BEERS.

THE EXECUTION OF MONTROSE.

[James Graham, Marquis of Montrose, was executed in Edinburgh, May 21, 1650, for an attempt to overthrow the power of the commonwealth, and restore Charles II. The ballad is a narrative of the event, supposed to be related by an aged Highlander, who had followed Montrose throughout his campaigns, to his grandson, Evan Cameron. Lochaber is a district of Scotland in the southwestern part of the county of Inverness. Dundee is a seaport town in the county of Forfar. Inverlochy was a castle in Inverness-shire. Montrose was betrayed by a man named MacLeod of Assynt. Dunedin is the Gaelic name for Edinburgh. Warristoun was Archibald Johnston of Warristoun, an inveterate enemy of Montrose.]

Come hither, Evan Cameron! Come, stand beside my knee.
I hear the river roaring down towards the wintry sea:
There's shouting on the mountain-side, there's war within the blast,
Old faces look upon me, old forms go trooping past;

I hear the pibroch wailing amidst the din of fight,
And my dim spirit wakes again upon the verge of night.

'T was I that led the Highland host through wild Lochaber's snows,
What time the plaided clans came down to battle with Montrose.
I've told thee how the Southrons fell beneath the broad claymore,
And how we smote the Campbell clan by Inverlochy's shore.
I've told thee how we swept Dundee, and tamed the Lindsay's pride;
But never have I told thee yet how the Great Marquis died.

A traitor sold him to his foes; — O deed of deathless shame!
I charge thee, boy, if e'er thou meet with one of Assynt's name —
Be it upon the mountain's side, or yet within the glen,
Stand he in martial gear alone, or backed by armed men —
Face him, as thou wouldst face the man who wronged thy sire's renown;
Remember of what blood thou art, and strike the caitiff down.

They brought him to the Watergate, hard bound with hempen span,
As though they held a lion there, and not an unarmed man.
They set him high upon a cart — the hangman rode below —
They drew his hands behind his back, and bared his noble brow:
Then, as a hound is slipped from leash, they cheered — the common throng,
And blew the note with yell and shout, and bade him pass along.

But when he came, though pale and wan, he looked so great and high,
So noble was his manly front, so calm his steadfast eye,—
The rabble rout forebore to shout, and each man held his breath,
For well they knew the hero's soul was face to face with death.

And then a mournful shudder through all the people crept,
And some that came to scoff at him, now turned aside and wept.

Had I been there with sword in hand, and fifty Camerons by,
That day through high Dunedin's streets had pealed the slogan cry,
Not all their troops of trampling horse, nor might of mailéd men
Not all the rebels in the south had borne us backward then!
Once more his foot on Highland heath had trod as free as air,
Or I, and all who bore my name, been laid around him there.

It might not be. They placed him next within the solemn hall,
Where once the Scottish kings were throned amidst their nobles all.
But there was dust of vulgar feet on that polluted floor,
And perjured traitors filled the place where good men sate before,
With savage glee came Warristoun to read the murderous doom,
And then uprose the great Montrose in the middle of the room.

Now by my faith as belted knight, and by the name I bear,
And by the bright Saint Andrew's cross that waves above us there,
Yea, by a greater, mightier oath, and oh, that such should be!—
By that dark stream of royal blood that lies 'twixt you and me,—
I have not sought in battle-field a wreath of such renown,
Nor hoped I, on my dying day, to win a martyr's crown!

The morning dawned full darkly, the rain came flashing down,
And the jaggéd streak of the levin-bolt lit up the gloomy town:
The thunder crashed across the heaven, the fatal hour was come,
Yet aye broke in, with muffled beat, the 'larum of the drum.

There was madness on the earth below, and anger in the sky,
And young and old, and rich and poor, came forth to see him die.

Ah God! that ghastly gibbet! how dismal 't is to see
The great, tall, spectral skeleton, the ladder, and the tree!
Hark! Hark! it is the clash of arms, the bells begin to toll—
He is coming! he is coming! God's mercy on his soul!
One last long peal of thunder—the clouds are cleared away,
And the glorious sun once more looks down amidst the dazzling day.

He is coming! he is coming!—Like a bridegroom from his room
Came the hero from his prison to the scaffold and the doom.
There was glory on his forehead, there was lustre in his eye,
And he never walked to battle more proudly than to die:
There was color in his visage, though the cheeks of all were wan,
And they marveled as they saw him pass, that great and goodly man.

A beam of light fell o'er him, like a glory round the shriven,
And he climbed the lofty ladder, as it were the path to heaven.
Then came a flash from out the cloud, and a stunning thunder roll,
And no man dared to look aloft, for fear was on every soul.
There was another heavy sound, a hush and then a groan;
And darkness swept across the sky—the work of death was done!

WM. EDMONDSTOUNE AYTOUN.

FOR A' THAT, AND A' THAT.

Is THERE, for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward-slave, we pass him by,
And dare be poor, for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea's stamp;
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden-gray, and a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man, for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that;
The honest man, tho' ne'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'ed a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that;
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A king can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith, he maunna fa' that!
For a' that and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that;
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that;
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

ROBERT BURNS.

MAGDALENA, OR THE SPANISH DUEL.

Near the city of Sevilla,
Years and years ago—
Dwelt a lady in a villa
Years and years ago;—

And her hair was black as night,
And her eyes were starry bright;
Olives on her brow were blooming,
Roses red her lips perfuming,
And her step was light and airy
As the tripping of a fairy,
When she spoke, you thought, each minute,
'T was the thrilling of a linnet;
When she sang you heard a gush
Of full-voiced sweetness like a thrush;
And she struck from the guitar
Ringing music, sweeter far
Than the morning breezes make
Through the lime trees when they shake—
Than the ocean murmuring o'er
Pebbles on the foamy shore.
Orphaned both of sire and mother
Dwelt she in that lonely villa,
Absent now her guardian brother
On a mission from Sevilla.
Skills it little now the telling
How I wooed that maiden fair.
Tracked her to her lonely dwelling
And obtained an entrance there.

Ah! that lady of the villa!
And I loved her so,
Near the city of Sevilla,
Years and years ago,
Ay de mi!—Like echoes falling
Sweet and sad and low,
Voices come at night, recalling
Years and years ago.
Once again I 'm sitting near thee,
Beautiful and bright;
Once again I see and hear thee
In the autumn night;
Once again I'm whispering to thee
Faltering words of love;
Once again with song I woo thee
In the orange grove
Growing near that lonely villa
Where the waters flow

Down to the city of Sevilla—
Years and years ago.

'T was an autumn eve: the splendor
Of the day was gone,
And the twilight, soft and tender,
Stole so gently on
That the eye could scarce discover
How the shadows, spreading over,
Like a veil of silver gray,
Toned the golden clouds, sun-painted,
Till they paled, and paled, and fainted
From the face of heaven away.
And a dim light rising slowly
O'er the welkin spread,
Till the blue sky, calm and holy,
Gleamed above our head;
And the thin moon, newly nascent,
Shone in glory meek and sweet,
As Murillo paints her crescent
Underneath Madonna's feet.
And we sat outside the villa
Where the waters flow
Down to the city of Sevilla—
Years and years ago.

There we sate—the mighty river
Wound its serpent course along
Silent, dreamy Guadalquivir,
Famed in many a song.
Silver gleaming 'mid the plain
Yellow with the golden grain,
Gliding down through deep, rich meadows,
Where the sated cattle rove,
Stealing underneath the shadows
Of the verdant olive grove;
With its plenitude of waters,
Ever flowing calm and slow,
Loved by Andalusia's daughters,
Sung by poets long ago.

Seated half within a bower
Where the languid evening breeze

Shook out odors in a shower
From oranges and citron trees,

Sang she from a romancero,
How a Moorish chieftain bold
Fought a Spanish cabellero
By Sevilla's walls of old.

How they battled for a lady,
Fairest of the maids of Spain—
How the Christian's lance, so steady,
Pierced the Moslem through the brain.

Then she ceased—her black eyes moving,
Flashed, as asked she with a smile,—
"Say, are maids as fair and loving—
Men as faithful, in your isle?"

"British maids," I said, "are ever
Counted fairest of the fair;
Like the swans on yonder river
Moving with a stately air.

"Wooed not quickly, won not lightly—
But when won, forever true;
Trial draws the bond more tightly,
Time can ne'er the knot undo.

"And the men?"—"Ah! dearest lady,
Are—quien sabe? who can say?
To make love they're ever ready,
When they can and where they may;

"Fixed as waves, as breezes steady
In a changeful April day—
Como brisas, como rios,
No se sabe, sabe Dios."

"Are they faithful?"—"Ah! quien sabe?
Who can answer that they are?
While we may we should be happy."—
Then I took up her guitar,
And I sang in sportive strain,
This song to an old air of Spain.

"QUIEN SABE."

I.

"The breeze of the evening that cools the hot air,
That kisses the orange and shakes out thy hair,
Is its freshness less welcome, less sweet its perfume,
That you know not the region from whence it is come?
Whence the wind blows, where the wind goes,
Hither and thither and whither — who knows?
Who knows?
Hither and thither — but whither — who knows?

II.

"The river forever glides singing along,
The rose on the bank bends a'down to its song;
And the flower, as it listens, unconsciously dips,
Till the rising wave glistens and kisses its lips.
But why the wave rises and kisses the rose,
And why the rose stoops for those kisses — who knows?
Who knows?
And away flows the river — but whither — who knows?

III.

"Let *me* be the breeze, love, that wanders along
The river that ever rejoices in song;
Be *thou* to my fancy the orange in bloom,
The rose by the river that gives its perfume.
Would the fruit be so golden, so fragrant the rose,
If no breeze and no wave were to kiss them?
Who knows?
Who knows ?
If no breeze and no wave were to kiss them?
Who knows?"

As I sang, the lady listened,
Silent save one gentle sigh;
When I ceased, a tear-drop glistened
On the dark fringe of her eye.

Then my heart reproved the feeling
Of that false and heartless strain
Which I sang in words concealing
What my heart would hide in vain.

Up I sprang. What words were uttered
Bootless now to think or tell —
Tongues speak wild when hearts are fluttered
By the mighty master-spell.

Love, avowed with sudden boldness,
Heard with flushings that reveal,
Spite of woman's studied coldness,
Thoughts the heart cannot conceal.

Words half-vague and passion-broken,
Meaningless, yet meaning all
That the lips have left unspoken,
That we never may recall.

"Magdalena, dearest, hear me,"
Sighed I, as I seized her hand—
"Hola! Senor," very near me,
Cries a voice of stern command.

And a stalwart caballero
Comes upon me with a stride,
On his head a slouched sombrero,
A toledo by his side.

From his breast he flung his capa
With a stately Spanish air—

"Will your worship have the goodness
To release that lady's hand?"—
"Senor," I replied, "this rudeness
I am not prepared to stand.

"Magdalena, say"—the maiden
With a cry of wild surprise,
As with secret sorrow laden,
Fainting sank before my eyes.

Then the Spanish caballero
Bowed with haughty courtesy,
Solemn as a tragic hero,
And announced himself to me.

"Senor, I am Don Camillo
Guzman Miguel Pedrillo
De Xymenes y Ribera
Y Santallos y Herrera
Y de Rivas y Mendoza
Y Quintana y de Rosa
Y Zorrilla y—"
"No more, sir,
'T is as good as twenty score, sir,"
Said I to him, with a frown;
"Mucha bulla para nada,
No palabras, draw your 'spada;"
"If you're up for a duelo
You will find I'm just your fellow—
Senor, I am PETER BROWN!"

By the river's bank that night,
Foot to foot in strife,
Fought we in the dubious light
A fight of death or life.
Don Camillo slashed my shoulder,
With the pain I grew the bolder,
Close, and closer still I pressed;
Fortune favored me at last.
I broke his guard, my weapon passed
Through the caballero's breast—
Down to the earth went Don Camillo
Guzman Miguel Pedrillo
De Xymenes y Ribera
Y Santallos y Herrera
Y de Rivas y Mendoza
Y Quintana y de Rosa
Y Zorilla y—one groan,
And he lay motionless as stone.
The man of many names went down,
Pierced by the sword of PETER BROWN.

Kneeling down I raised his head;
The caballero faintly said,
"Signor Ingles, fly from Spain
With all speed, for you have slain
A Spanish noble, Don Camillo
Guzman Miguel Pedrillo

De Xymenes y Ribera
Y Santallos y Herrera
Y de Rivas y Mendoza
Y Quintana y de Rosa
Y Zorrilla y "—He swooned
With the bleeding from his wound.
If he be living still, or dead,
I never knew, I ne'er shall know.
That night from Spain in haste I fled,
Years and years ago.

Oft when autumn eve is closing,
Pensive, puffing a cigar
In my chamber lone reposing,
Musing half, and half a-dozing,
Comes a vision from afar
Of that lady of the villa
In her satin, fringed mantilla,
And that haughty caballero
With his capa and sombrero,
Vainly in my mind revolving
That long, jointed, endless name;—
"Tis a riddle past my solving,
Who he was, or whence he came.
Was he that brother home returned?
Was he some former lover spurned?
Or some family *fiancè*
That the lady did not fancy?
Was he any one of those?
Sabe Dios. Ah! God knows.

Sadly smoking my manilla,
Much I long to know
How fares the lady of the villa
That once charmed me so,
When I visited Sevilla
Years and years ago.
Has she married a Hidalgo?
Gone the way that ladies all go
In those drowsy Spanish cities,
Wasting life—a thousand pities—
Waking up for a fiesta
From an afternoon siesta,

To "Giralda" now repairing,
Or the Plaza for an airing;
At the shaded *reja* flirting,
At a bull-fight now disporting;
Does she walk at evenings ever
Through the gardens by the river?
Guarded by an old duenna
Fierce and sharp as a hyena,
With her goggles and her fan
Warning off each rakish man?
Is she dead, or is she living?
Is she for my absence grieving?
Is she wretched, is she happy?
Widow, wife, or maid? Quien sabe?

J. F. WALLER.

THE THREE BELLS.

This poem refers to the well-known rescue of the crew of an American vessel sinking in mid ocean, by Captain Leighton, of the English ship Three Bells. Unable to take them off, in the night and the storm, he stayed by them until morning, shouting to them from time to time through his trumpet, "Never fear, hold on; I'll stand by you."

BENEATH the low-hung night cloud
That raked her splintering mast,
The good ship settled slowly,
The cruel leak gained fast.

Over the awful ocean
Her signal guns pealed out;
Dear God! was that thy answer,
From the horror round about?

A voice came down the wild wind,—
"Ho! ship ahoy!" its cry;
"Our stout three Bells of Glasgow
Shall stand till daylight by!"

Hour after hour crept slowly,
Yet on the heaving swells
Tossed up and down the ship-lights,—
The lights of the Three Bells.

And ship to ship made signals;
Man answered back to man;

While oft, to cheer and hearten,
The Three Bells nearer ran.

And the captain from her taffrail
Sent down his hopeful cry;
"Take heart! hold on!" he shouted,
"The Three Bells shall stand by!"

All night across the waters
The tossing lights shone clear;
All night from reeling taffrail
The Three Bells sent her cheer.

And when the dreary watches
Of storm and darkness passed,
Just as the wreck lurched under,
All souls were saved at last.

Sail on, Three Bells, forever,
In grateful memory sail!
Ring on, Three Bells of rescue,
Above the wave and gale!

Type of the Love eternal,
Repeat the Master's cry,
As tossing through our darkness
The lights of God draw nigh!

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

THE MAIN TRUCK, OR A LEAP FOR LIFE.

Old Ironsides at anchor lay,
In the harbor of Mahon;
A dead calm rested on the bay,—
The waves to sleep had gone;
When little Hal, the Captain's son,
A lad both brave and good,
In sport, up shroud and rigging ran,
And on the main truck stood?

A shudder shot through every vein,—
All eyes were turned on high!

There stood the boy, with dizzy brain,
Between the sea and sky;
No hold had he above, below;
Alone he stood in air:
To that far height none dared to go,—
No aid could reach him there.

We gazed, but not a man could speak!
With horror all aghast,—
In groups, with pallid brow and cheek,
We watched the quivering mast.
The atmosphere grew thick and hot,
And of a lurid hue;—
As riveted unto the spot,
Stood officers and crew.

The father came on deck:—he gasped,
"O, God! thy will be done!"
Then suddenly a rifle grasped,
And aimed it at his son.
"Jump, far out, boy, into the wave!
Jump, or I fire," he said,
"That only chance your life can save;
Jump, jump, boy!" He obeyed.

He sunk,—he rose,—he lived,—he moved,—
And for the ship struck out.
On board we hailed the lad beloved,
With many a manly shout.
His father drew, in silent joy,
Those wet arms round his neck,
And folded to his heart his boy,—
Then fainted on the deck.

WALTER COLTON.

MONA'S WATERS.

O Mona's waters are blue and bright
When the sun shines out like a gay young lover;
But Mona's waves are dark as night
When the face of heaven is clouded over.
The wild wind drives the crested foam
Far up the steep and rocky mountain,

And booming echoes drown the voice,
The silvery voice, of Mona's fountain.

Wild, wild, against that mountain's side
The wrathful waves were up and beating,
When stern Glenvarloch's chieftain came;
With anxious brow, and hurried greeting,
He bade the widowed mother send,
(While loud the tempest's voice was raging,)
Her fair young son across the flood,
Where winds and waves their strife were waging.

And still that fearful mother prayed,
"O yet delay, delay till morning,
For weak the hand that guides our bark,
Though brave his heart, all danger scorning.
Little did stern Glenvarloch heed:
"The safety of my fortress tower
Depends on tidings he must bring
From Fairlee bank, within the hour.

"Seest thou, across the sullen wave,
A blood-red banner, wildly streaming?
That flag a message brings to me
Of which my foes are little dreaming.
The boy *must* put his boat across
(Gold shall repay his hour of danger)
And bring me back, with care and speed,
Three letters from the light-browed stranger."

The orphan boy leaped lightly in;
Bold was his eye and brow of beauty,
And bright his smile as thus he spoke:
"I do but pay a vassal's duty;
Fear not for me, O mother dear;
See how the boat the tide is spurning;
The storm will cease, the sky will clear,
And thou wilt watch me safe returning."

His bark shot on,—now up, now down,
Over the waves,—the snowy crested;
Now like a dart it sped along,
Now like a white-winged sea-bird rested;

And ever when the wind sank low,
Smote on the ear that woman's wailing,
As long she watched, with streaming eyes,
That fragile bark's uncertain sailing.

He reached the shore,—the letters claimed;
Triumphant, heard the stranger's wonder
That one so young should brave alone
The heaving lake, the rolling thunder.
And once again his snowy sail
Was seen by her,—that mourning mother;
And once she heard his shouting voice,—
That voice the waves were soon to smother.

Wild burst the wind, wide flapped the sail,
A crashing peal of thunder followed;
The gust swept o'er the water's face,
And caverns in the deep lake hollowed.
The gust swept past, the waves grew calm,
The thunder died along the mountain;
But where was he who used to play,
On sunny days, by Mona's fountain?

His cold corpse floated to the shore
Where knelt his lone and shrieking mother;
And bitterly she wept for him,
The widow's son, who had no brother!
She raised his arm,—the hand was closed;
With pain his stiffened fingers parted,
And on the sand three letters dropped!—
His last dim thought,—the faithful-hearted.

Glenvarloch gazed, and on his brow
Remorse with pain and grief seemed blending;
A purse of gold he flung beside
That mother, o'er her dead child bending.
O, wildly laughed that woman then,
"Glenvarloch! would ye dare to measure
The holy life that God has given
Against a heap of golden treasure?

"Ye spurned my prayer, for we were poor;
But know, proud man, that God hath power

To smite the king on Scotland's throne,
The chieftain in his fortress tower.
Frown on! frown on! I fear ye not;
We 've done the last of chieftain's bidding,
And cold he lies, for whose young sake
I used to bear your wrathful chiding.

"Will gold bring back his cheerful voice
That used to win my heart from sorrow?
Will silver warm the frozen blood,
Or make my heart less lone to-morrow?
Go back and seek your mountain home,
And when ye kiss your fair-haired daughter
Remember him who died to-night
Beneath the waves of Mona's water."

Old years rolled on, and new ones came,—
Foes dare not brave Glenvarloch's tower;
But naught could bar the sickness out
That stole within fair Annie's bower.
The o'erblown floweret in the sun
Sinks languid down, and withers daily,
And so she sank, her voice grew faint,
Her laugh no longer sounded gayly.

Her step fell on the old oak floor
As noiseless as the snow-shower's drifting;
And from her sweet and serious eyes
They seldom saw the dark lid lifting.
"Bring aid! bring aid!" the father cries;
"Bring aid!" each vassal's voice is crying;
"The fair-haired beauty of the isles,
Her pulse is faint,—her life is flying!"

He called in vain; her dim eyes turned
And met his own with parting sorrow,
For well she knew, that fading girl,
That he must weep and wail the morrow.
Her faint breath ceased; the father bent
And gazed upon his fair-haired daughter.
What thought he on? The widow's son,
And the stormy night by Mona's water.

ANONYMOUS.

ANNABEL LEE.

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden lived, whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love, and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love that was more than love,
I and my Annabel Lee,
With a love that the wingéd seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her high-born kinsmen came,
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre,
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me.
Yes! that was the reason (as all men know)
In this kingdom by the sea,
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we,
Of many far wiser than we;
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee,
And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

And so, all the night-tide I lie down by the side
Of my darling, my darling, my life, and my bride,
In her sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

THE SLAVE'S DREAM.

BESIDE the ungathered rice he lay,
His sickle in his hand;
His breast was bare, his matted hair
Was buried in the sand.
Again, in the mist and shadow of sleep,
He saw his Native Land.

Wide through the landscape of his dreams
The lordly Niger flowed;
Beneath the palm-trees on the plains
Once more a King he strode;
And heard the tinkling caravans
Descend the mountain-road.

He saw once more his dark-eyed queen
Among her children stand;
They clasped his neck, they kissed his cheeks,
They held him by the hand!—
A tear burst from the sleeper's lids
And fell into the sand.

And then at furious speed he rode
Along the Niger's bank;
His bridle-reins were golden chains,
And, with a martial clank,
At each leap he could feel his scabbard of steel
Smiting his stallion's flank.

Before him, like a blood-red flag,
The bright flamingoes flew:
From morn till night he followed their flight,
O'er plains where the tamarind grew,
Till he saw the roofs of Caffre huts,
And the ocean rose to view.

At night he heard the lion roar,
And the hyena scream,
And the river-horse, as he crushed the reeds
Beside some hidden stream;
And it passed, like a glorious roll of drums
Through the triumph of his dream.

The forests, with their myriad tongues,
Shouted of liberty;
And the Blast of the Desert cried aloud,
With a voice so wild and free,
That he started in his sleep and smiled
At their tempestuous glee.

He did not feel the driver's whip,
Nor the burning heat of day;
For Death had illumined the Land of Sleep,
And his lifeless body lay
A worn-out fetter, that the soul
Had broken and thrown away!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE LAUNCHING OF THE SHIP.

"Build me straight, O worthy Master!
Stanch and strong, a goodly vessel,
That shall laugh at all disaster,
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!"

Day by day the vessel grew,
With timbers fashioned strong and true,
Stemson and keelson and sternsonknee,
Till, framed with perfect symmetry,
A skeleton ship rose up to view!
And around the bows and along the side
The heavy hammers and mallets plied,
Till after many a week, at length,
Wonderful for form and strength,
Sublime in its enormous bulk,
Loomed aloft the shadowy hulk!
And around it columns of smoke, upwreathing,
Rose from the boiling, bubbling, seething

Caldron, that glowed,
And overflowed
With the black tar, heated for the sheathing.
And amid the clamors
Of clattering hammers,
He who listened heard now and then
The song of the Master and his men:—

"Build me straight, O worthy Master,
Stanch and strong, a goodly vessel,
That shall laugh at all disaster,
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!"

All is finished! and at length
Has come the bridal day
Of beauty and of strength,
To-day the vessel shall be launched!
With fleecy clouds the sky is blanched,
And o'er the bay,
Slowly, in all his splendors dight,
The great Sun rises to behold the sight.

The Ocean old,
Centuries old,
Strong as youth, and as uncontrolled,
Paces restless to and fro,
Up and down the sands of gold.
His beating heart is not at rest;
And far and wide,
With ceaseless flow,
His beard of snow
Heaves with the heaving of his breast.

He waits impatient for his bride.
There she stands,
With her foot upon the sands!
Decked with flags and streamers gay,
In honor of her marriage day,
Her snow-white signals, fluttering, blending,
Round her like a veil descending,
Ready to be
The bride of the gray old Sea.

Then the Master,
With a gesture of command,
Waved his hand:
And at the word,
Loud and sudden there was heard,
All around them and below,
The sound of hammers, blow on blow,
Knocking away the shores and spurs.
And see! she stirs!
She starts, — she moves, — she seems to feel
The thrill of life along her keel,
And, spurning with her foot the ground,
With one exulting, joyous bound,
She leaps into the ocean's arms,
And lo! from the assembled crowd
There rose a shout, prolonged and loud,
That to the ocean seemed to say,
"Take her, O, bridegroom, old and gray;
Take her to thy protecting arms,
With all her youth and all her charms."

How beautiful she is! how fair
She lies within those arms, that press
Her form with many a soft caress
Of tenderness and watchful care!
Sail forth into the sea, O, ship!
Through wind and wave, right onward steer,
The moistened eye, the trembling lip,
Are not the signs of doubt or fear.

Sail forth into the sea of life,
Oh gentle, loving, trusting wife,
And safe from all adversity,
Upon the bosom of that sea
Thy comings and thy goings be!
For gentleness, and love, and trust,
Prevail o'er angry wave and gust;
And in the wreck of noble lives
Something immortal still survives!

Thou, too, sail on, O ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!

Humanity, with all its fears,
With all its hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What workman wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge, and what a heat,
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope.

Fear not each sudden sound and shock;
'Tis of the wave, and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale;
In spite of rock and tempest roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea.
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee;
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee — are all with thee.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

OLD CHUMS.

Is IT you, Jack? Old boy, is it really you?
I shouldn't have known you but that I was told
You might be expected;—pray, how do you do?
But what, under heaven, has made you so old?

Your hair! why, you've only a little gray fuzz!
And your beard's white! but that can be beautifully dyed;
And your legs aren't but just half as long as they was;
And then—stars and garters! your vest is so wide!

Is this your hand? Lord, how I envied you that
In the time of our courting,—so soft, and so small,
And now it is callous inside, and so fat,—
Well, you beat the very old deuce, that is all.

Turn round! let me look at you! is n't it odd
How strange in a few years a fellow's chum grows!

Your eye is shrunk up like a bean in a pod,
And what are these lines branching out from your nose?

Your back has gone up and your shoulders gone down,
And all the old roses are under the plough;
Why, Jack, if we'd happened to meet about town,
I wouldn't have known you from Adam, I vow!

You've had trouble, have you? I'm sorry; but, John,
All trouble sits lightly at your time of life.
How's Billy, my namesake? You don't say he's gone
To the war, John, and that you have buried your wife?

Poor Katherine! so she has left you,—ah me!
I thought she would live to be fifty, or more.
What is it you tell me? She *was* fifty-three!
O no, Jack! she wasn't so much by a score!

Well, there's little Katy,—was that her name, John?
She'll rule your house one of these days like a queen.
That baby! good Lord! is she married and gone?
With a Jack ten years old! and a Katy fourteen!

Then I give it up! Why, you're younger than I
By ten or twelve years, and to think you've come back
A sober old greybeard, just ready to die!
I don't understand how it is,—do you, Jack?

I've got all my faculties yet, sound and bright;
Slight failure my eyes are beginning to hint;
But still, with my spectacles on, and a light
'Twixt them and the page, I can read any print.

My hearing *is* dull, and my leg is more spare,
Perhaps, than it was when I beat you at ball;
My breath gives out, too, if I go up a stair,—
But nothing worth mentioning, nothing at all!

My hair is just turning a little, you see,
And lately I've put on a broader-brimmed hat
Than I wore at your wedding, but you will agree,
Old fellow, I look all the better for that.

I'm sometimes a little rheumatic, 'tis true,
And my nose is n't quite on a straight line, they say;
For all that, I don't think I've changed much, do you?
And I don't feel a day older, Jack, not a day.

ALICE CARY.

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON.

My hair is gray, but not with years;
Nor grew it white
In a single night,
As men's have grown from sudden fears:
My limbs are bow'd, though not with toil,
But rusted with a vile repose,
For they have been a dungeon's spoil,
And mine has been the fate of those
To whom the goodly earth and air
Are bann'd, and barr'd—forbidden fare;
But this was for my father's faith
I suffer'd chains and courted death;
That father perish'd at the stake
For tenets he would not forsake;
And for the same his lineal race
In darkness found a dwelling-place.

We were seven—who now are one,
Six in youth, and one in age,
Finish'd as they had begun,
Proud of Persecution's rage:
One in fire, and two in field,
Their belief with blood have seal'd,
Dying as their father died,
For the God their foes denied;
Three were in a dungeon cast,
Of whom this wreck is left the last.

There are seven pillars of Gothic mould
In Chillon's dungeons deep and old,
There are seven columns, massy and gray,
Dim with a dull imprisoned ray,—
And in each pillar there is a ring,
And in each ring there is a chain;

That iron is a cankering thing,
For in these limbs its teeth remain
With marks that will not wear away,
Till I have done with this new day,
Which now is painful to these eyes
Which have not seen the sun to rise
For years,—I cannot count them o'er,
I lost their long and heavy score
When my last brother drooped and died,
And I lay living by his side.

They chained us each to a column stone,
And we were three, yet each alone;
We could not move a single pace,
We could not see each other's face
But with that pale and livid light
That made us strangers in our sight;
And thus together, yet apart,
Fettered in hand, but pined in heart;
Our voices took a dreary tone,
An echo of the dungeon-stone,
A grating sound,—not full and free
As they of yore were wont to be;
It might be fancy,—but to me
They never sounded like our own.

Lake Leman lies by Chillon's walls;
A thousand feet in depth below
Its massy waters meet and flow;
Thus much the fathom-line was sent
From Chillon's snow-white battlement.

Below the surface of the lake
The dark vault lies wherein we lay
We heard it ripple night and day;
Sounding o'er our heads it knocked;
And I have felt the winter's spray
Wash through the bars when winds were high
And wanton in the happy sky;
And then the very rock hath rocked.
And I have felt it shake, unshocked,
Because I could have smiled to see
The death that would have set me free.

I said my nearer brother pined,
I said his mighty heart declined,
He loathed and put away his food;
It was not that 't was coarse and rude,
For we were used to hunter's fare,
But
My brother's soul was of that mould
Which in a palace had grown cold,
Had his free breathing been denied
The range of the steep mountain's side;
But why delay the truth? — he died.
I saw, and could not hold his head,
Nor reach his dying hand, — nor dead, —
Though hard I strove, but strove in vain,
To rend and gnash my bonds in twain.
He died, — and they unlocked his chain,
And scooped for him a shallow grave
Even from the cold earth of our cave
I begged them, as a boon, to lay
His corse in dust whereon the day
Might shine, — it was a foolish thought,
But then within my brain it wrought,
That even in death his freeborn breast
In such a dungeon could not rest.
I might have spared my idle prayer, —
They coldly laughed, and laid him there.
The flat and turfless earth above
The being we so much did love;
His empty chain above it leant,
Such murder's fitting monument!

But he, the favorite and the flower,
Most cherished since his natal hour,
His mother's image in fair face,
The infant love of all his race,
He, too, was struck, and day by day
Was withered on the stalk away.
And not a word of murmur, — not
A groan o'er his untimely lot, —
A little talk of better days,
A little hope my own to raise,
For I was sunk in silence, — lost
In this last loss, of all the most;

And then the sighs he would suppress
Of fainting nature's feebleness,
More slowly drawn, grew less and less:
I listened, but I could not hear, —
I called, for I was wild with fear;
I knew 't was hopeless, but my dread
Would not be thus admonishéd;
I called, and thought I heard a sound, —
I burst my chain with one strong bound,
And rushed to him: — I found him not,
I only stirred in this black spot,
I only lived, — *I* only drew
The accurséd breath of dungeon-dew;
One on the earth, and one beneath, —
My brothers — both had ceased to breathe.
I took that hand which lay so still,
Alas! my own was full as chill;
I know not why
I could not die,
I had no earthly hope, — but faith,
And that forbade a selfish death.

What next befell me then and there
I know not well, — I never knew.
First came the loss of light and air,
And then of darkness too;
I had no thought, no feeling, — none, —
Among the stones I stood a stone.

LORD BYRON.

ABOU BEN ADHEM.

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold;
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" — The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."

"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel.— Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!

LEIGH HUNT.

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

It was the schooner Hesperus
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth,
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now west, now south.

Then up and spake an old sailor,
Had sailed the Spanish main,
"I pray thee put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!"
The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the northeast;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale,
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church-bells ring,
O say, what may it be?"
"'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!"—
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns,
O say what may it be?"
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming light,
O say, what may it be?"
But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That savéd she might be;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave,
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever, the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,
Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow!
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

JOHN BURNS OF GETTYSBURG.

HAVE you heard the story that gossips tell
Of Burns of Gettysburg? No? Ah, well: —
Brief is the glory that hero earns,
Briefer the story of poor John Burns:

He was the fellow who won renown—
The only man who didn't back down
When the rebels rode through his native town;
But he held his own in the fight next day,
When all his townsfolk ran away.
That was in July, sixty-three,
The very day that General Lee.
Flower of southern chivalry,
Baffled and beaten, backward reeled
From a stubborn Meade and a barren field.

I might tell how, but the day before,
John Burns stood at his cottage door,
Looking down the village street,
Where, in the shade of his peaceful vine,
He heard the low of his gathered kine,
And felt their breath with incense sweet;
Or I might say, when the sunset burned
The old farm gable, he thought it turned
The milk, that fell in a babbling flood
Into the milk-pail, red as blood!
Or how he fancied the hum of bees
Were bullets whizzing among the trees.

But all such fanciful thoughts as these
Were strange to a practical man like Burns,
Who minded only his own concerns,
Troubled no more by fancies fine
Than one of his calm-eyed, long-tailed kine—
Quite old-fashioned, and matter-of-fact,
Slow to argue, but quick to act,
That was the reason, as some folks say,
He fought so well on that terrible day.

And it was terrible. On the right
Raged for hours the heavy fight,
Thundered the battery's double bass—
Difficult music for men to face;
While on the left—where now the graves
Undulate like the living waves
That all the day unceasing swept
Up to the pits the rebels kept—
Round shot plowed the upland glades,
Sown with bullets, reaped with blades;

Shattered fences here and there
Tossed their splinters in the air;
The very trees were stripped and bare;
The barns that once held yellow grain
Were heaped with harvests of the slain.
The cattle bellowed on the plain,
The turkeys screamed with might and main,
And brooding barn-fowl left their rest
With strange shells bursting in each nest.

Just where the tide of battle turns,
Erect and lonely, stood old John Burns.

How do you think the man was dressed?
He wore an ancient, long buff vest,
Yellow as saffron—but his best;
And, buttoned over his manly breast
Was a bright blue coat with a rolling collar,
And large gilt buttons—size of a dollar—
With tails that country-folk called "swaller."
He wore a broad-brimmed, bell crowned hat,
White as the locks on which it sat.
Never had such a sight been seen
For forty years on the village-green,
Since John Burns was a country beau,
And went to the "quilting" long ago.

Close at his elbows, all that day
Veterans of the Peninsula,
Sunburnt and bearded, charged away,
And striplings, downy of lip and chin,—
Clerks that the Home Guard mustered in —
Glanced as they passed at the hat he wore,
Then at the rifle his right hand bore;
And hailed him from out their youthful lore,
With scraps of a slangy *répertoire:*
"How are you, White Hat?" "Put her through!"
"Your head's level!" and, "Bully for you!"
Called him "Daddy" — and begged he'd disclose
The name of the tailor who made his clothes,
And what was the value he set on those;
While Burns, unmindful of jeer and scoff,
Stood there picking the rebels off —

With his long, brown rifle and bell-crown hat,
And the swallow-tails they were laughing at.

'T was but a moment, for that respect
Which clothes all courage their voices checked;
And something the wildest could understand
Spake in the old man's strong right hand,
And his corded throat, and the lurking frown
Of his eyebrows under his old-bell crown;
Until, as they gazed, there crept an awe
Through the ranks in whispers, and some men saw,
In the antique vestments and long white hair
The Past of the Nation in battle there.
And some of the soldiers since declare
That the gleam of his old white hat afar,
Like the crested plume of the brave Navarre,
That day was their oriflamme of war.
Thus raged the battle. You know the rest;
How the rebels, beaten, and backward pressed,
Broke at the final charge and ran.
At which John Burns — a practical man
Shouldered his rifle, unbent his brows,
And then went back to his bees and cows.

This is the story of old John Burns;
This is the moral the reader learns:
In fighting the battle, the question's whether
You'll show a hat that's white, or a feather.

BRET HARTE.

EXTRACT FROM *MORITURI SALUTAMUS.*

In mediæval Rome, I know not where,
There stood an image with its arm in air,
And on its lifted finger, shining clear,
A golden ring with the device "Strike here!"
Greatly the people wondered, though none guessed,
The meaning that these words but half expressed,
Until a learned clerk, who at noonday
With downcast eyes was passing on his way,
Paused, and observed the spot, and marked it well,
Whereon the shadow of the finger fell,

And coming back at midnight, delved and found
A secret stairway leading underground.

Down this he passed into a spacious hall,
Lit by a flaming jewel on the wall;
And opposite in threatening attitude
With bow and shaft a brazen statue stood;
Upon its forehead, like a coronet,
Were these mysterious words of menace set:
"That which I am, I am; my fatal aim
None can escape, not even yon luminous flame!"
Midway the hall was a fair table placed,
With cloth of gold, and golden cups enchased
With rubies, and the plates and knives were gold,
And gold the bread and viands manifold.
Around it, silent, motionless, and sad,
Were seated gallant knights in armor clad,
And ladies beautiful with plume and zone,
But they were stone, their hearts within were stone;
And the vast hall was filled in every part
With silent crowds, stony in face and heart.

Long at the scene bewildered and amazed
The trembling clerk in speechless wonder gazed;
Then from the table, by his greed made bold,
He seized a goblet and a knife of gold,
And suddenly from their seats the guests upsprang,
The vaulted ceilings with loud clamors rang,
The archer sped his arrow, at their call,
Shattering the lambent jewel on the wall,
And all was dark around and overhead;—
Stark on the floor the luckless clerk lay dead!

The writer of this legend then records
Its ghostly application in these words:
The image is the Adversary old,
Whose beckoning finger points to realms of gold;
Our lusts and passions are the downward stair
That leads the soul from a diviner air;
The archer, Death, the flaming jewel, Life.
Terrestrial goods, the goblet and the knife;
The knights and ladies, all whose flesh and bone
By avarice have been hardened into stone;

The clerk, the scholar, whom the love of pelf
Tempts from his books and from his nobler self.

The scholar and the world! The endless strife,
The discord in the harmonies of life!
The love of learning, the sequestered nooks,
And all the sweet serenity of books;
The market-place, the eager love of gain,
Whose aim is vanity, and whose end is pain!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

AN ORDER FOR A PICTURE.

O GOOD painter, tell me true,
Has your hand the cunning to draw
Shapes of things that you never saw?
Ay? Well, here is an order for you.

Woods and cornfields, a little brown,—
The picture must not be over-bright,—
Yet all in the golden and gracious light
Of a cloud, when the summer sun is down.

Alway and alway, night and morn,
Woods upon woods, with fields of corn
Lying between them, not quite sere,
And not in the full, thick, leafy bloom,
When the wind can hardly find breathing-room
Under their tassels,—cattle near,
Biting shorter the short green grass,
And a hedge of sumach and sassafras,
With bluebirds twittering all around,—
(Ah, good painter, you can't paint sound!)—
These, and the house where I was born,
Low and little, and black and old,
With children, many as it can hold,
All at the windows, open wide,—
Heads and shoulders clear out side,
And fair young faces all ablush:
Perhaps you may have seen, some day,
Roses crowding the selfsame way,
Out of a wilding, wayside bush.

Listen closer. When you have done
With woods and cornfields and grazing herds,
A lady, the loveliest ever the sun
Looked down upon, you must paint for me;
O, if I only could make you see
The clear blue eyes, the tender smile,
The sovereign sweetness, the gentle grace,
The woman's soul, and the angel's face
That are beaming on me all the while!—
I need not speak these foolish words:
Yet one word tells you all I would say,—
She is my mother: you will agree
That all the rest may be thrown away.

Two little urchins at her knee
You must paint, sir: one like me,—
The other with a clearer brow,
And the light of his adventurous eyes
Flashing with boldest enterprise:
At ten years old he went to sea,—
God knoweth if he be living now,—
He sailed in the good ship Commodore,—
Nobody ever crossed her track
To bring us news, and she never came back.
Ah, 't is twenty long years and more
Since that old ship went out of the bay
With my great-hearted brother on her deck;
I watched him till he shrank to a speck,
And his face was toward me all the way.

Bright his hair was, a golden brown,
The time we stood at our mother's knee:
That beauteous head, if it did go down,
Carried sunshine into the sea!

Out in the fields one summer night
We were together, half afraid
Of the corn-leaves' rustling, and of the shade
Of the high hills, stretching so still and far,—
Loitering till after the low little light
Of the candle shone through the open door,
And over the haystack's pointed top,
All of a tremble, and ready to drop,

The first half-hour, the great yellow star
That we with staring, ignorant eyes,
Had often and often watched to see
Propped and held in its place in the skies
By the fork of a tall, red mulberry-tree,
Which close in the edge of our flax-field grew,—
Dead at the top,—just one branch full
Of leaves, notched round, and lined with wool,
From which it tenderly shook the dew
Over our heads, when we came to play
In its handbreadth of shadow, day after day:—
Afraid to go home, sir; for one of us bore
A nest full of speckled and thin-shelled eggs,—
The other, a bird, held fast by the legs,
Not so big as a straw of wheat:
The berries we gave her she wouldn't eat,
But cried and cried, till we held her bill,
So slim and shining, to keep her still.

At last we stood at our mother's knee.
Do you think, sir, if you try,
You can paint the look of a lie?
If you can, pray have the grace
To put it solely in the face
Of the urchin that is likest me:
I think 't was solely mine, indeed:
But that 's no matter,—paint it so;
The eyes of our mother—(take good heed)—
Looking not on the nestful of eggs,
Nor the fluttering bird, held so fast by the legs,
But straight through our faces down to our lies,
And O, with such injured, reproachful surprise!
I felt my heart bleed where that glance went, as though
A sharp blade struck through it.
You, sir, know,
That you on the canvas are to repeat
Things that are fairest, things most sweet,—
Woods and cornfields and mulberry-tree,—
The mother,—the lads, with their bird, at her knee:
But, O, that look of reproachful woe!
High as the heavens your name I 'll shout,
If you paint me the picture, and leave that out.

ALICE CARY.

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX.

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
"Good speed!" cried the watch as the gate-bolts undrew,
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through.
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace,—
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'T was a moonset at starting; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;
At Boom a great yellow star came out to see;
At Düffeld 't was morning as plain as could be;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-chime,—
So Joris broke silence with "Yet there is time!"

At Aerschot up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare through the mist at us galloping past;
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray;
And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence,—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance;
And the thick heavy spume-flakes, which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upward in galloping on.

By Hasselt Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her;
We 'll remember at Aix,"—for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck, and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh;
'Neath our feet broke the brittle, bright stubble like chaff;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

"How they 'll greet us!"—and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet name, my horse without peer,—
Clapped my hands, laughed and sung, any noise, bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is friends flocking round,
As I sate with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground;
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

ROBERT BROWNING.

THE GAMBLER'S WIFE.

DARK is the night! how dark — no light — no fire!
Cold, on the hearth, the last faint sparks expire!
Shivering she watches by the cradle side
For him who pledged her love — last year a bride!

"Hark! 'tis his footstep! No — 'tis past; 'tis gone:
Tick! — Tick! — How wearily the time crawls on!
Why should he leave me thus? He once was kind!
And I believed 'twould last — how mad! — how blind!

"Rest thee, my babe! — rest on! — 'tis hunger's cry!
Sleep! — for there is no food! the fount is dry!
Famine and cold their wearying work have done,
My heart must break! — and thou!" The clock strikes one.

"Hush! 'tis the dice-box! Yes, he 's there, he's there,
For this he leaves me to despair!
Leaves love! leaves truth! his wife! his child! for what?
The wanton's smile — the villain — and the sot!

"Yet I'll not curse him! No! 'tis all in vain!
'Tis long to wait, but sure he'll come again!
And I could starve and bless him, but for you,
My child! — his child! — O fiend!" The clock strikes two.

"Hark! how the sign-board creaks! The blast howls by!
Moan! moan! A dirge swells through the cloudy sky!
Ha! 'tis his knock! he comes! — he comes once more!
'Tis but the lattice flaps! My hope is o'er.

"Can he desert me thus! He knows I stay
Night after night in loneliness to pray
For his return — and yet he sees no tear'
No! No! it cannot be. He will be here

"Nestle more closely, dear one, to my heart!
Thou'rt cold! thou'rt freezing! But we will not part.
Husband! — I die! — Father! — It is not he!
O God! protect my child!" The clock strikes three.

They 're gone! they 're gone! the glimmering spark hath fled!
The wife and child are numbered with the dead!
On the cold hearth, outstretched in solemn rest,
The child lies frozen on its mother's breast!
The gambler came at last — but all was o'er —
Dead silence reigned around — the clock struck four!

REYNELL COATES.

SHAMUS O'BRIEN.

JIST afther the war, in the year '98,
As soon as the boys wor all scattered and bate,

'Twas the custom, whenever a pisant was got,
To hang him by thrial — barrin' sich as was shot.
There was trial by jury goin' on by daylight,
And the martial-law hangin' the lavins by night.
It 's them was hard times for an honest gossoon:
If he missed in the judges — he 'd meet a dragoon;
An' whether the sodgers or judges gev sentence,
The divil a much time they allowed for repentance.
An' it 's many 's the fine boy was then on his keepin'
Wid small share iv restin' or atin' or sleepin',
An' because they loved Erin, an' scorned to sell it,
A prey for the bloodhound, a mark for the bullet —
Unsheltered by night, and unrested by day,
With the heath for their barrack, revenge for their pay;
An' the bravest an' hardiest boy iv them all
Was SHAMUS O'BRIEN, from the town iv Glingall.

His limbs were well set, an' his body was light,
An' the keen-fanged hound had not teeth half so white;
But his face was as pale as the face of the dead,
And his cheek never warmed with the blush of the red.

An' for all that he wasn't an ugly young bye,
For the divil himself couldn 't blaze with his eye,
So droll an' so wicked, so dark and so bright,
Like a fire-flash that crosses the depth of the night!
An' he was the best mower that ever has been,
An' the illigantest hurler that ever was seen.
An' in fencin' he gave Patrick Mooney a cut,
An' in jumpin' he bate Tim Mulloney a fut;
An' for lightness of fut there was n't his peer,
For, be gorra, he could almost outrun the red deer!
An' his dancin' was sich that the men used to stare,
An' the women turn crazy, he done it so quare;
An' by gorra, the whole world gev in to him there.
An' it 's he was the boy that was hard to be caught,
An' it 's often he run, an' it 's often he fought,
An' it 's many the one can remember right well
The quare things he done: an' it 's often I heerd tell
How he frightened the magistrates in Caharbally,
An' 'scaped through the sodgers in Aherloe valley;
How he lathered the yeomen, himself agin four,
An' stretched the two strongest on old Galtimore.

But the fox must sleep sometimes, the wild deer must rest,
An' treachery prey on the blood iv the best;
Afther many a brave action of power and pride,
An' many a hard night on the mountain's bleak side,
An' a thousand great dangers and toils overpast,
In the darkness of night he was taken at last.

Now, SHAMUS, look back on the beautiful moon,
For the door of the prison must close on you soon,
An' take your last look at her dim lovely light,
That falls on the mountain and valley this night;
One look at the village, one look at the flood,
An' one at the sheltering, far-distant wood;
Farewell to the forest, farewell to the hill,
An' farewell to the friends that will think of you still;
Farewell to the pathern, the hurlin' an' wake,
And farewell to the girl that would die for your sake.
An' twelve sodgers brought him to Maryborough jail,
An' the turnkey resaved him, refusin' all bail.

Well, as soon as a few weeks was over and gone,
The terrible day iv the thrial kem on,
There was sich a crowd there was scarce room to stand,
An' sodgers on guard, an' dhragoons sword-in-hand;
An' the court-house so full that the people were bothered,
An' attorneys an' criers on the point iv bein' smothered;
An' counsellors almost gev over for dead,
An' the jury sittin' up in their box overhead;
An' the judge settled out so detarmined an' big
With his gown on his back, and an illegant new wig;
An' silence was called, an' the minute it was said
The court was as still as the heart of the dead,
An' they heard but the openin' of one prison lock,
An' SHAMUS O'BRIEN kem into the dock.

For one minute he turned his eye round on the throng,
An' he looked at the bars, so firm and so strong,
An' he saw that he had not a hope nor a friend,
A chance to escape, nor a word to defend;
An' he folded his arms as he stood there alone,
As calm and as cold as a statue of stone;
And they read a big writin', a yard long at laste,
An' JIM didn't understand it, nor mind it a taste,

An' the judge took a big pinch iv snuff, and he says,
"Are you guilty or not, JIM O'BRIEN, av you plase?"

An' all held their breath in the silence of dhread,
An' SHAMUS O'BRIEN made answer and said:
"My lord, if you ask me, if in my life-time
I thought any treason, or did any crime
That should call to my cheek, as I stand alone here,
The hot blush of shame, or the coldness of fear,
Though I stood by the grave to receive my death-blow
Before GOD and the world I would answer you, no!
But if you would ask me, as I think it like,
If in the rebellion I carried a pike,
An' fought for ould Ireland from the first to the close,
An' shed the heart's blood of her bitterest foes,
I answer you, yes; and I tell you again,
Though I stand here to perish, it 's my glory that then
In her cause I was willing my veins should run dhry,
An' that now for her sake I am ready to die."

Then the silence was great, and the jury smiled bright,
An' the judge wasn't sorry the job was made light;
By my sowl, it's himself was the crabbed ould chap!
In a twinklin' he pulled on his ugly black cap.
Then SHAMUS' mother in the crowd standin' by,
Called out to the judge with a pitiful cry:
"O, judge! darlin', don't, O, don't say the word!
The crather is young, have mercy, my lord;
He was foolish, he didn't know what he was doin';
You don't know him, my lord—O, don't give him to ruin!
He's the kindliest crathur, the tendherest-hearted;
Don't part us forever, we that 's so long parted.
Judge, mavourneen, forgive him, forgive him, my lord,
An' God will forgive you—O, don't say the word!"

That was the first minute that O 'BRIEN was shaken,
When he saw that he was not quite forgot or forsaken;
An' down his pale cheeks, at the word of his mother,
The big tears wor runnin' fast, one afther th' other;
An' two or three times he endeavored to spake,
But the sthrong manly voice used to falther and break;
But at last, by the strength of his high-mounting pride,
He conquered and masthered his grief's swelling tide,

"An'," says he, "mother, darlin', don't break your poor heart,
For, sooner or later, the dearest must part;
And God knows it 's betther than wandering in fear
On the bleak, trackless mountain, among the wild deer,
To lie in the grave, where the head, heart, and breast,
From thought, labor, and sorrow, forever shall rest.
Then, mother, my darlin', don't cry any more,
Don't make me seem broken, in this, my last hour,
For I wish, when my head 's lyin' undher the raven,
No thrue man can say that I died like a craven!"
Then towards the Judge SHAMUS bent down his head,
An' that minute the solemn death-sentence was said.

The mornin' was bright, an' the mists rose on high,
An' the lark whistled merrily in the clear sky;
But why are the men standin' idle so late?
An' why do the crowds gather fast in the street?
What come they to talk of? what come they to see?
An' why does the long rope hang from the cross-tree?
O, SHAMUS O'BRIEN! pray fervent and fast,
May the saints take your soul, for this day is your last;
Pray fast an' pray sthrong, for the moment is nigh,
When, sthrong, proud, an' great as you are, you must die.

At last they threw open the big prison-gate,
An' out came the sheriffs and sodgers in state,
An' a cart in the middle an' SHAMUS was in it,
Not paler, but prouder than ever, that minute.
An' as soon as the people saw SHAMUS O'BRIEN,
Wid prayin' and blessin', and all the girls cryin',
A wild wailin' sound kem on by degrees,
Like the sound of the lonesome wind blowin' through trees,
On, on to the gallows the sheriffs are gone,
An' the cart an' the sodgers go steadily on;
An' at every side swellin' around of the cart,
A wild, sorrowful sound, that id open your heart.
Now under the gallows the cart takes its stand,
An' the hangman gets up with the rope in his hand;
An' the priest, havin' blest him, goes down on the ground.
An' SHAMUS O'BRIEN throws one last look round.

Then the hangman dhrew near, an' the people grew still,
Young faces turned sickly, and warm hearts turn chill;

An' the rope bein' ready, his neck was made bare,
For the gripe iv the life-strangling chord to prepare;
An' the good priest has left him, havin' said his last prayer.
But the good priest done more, for his hands he unbound
An' with one daring spring JIM has leaped on the ground;
Bang! bang! goes the carbines, and clash goes the sabres;
He's not down! he's alive still! now stand to him, neighbors!
Through the smoke and the horses he's into the crowd,—
By the heavens, he's free!—than thunder more loud,
By one shout from the people the heavens were shaken —
One shout that the dead of the world might awaken.
The sodgers ran this way, the sheriffs ran that,
An' Father MALONE lost his new Sunday hat;
To-night he 'll be sleepin in Aherloe Glin,
An' the divil 's in the dice if you catch him ag'in.
Your swords they may glitter, your carbines go bang,
But if you want hangin' it 's yourself you must hang.

Well, a week after this time without firing a cannon,
A sharp, Yankee schooner sailed out of the Shannon,
And the captain left word he was going to Cork,
But the divil a bit, he was bound for New York.
The very next spring, a bright morning in May,
Just six months after the great hangin' day,
A letter was brought to the town of Kildare.
An' on the outside was written out fair
"To ould Mistress O'Brien in Ireland or elsewhere."
And the inside began, "My dear good old mother,
I'm safe — and I'm happy — and not wishing to bother
You in the readin' (with the help of the priest)
I send you inclosed in this letter at least
Enough to pay him and fetch you away
To this land of the free and the brave, Amerikay.
Here you 'll be happy and never nade cryin'
So long as you 're mother of Shamus O'Brien.
An' give me love to swate Biddy and tell her beware
Of that spalpeen who calls himself Lord of Kildare
An' just tell the Judge, I don't now care a rap,
For him or his wig, or his dirty black cap,
An' as for dragoons, them paid men of slaughter,
Just say that I love them as the divil loves holy water.
An' now my good mother, one word of advice:
Fill your bag with pittatyes and whisky and rice,

An' when you start from ould Ireland take passage at Cork
An' come straight over to the town of New York,
An' there ax the mayor the best way to go
To the state of Cincinnati in the town of Ohio,
For 'tis there you will find me without much tryin'
At the Harp and the Eagle kept by Shamus O'Brien."

J. S. LE FANU.

THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS.

KING FRANCIS was a hearty king, and loved a royal sport,
And one day as his lions fought, sat looking on the court;
The nobles filled the benches, with the ladies in their pride,
And 'mongst them sat the Count de Lorge, with one for whom he sighed:
And truly 'twas a gallant thing to see that crowning show,
Valor and love, and a king above, and the royal beasts below.

Ramped and roared the lions, with horrid laughing jaws;
They bit, they glared, gave blows like beams, a wind went with their paws;
With wallowing might and stifled roar they rolled on one another,
Till all the pit with sand and mane was in a thunderous smother,
The bloody foam above the bars came whisking through the air;
Said Francis then, "Faith, gentlemen, we 're better here than there!"

De Lorge's love o'erheard the King, a beauteous lively dame,
With smiling lips and sharp bright eyes, which always seemed the same;
She thought, "The Count, my lover, is brave as brave can be.
He surely would do wondrous things to show his love of me;
King, ladies, lovers, all look on; the occasion is divine;
I'll drop my glove, to prove his love; great glory will be mine!"

She dropped her glove to prove his love, then looked on him and smiled;
He bowed, and in a moment leaped among the lions wild;

The leap was quick, return was quick, he has regained his place,
Then threw the glove,—but not with love,—right in the lady's face.
"By Heaven!" said Francis, "rightly done!" and he rose from where he sat;
"No love," quoth he, "but vanity, sets love a task like that.

LEIGH HUNT.

A LEGEND OF BREGENZ.

GIRT round with rugged mountains
The fair Lake Constance lies;
In her blue heart reflected,
Shine back the starry skies;
And watching each white cloudlet
Float silently and slow,
You think a piece of heaven
Lies on our earth below!

Midnight is there: and silence,
Enthroned in heaven, looks down
Upon her own calm mirror,
Upon a sleeping town;
For Bregenz, that quaint city
Upon the Tyrol shore,
Has stood above Lake Constance
A thousand years and more.

Her battlements and towers
Upon their rocky steep
Have cast their trembling shadow
For ages on the deep;
Mountain and lake and valley
A sacred legend know,
Of how the town was saved one night,
Three hundred years ago.

Far from her home and kindred
A Tyrol maid had fled,
To serve in the Swiss valleys,
And toil for daily bread;

And every year that fleeted
So silently and fast
Seemed to bear farther from her
The memory of the past.

She served kind, gentle masters,
Nor asked for rest or change;
Her friends seemed no more new ones,
Their speech seemed no more strange;
And when she led her cattle
To pasture every day,
She ceased to look and wonder
On which side Bregenz lay.

She spoke no more of Bregenz
With longing and with tears;
Her Tyrol home seemed faded
In a deep mist of years.
She heeded not the rumors
Of Austrian war and strife;
Each day she rose contented,
To the calm toils of life.

Yet, when her master's children
Would clustering round her stand,
She sang them the old ballads
Of her own native land;
And when at morn and evening
She knelt before God's throne,
The accents of her childhood
Rose to her lips alone.

And so she dwelt: the valley
More peaceful year by year;
When suddenly strange portents
Of some great deed seemed near.
The golden corn was bending
Upon its fragile stalk,
While farmers, heedless of their fields,
Paced up and down in talk.

The men seemed stern and altered,
With looks cast on the ground;

With anxious faces, one by one,
The women gathered round;
All talk of flax or spinning,
Or work, was put away;
The very children seemed afraid
To go alone to play.

One day, out in the meadow,
With strangers from the town,
Some secret plan discussing,
The men walked up and down;
Yet now and then seemed watching
A strange uncertain gleam,
That looked like lances 'mid the trees
That stood below the stream.

At eve they all assembled,
All care and doubt were fled;
With jovial laugh they feasted,
The board was nobly spread.
The elder of the village
Rose up, his glass in hand,
And cried, "We drink the downfall
Of an accursed land!

"The night is growing darker,—
Ere one more day is flown,
Bregenz, our foeman's stronghold,
Bregenz shall be our own!"
The women shrank in terror,
(Yet pride, too, had her part,)
But one poor Tyrol maiden
Felt death within her heart.

Before her stood fair Bregenz,
Once more her towers arose;
What were the friends beside her?
Only her country's foes!
The faces of her kinsfolk,
The days of childhood flown,
The echoes of her mountains,
Reclaimed her as their own.

Nothing she heard around her
(Though shouts rang forth again),
Gone were the green Swiss valleys,
The pasture and the plain;
Before her eyes one vision,
And in her heart one cry,
That said, "Go forth, save Bregenz,
And then, if need be, die!"

With trembling haste and breathless.
With noiseless step she sped;
Horses and weary cattle
Were standing in the shed;
She loosed the strong white charger,
That fed from out her hand;
She mounted, and she turned his head
Towards her native land.

Out—out into the darkness,—
Faster, and still more fast;
The smooth grass flies behind her,
The chestnut wood is past;
She looks up; clouds are heavy:
Why is her steed so slow?—
Scarcely the wind beside them
Can pass them as they go.

"Faster!" she cries, "O, faster!"
Eleven the church-bells chime;
"O God," she cries, "help Bregenz,
And bring me there in time!"
But louder than bells' ringing,
Or lowing of the kine,
Grows nearer in the midnight
The rushing of the Rhine.

Shall not the roaring waters
Their headlong gallop check?
The steed draws back in terror,
She leans above his neck
To watch the flowing darkness,—
The bank is high and steep,—

One pause—he staggers forward
And plunges in the deep.

She strives to pierce the blackness,
And looser throws the rein;
Her steed must breast the waters
That dash above his mane.
How gallantly, how nobly,
He struggles through the foam!
And see—in the far distance
Shine out the lights of home!

Up the steep bank he bears her,
And now they rush again
Towards the heights of Bregenz,
That tower above the plain.
They reach the gate of Bregenz
Just as the midnight rings,
And out comes serf and soldier,
To meet the news she brings.

Bregenz is saved! ere daylight
Her battlements are manned;
Defiance greets the army
That marches on the land.
And if to deeds heroic
Should endless fame be paid,
Bregenz does well to honor
The noble Tyrol maid.

Three hundred years are vanished,
And yet upon the hill
An old stone gateway rises,
To do her honor still.
And there, when Bregenz women
Sit spinning in the shade,
They see in quaint old carving
The Charger and the Maid.

And when, to guard old Bregenz,
By gateway, street, and tower,
The warder paces all night long,
And calls each passing hour:

"Nine," "ten," "eleven," he cries aloud,
And then (O crown of Fame!)
When midnight pauses in the skies,
He calls the maiden's name!

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

THE SCHOOL-MASTER'S GUESTS.

THE district school-master was sitting behind his great book-laden desk,
Close watching the motions of scholars, pathetic and gay and grotesque.

As whisper the half leafless branches, when Autumn's brisk breezes have come,
His little scrub-thicket of pupils sent upward a half-smothered hum.

Like the frequent sharp bang of a wagon, when treading a forest path o'er,
Resounded the feet of his pupils, whenever their heels struck the floor.

There was little Tom Timms on the front seat, whose face was withstanding a drouth;
And jolly Jack Gibbs just behind him, with a rainy new moon for a mouth.

There were both of the Smith boys, as studious as if they bore names that could bloom;
And Jim Jones, a heaven-built mechanic, the slyest young knave in the room,

With a countenance grave as a horse's and his honest eyes fixed on a pin,
Queer-bent on a deeply laid project to tunnel Joe Hawkins's skin.

There were anxious young novices, drilling their spelling-books into the brain,
Loud puffing each half-whispered letter, like an engine just starting its train.

There was one fiercely muscular fellow, who scowled at the sums on his slate,
And leered at the innocent figures a look of unspeakable hate,

And set his white teeth close together, and gave his thin lips a short twist,
As to say "I could whip you, confound you! could such things be done with the fist!"

There were two knowing girls in the corner, each one with some beauty possessed,
In a whisper discussing the problem which one the young master likes best.

A class in the front, with their readers, were telling, with difficult pains,
How perished brave Marco Bozzaris while bleeding at all of his veins;

And a boy on the floor to be punished, a statue of idleness stood,
Making faces at all of the others, and enjoying the scene all he could.

II.

Around were the walls gray and dingy, which every old school-sanctum hath,
With many a break on their surface, where grinned a wood grating of lath.

A patch of thick plaster, just over the school-master's rickety chair,
Seemed threat'ningly o'er him suspended, like Damocles' sword, by a hair.

The square stove puffed and crackled, and broke out in red-flaming sores,
Till the great iron quadruped trembled like a dog fierce to rush out-o'-doors.

White snow-flakes looked in at the windows; the gale pressed its lips to the cracks;
And the children's hot faces were steaming, the while they were freezing their backs.

III.

Now Marco Bozzaris had fallen, and all of his sufferings were o'er,
And the class to their seats were retreating, when footsteps were heard at the door;

And five of the good district fathers marched into the room in a row,
And stood themselves up by the hot fire, and shook off their white cloaks of snow;

And the spokesman, a grave squire of sixty, with countenance solemnly sad,
Spoke thus, while the children all listened, with all of the ears that they had:

"We 've come here, school-master, intendin' to cast an inquirin' eye 'round,
Concernin' complaints that's been entered, an' fault that has lately been found;

To pace off the width of your doin's, an' witness what you've been about,
An' see if it 's payin' to keep you, or whether we 'd best turn ye out.

"The first thing I'm bid for to mention is, when the class gets up to read,
You give 'em too tight of a reinin' an' touch 'em up more than they need;

You 're nicer than wise in the matter of holdin' the book in one han',
An' you turn a stray g in their doin's, an' tack an odd d on their an'.

There ain't no great good comes of speakin' the words so polite, as I see,
Providin' you know what the facts is, an' tell 'em off jest as they be.

An' then there 's that readin' in concert, is censured from first unto last;
It kicks up a heap of a racket, when folks is a travelin' past.

Whatever is done as to readin', providin' things go to my say,
Sha'n't hang on no new-fangled hinges, but swing in the old-fashioned way."

And the other four good district fathers gave quick the consent that was due,
And nodded obliquely, and muttered, "Them 'ere is my sentiments tew."

"Then as to your spellin'; I've heern tell, by them as has looked into this,
That you turn the *u* out of your labour, an' make the word shorter than 't is;

An' clip the *k* off yer musick, which makes my son Ephriam perplexed,
An' when he spells out as he ought'r, you pass the word on to the next.

They say there 's some new-grafted books here that don't take them letters along;
But if it is so, jest depend on 't, them new-grafted books is made wrong.

You might jest as well say that Jackson did n't know all there was about war,
As to say that old spellin'-book Webster did n't know what them letters was for."

And the other four good district fathers gave quick the consent that was due,
And scratched their heads slyly and softly, and said, "Them 's my sentiments tew."

"Then, also, your 'rithmetic doin's, as they are reported to me,
Is that you have left Tare and Tret out, an' also the old Rule of Three;

An' likewise brought in a new study, some high-stepping scholars to please,
With saw-bucks an' crosses and pot-hooks, an' w's, x, y's and z's.

We ain't got no time for such foolin'; there ain't no great good to be reached.
By tip-toein' childr'n up higher than ever their fathers was teached."

And the other four good district fathers gave quick the consent that was due,
And cocked one eye up to the ceiling, and said, "Them 's my sentiments tew."

'Another thing, I must here mention, comes into the question to day,
Concerning some things in the grammar you 're teachin' our girls for to say.

My gals is as steady as clockwork, an' never give cause for much fear,
But they come home from school t'other evenin' a talkin' such stuff as this here:

'I love,' an' 'Thou lovest,' an' 'He loves,' an' 'You love,' an' 'They—'
An' they answered my questions, 'It 's grammar'—'t was all I could get 'em to say.

Now if, 'stead of doin' your duty, you're carryin' matters on so
As to make the gals say that they love you, it 's just all that I want to know."

IV.

Now Jim, the young heaven-built mechanic, in the dusk of the evening before,
Had well-nigh unjointed the stove-pipe, to make it come down on the floor;

And the squire bringing smartly his foot down, as a clincher to what he had said,
A joint of the pipe fell upon him, and larruped him square on the head.

The soot flew in clouds all about him, and blotted with black all the place,
And the squire and the other four fathers were peppered with black in the face.

The school, ever sharp for amusement, laid down all their
cumbersome books,
And, spite of the teacher's endeavors, laughed loud at their
visitors' looks.

And the squire, as he stalked to the doorway, swore oaths of
a violet hue;
And the four district fathers, who followed, seemed to say,
"Them 's my sentiments tew."

WILL CARLETON.

AUX ITALIENS.

At Paris it was, at the opera there;
And she looked like a queen in a book that night,
With the wreath of pearl in her raven hair,
And the brooch on her breast so bright.

Of all the operas that Verdi wrote,
The best, to my taste, is the Trovatoré;
And Mario can soothe, with a tenor note,
The souls in purgatory.

The moon on the tower slept soft as snow;
And who was not thrilled in the strangest way,
As we heard him sing, while the gas burned low,
"*Non ti scordar di me?*"

The emperor there, in his box of state,
Looked grave; as if he had just then seen
The red flag wave from the city gate,
Where his eagles in bronze had been.

The empress, too, had a tear in her eye:
You'd have said that her fancy had gone back again,
For one moment, under the old blue sky,
To the old glad life in Spain.

Well! there in our front-row box we sat
Together, my bride betrothed and I;
My gaze was fixed on my opera hat,
And hers on the stage hard by.

And both were silent, and both were sad;—
Like a queen she leaned on her full white arm,
With that regal, indolent air she had;
So confident of her charm!

I have not a doubt she was thinking then
Of her former lord, good soul that he was,
Who died the richest and roundest of men,
The Marquis of Carabas.

I hope that, to get to the kingdom of heaven,
Through a needle's eye he had not to pass;
I wish him well for the jointure given
To my lady of Carabas.

Meanwhile, I was thinking of my first love
As I had not been thinking of aught for years;
Till over my eyes there began to move
Something that felt like tears.

I thought of the dress that she wore last time,
When we stood 'neath the cypress-trees together,
In that lost land, in that soft clime,
In the crimson evening weather;

Of that muslin dress (for the eve was hot);
And her warm white neck in its golden chain;
And her full soft hair, just tied in a knot,
And falling loose again;

And the jasmine flower in her fair young breast;
(O the faint, sweet smell of that jasmine flower!)
And the one bird singing alone to his nest;
And the one star over the tower.

I thought of our little quarrels and strife,
And the letter that brought me back my ring;
And it all seemed then, in the waste of life,
Such a very little thing!

For I thought of her grave below the hill,
Which the sentinel cypress-tree stands over;
And I thought, "Were she only living still,
How I could forgive her and love her!"

And I swear, as I thought of her thus in that hour,
And of how, after all, old things are best,
That I smelt the smell of that jasmine flower
Which she used to wear in her breast.

It smelt so faint, and it smelt so sweet,
It made me creep, and it made me cold!
Like the scent that steals from the crumbling sheet
Where a mummy is half unrolled,

And I turned and looked; she was sitting there,
In a dim box over the stage; and drest
In that muslin dress, with that full soft hair,
And that jasmine in her breast!

I was here, and she was there;
And the glittering horse-shoe curved between: —
From my bride betrothed, with her raven hair
And her sumptuous scornful mien,

To my early love, with her eyes downcast,
And over her primrose face the shade,
(In short, from the future back to the past,)
There was but a step to be made.

To my early love from my future bride
One moment I looked. Then I stole to the door,
I traversed the passage; and down at her side
I was sitting, a moment more.

My thinking of her, or the music's strain,
Or something which never will be exprest,
Had brought her back from the grave again,
With the jasmine in her breast.

She is not dead, and she is not wed!
But she loves me now, and she loved me then!
And the very first word that her sweet lips said,
My heart grew youthful again.

The marchioness there, of Carabas,
She is wealthy, and young, and handsome still;
And but for her . . . well, we 'll let that pass;
She may marry whomever she will.

But I will marry my own first love,
With her primrose face, for old things are best;
And the flower in her bosom, I prize it above
The brooch in my lady's breast.

The world is filled with folly and sin,
And love must cling where it can, I say:
For beauty is easy enough to win;
But one is n't loved every day.

And I think in the lives of most women and men,
There 's a moment when all would go smooth and even
If only the dead could find out when
To come back and be forgiven.

But O the smell of that jasmine flower!
And O that music! and O the way
That voice rang out from the donjon tower,
Non ti scordar di me,
Non ti scordar di me!

ROBERT BULWER LYTTON.

COUNT CANDESPINA'S STANDARD.

SCARCE were the splintered lances dropped,
Scarce were the swords drawn out,
Ere recreant Lara, sick with fear,
Had wheeled his steed about;

His courser reared, and plunged, and neighed,
Loathing the fight to yield;
But the coward spurred him to the bone,
And drove him from the field.

Gonzalez in his stirrups rose:
"Turn, turn, thou traitor knight!
Thou bold tongue in a lady's bower,
Thou dastard in a fight!"

But vainly valiant Gomez cried
Across the waning fray:
Pale Lara and his craven band
To Burgos scoured away.

"Now, by the God above me, sirs,
Better we all were dead,
Than a single knight among ye all
Should ride where Lara led!

"Yet ye who fear to follow me,
As yon traitor, turn and fly;
For I lead ye not to win a field;
I lead ye forth to die.

"Olea, plant my standard here—
Here on this little mound;
Here raise the war-cry of thy house,
Make this our rallying ground.

"Forget not, as thou hop'st for grace,
The last care I shall have
Will be to hear thy battle-cry,
And see that standard wave."

Down on the ranks of Aragon
The bold Gonzalez drove,
And Olea raised his battle-cry,
And waved the flag above.

Slowly Gonzalez' little band
Gave ground before the foe;
But not an inch of the field was won
Without a deadly blow;

And not an inch of the field was won
That did not draw a tear
From the widowed wives of Aragon,
That fatal news to hear.

Backward and backward Gomez fought,
And high o'er the clashing steel,
Plainer and plainer rose the cry,
"Olea for Castile!"

Backward fought Gomez, step by step,
Till the cry was close at hand,
Till his dauntless standard shadowed him;
And there he made his stand.

Mace, sword and axe rang on his mail,
Yet he moved not where he stood,
Though each gaping joint of armor ran
A stream of purple blood.

As, pierced with countless wounds he fell,
The standard caught his eye,
And he smiled like an infant hushed asleep,
To hear the battle-cry.

Now one by one the wearied knights
Have fallen, or basely flown;
And on the mound where his post was fixed
Olea stood alone.

"Yield up thy banner, gallant knight!
Thy lord lies on the plain;
Thy duty has been nobly done;
I would not see thee slain."

"Spare pity, King of Aragon!
I would not hear thee lie:
My lord is looking down from heaven
To see his standard fly."

"Yield, madman, yield! thy horse is down,
Thou hast nor lance nor shield;
Fly!—I will grant thee time." "This flag
Can neither fly nor yield!"

They girt the standard round about,
A wall of flashing steel;
But still they heard the battle-cry,
"Olea for Castile!'

And there, against all Aragon,
Full-armed with lance and brand,
Olea fought until the sword
Snapped in his sturdy hand.

Among the foe with that high scorn
Which laughs at earthly fears,
He hurled the broken hilt, and drew
His dagger on the spears.

They hewed the hauberk from his breast,
The hemlet from his head;
They hewed the hands from off his limbs;
From every vein he bled.

Clasping the standard to his heart,
He raised one dying peal,
That rang as if a trumpet blew,—
"Olea for Castile!"

GEORGE H. BOKER.

HER LETTER.

I 'm sitting alone by the fire,
Dressed just as I came from the dance,
In a robe even *you* would admire,—
It cost a cool thousand in France;
I 'm be-diamonded out of all reason,
My hair is done up in a cue:
In short, sir, "the belle of the season"
Is wasting an hour on you.

A dozen engagements I 've broken;
I left in the midst of a set;
Likewise a proposal, half spoken,
That waits—on the stairs—for me yet.
They say he'll be rich,—when he grows up,—
And then he adores me indeed.
And you, sir, are turning your nose up,
Three thousand miles off, as you read.

"And how do I like my position?"
"And what do I think of New York?"
"And now, in my higher ambition,
With whom do I waltz, flirt or talk?"
"And is n't it nice to have riches,
And diamonds and silks, and all that?"
"And are n't it a change to the ditches
And tunnels of Poverty Flat?"

Well, yes,—if you saw us out driving
Each day in the park, four-in-hand,—

If you saw poor dear mamma contriving
To look supernaturally grand,—
If you saw papa's picture as taken
By Brady, and tinted at that,—
You 'd never suspect he sold bacon
And flour at Poverty Flat.

And yet, just this moment, when sitting
In the glare of the grand chandelier,—
In the bustle and glitter befitting
The "finest *soirée* of the year,"
In the mists of a *gauze de Chambery*,
And the hum of the smallest of talk,—
Somehow, Joe, I thought of the "Ferry,"
And the dance that we had on "The Fork;"

Of Harrison's barn, with its muster
Of flags festooned over the wall;
Of the candles that shed their soft lustre
And tallow on head-dress and shawl;
Of the steps that we took to one fiddle;
Of the dress of my queer *vis-a-vis;*
And how I once went down the middle
With the man that shot Sandy McGee;

Of the moon that was quietly sleeping
On the hill, when the time came to go;
Of the few baby peaks that were peeping
From under their bed-clothes of snow;
Of that ride,—that to me was the rarest;
Of—the something you said at the gate,—
Ah, Joe, then I was n't an heiress
To "the best-paying lead in the State."

Well, well, it 's all past; yet it 's funny
To think, as I stood in the glare
Of fashion and beauty and money,
That I should be thinking, right there,
Of some one who breasted high water,
And swam the North Fork, and all that,
Just to dance with old Folinsbee's daughter,
The Lily of Poverty Flat.

But goodness! what nonsense I 'm writing!
(Mamma says my taste still is low,)
Instead of my triumphs reciting,
I 'm spooning on Joseph,—heigh-ho!
And I 'm to be " finished " by travel,—
Whatever 's the meaning of that,—
Oh! why did papa strike pay gravel
In drifting on Poverty Flat?

Good night,—here 's the end of my paper;
Good night,—if the longitude please,—
For maybe while wasting my taper,
Your sun 's climbing over the trees.
But know if you have n't got riches,
And are poor, dearest Joe, and all that,
That my heart's somewhere there in the ditches,
And you 've struck it,—on Poverty Flat.

BRET HARTE.

THE BUGLE SONG.

THE splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark! O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE REVOLUTIONARY RISING.

Out of the North the wild news came,
Far flashing on its wings of flame,
Swift as the boreal light which flies
At midnight through the startled skies.
And there was tumult in the air,
  The fife's shrill note, the drum's loud beat,
And through the wide land everywhere
  The answering tread of hurrying feet;
While the first oath of Freedom's gun
Came on the blast from Lexington;
And Concord roused, no longer tame,
Forgot her old baptismal name,
Made bare her patriot arm of power,
And swelled the discord of the hour.

Within its shade of elm and oak
  The church of Berkley Manor stood;
There Sunday found the rural folk,
  And some esteemed of gentle blood.
  In vain their feet with loitering tread
Passed mid the graves where rank is naught;
All could not read the lesson taught
  In that republic of the dead.

How sweet the hour of Sabbath talk,
  The vale with peace and sunshine full,
Where all the happy people walk,
  Decked in their homespun flax and wool;
  Where youth's gay hats with blossoms bloom;
And every maid, with simple art,
Wears on her breast, like her own heart,
  A bud whose depths are all perfume;
While every garment's gentle stir
Is breathing rose and lavender.

The pastor came; his snowy locks
  Hallowed his brow of thought and care;
And calmly, as shepherds lead their flocks,
  He led into the house of prayer,
Then soon he rose; the prayer was strong;
The Psalm was warrior David's song;

The text, a few short words of might —
"*The Lord of Hosts shall arm the right!*"

He spoke of wrongs too long endured,
Of sacred rights to be secured;
Then from his patriot tongue of flame
The startling words for freedom came.
The stirring sentences he spake
Compelled the heart to glow or quake,
And, rising on his theme's broad wing,
And grasping in his nervous hand
The imaginary battle-brand,
In face of death he dared to fling
Defiance to a tyrant king.

Even as he spoke, his frame, renewed
In eloquence of attitude,
Rose, as it seemed, a shoulder higher;
Then swept his kindling glance of fire
From startled pew to breathless choir;
When suddenly his mantle wide,
His hands impatient flung aside,
And, lo! he met their wondering eyes
Complete in all a warrior's guise.

A moment there was awful pause —
When Berkley cried, "Cease, traitor! cease
God's temple is the house of peace!"
The other shouted, "Nay, not so,
When God is with our righteous cause;
His holiest places then are ours,
His temples are our forts and towers
That frown upon the tyrant foe;
In this, the dawn of Freedom's day,
There is a time to fight and pray!"

And now before the open door —
The warrior priest had ordered so —
The enlisting trumpet's sudden roar
Rang through the chapel, o'er and o'er,
Its long reverberating blow,
So loud and clear, it seemed the ear
Of dusty death must wake and hear.

And there the startling drum and fife
Fired the living with fiercer life;
While overhead, with wild increase,
Forgetting its ancient tōll of peace,
The great bell swung as ne'er before:
It seemed as it would never cease;
And every word its ardor flung
From off its jubilant iron tongue
Was, "War! WAR! WAR!"

"Who dares?"—this was the pātriot's cry,
As striding from the desk he came,—
"Come out with me, in Freedom's name,
For her to live, for her to die?"
A hundred hands flung up reply,
A hundred voices answered, "I!"

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

MY PIPE.

WHAT! sell my pipe, sir? By old Jove!
Ha! ha! excuse my ill-seemed mirth.
Why, boy, to get that pipe I clove
A trooper to his saddle-girth!
What 's that? Why, more than you have done,
My white-faced lad, or you will do,
If you but end as you 've begun;
Mind what I tell you, lad, 'tis true!

Put up your money; this old pipe
May be, as you have said, a gem;
Whoever loosens death's last gripe
Will find it here, a prize to them.
A beauty! yes indeed, a pearl!
See how the rich brown color glows;
The blushes of a pretty girl,
The heart's core of the deep red rose!

Pshaw! sell my pipe! the thing 's absurd!
My silver-lipped, my amber-tipped!
See here, my lad, perhaps you 've heard
About a pack of fellows whipped

At Gettysburg? Well, I was there,
Where showers of ball ploughed up the ground
Beneath the footsteps of my mare,
Who challenged death at every bound!

Up came an order from our chief
To take a belching battery nigh:
Our captain's words were sharp and brief,
"Forward! which of ye fears to die?"
Like one united mass we sprang
O'er abattis: the works were won;
With one wild shout the hillside rang,
And then we spiked each murderous gun!

Just then a cloud of horsemen rushed
Upon our rear like some fierce gust:
By every count they should have crushed
Our little band into the dust.
Full five to one the squadron came;
Thank God! we knew not how to fly,
For, I'll be sworn, each felt the same,
As men who did not fear to die.

Wild was the crash; the shrieks, the yells,
The screaming of the frightened steeds!
It seemed as though a score of hells
Had loosed their fiends for bloody deeds!
Each man of all our little band
Fought like a hundred men in one,
Slashing his foes on either hand,
As though 't were but a bit of fun.

At last, with half our comrades slain,
We beat the foemen wildly back,
And fiercely over hill and plain
We smote them on their flying track.
My arm was hardened steel that day
From shoulder to my sword's red tip;
But still no blood was in the fray
Of mine, save from my bitten lip.

But I had seen my brother fall—
Hewed down by one great, giant blow:

The sight had turned my blood to gall,
And almost checked its living flow.
I bent my mare's long reaching stride
On every flying wretch I scanned,
Sworn that no spot on earth should hide
The murderer from my vengeful hand.

The night was closing in around,
With just enough of light to see,
When suddenly I heard the sound
Of clattering hoofs not far from me.
I turned my mare, and stood on guard,
My ready sabre on my knee;
My listening heart beat quick and hard,
For something whispered, "This is he!"

I knew him at our horses' length,
Though but a glimpse I had before—
His fierce black eye, his size and strength,
His hands all smeared with blackened gore.
And in his tightly clenchéd teeth
He held this pipe with mocking grin—
A grin that hid a fiend beneath;
A murderous fiend there lurked within.

He stretched his head, with straining eyes,
Thinking my silent form a friend;
I marked him for a certain prize,
And grasped my sabre for the end.
Just then he thrust his cursed face
Far forward from his saddle-bow,
And with a puff lit all the place
And knew me for his deadly foe.

But ere his horse could backward spring,
I clutched this pipe with fiercest hate;
Then, with one quick and desperate swing,
My good sword fell—alas! too late!
He charged, and, in his fearful haste,
He only took my bridle-arm;
I cut him, cleanly, to his waist:—
An arm the less, boy, that 's no harm!

So that's the way my pipe was won.
Now, do you think I'd sell my prize!
Why, all the gold beneath the sun
Would not so fill my loving eyes.
I kiss its bowl for memory's sake—
The memory of my brother Steve;
Its presence keeps the thought awake
Of him I slew that summer eve.

JAMES W. WATSON.

THE DEATH OF MARMION.

WIDE raged the battle on the plain;
Spears shook, and falchions flashed amain;
Fell England's arrow-flight like rain;
And crests of Scottish chieftains brave
Floated like foam upon the wave;
Yet still amid the tumult high
England saw Marmion's pennon fly.

The border slogan rent the sky:
"A Home! a Gordon!" was the cry;
Loud were the clanging blows!
Advanced,—forced back,—now low, now high,
The pennon sank and rose;
As bends the bark's mast in the gale,
When rent are rigging, shrouds, and sail,
It wavered 'mid the foes.

Swift to the fray Blount rode amain,
Followed by all the archer train.
The fiery youth, with desperate charge,
Made, for a space, an opening large;—
The rescued banner rose;
But darkly closed the war around,—
Like pine-tree rooted from the ground,
It sank among the foes!

Then, fast as shaft can fly,
Bloodshot his eyes, his nostrils spread,
The loose rein dangling from his head,
Housing and saddle bloody red,
Lord Marmion's steed rushed by.

And soon, straight up the hill there rode
  Two horsemen drenched with gore,
And in their arms, a helpless load,
  A wounded knight they bore.
His hand still strained the broken brand,
His arms were smeared with blood and sand.
Dragged from among the horses' feet,
With dinted shield, and helmet beat,
The falcon crest and plumage gone,—
Can that be haughty Marmion?

Young Blount his armor did unlace,
And, gazing on his ghastly face,
  Said, "By Saint George, he 's gone!
That spear-wound has our master sped;
And see the deep cut on his head!
  Good-night to Marmion!"—
"Unnurtured Blount! thy brawling cease:
He opes his eyes," said Eustace; "peace!"

When, doffed his casque, he felt free air,
Around 'gan Marmion wildly stare:—
"Where 's Harry Blount? Fitz Eustace where?
Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare!
Redeem my pennon! Charge again!
Cry, 'Marmion to the rescue!—Vain!
Last of my race, on battle-plain
That shout shall ne 'er be heard again!

"Yet my last thought is England's; fly!
To Dacre bear my signet ring;
Tell him his squadrons up to bring.
Let Stanley charge with spur of fire,
With Chester charge, and Lancashire,
Full upon Scotland's central host,—
Or victory and England's lost!
Must I bid twice? Hence, varlets! fly!
Leave Marmion here alone—to die!"

The war, that for a space did fail,
Now, trebly thundering, swelled the gale,
  And—STANLEY! was the cry;—
A light on Marmion's visage spread,
  And fired his glazing eye;

With dying hand, above his head
He shook the fragment of his blade,
And shouted "Victory!" —
"Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!
Were the last words of Marmion.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

WILLIAM TELL AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

Ye crags and peaks, I'm with you once again!
I hold to you the hands you first beheld,
To show they still are free. Methinks I hear
A spirit in your echoes answer me,
And bid your tenant welcome to his home
Again! O, sacred forms, how proud ye look!
How high you lift your heads into the sky!
How huge you are! how mighty and how free!
Ye are the things that tower, that shine, whose smile
Makes glad, whose frown is terrible, whose forms,
Robed or unrobed, do all the impress wear
Of awe divine. Ye guards of liberty!
I'm with you once again!—I call to you
With all my voice! I hold my hands to you
To show they still are free. I rush to you,
As though I could embrace you!

Scaling yŏnder peak,
I saw an eagle wheeling, near its brow,
O'er the abyss. His broad, expanded wings
Lay calm and motionless upon the air,
As if he had floated there, without their aid,
By the sole act of his unlorded will,
That buoyed him proudly up! Instinctively
I bent my bow; yet wheeled he, heeding not
The death that threatened him! I could not shoot!
'T was liberty! I turned my bow aside,
And let him soar away.

Once Switzerland was free! O, with what pride
I used to walk these hills, look up to heaven,
And bless God that it was so! It was free!
From end to end, from cliff to lake, 't was free!

Free as our torrents are, that leap our rocks,
And plough our valleys without asking leave;
Or as our peaks, that wear their caps of snow
In very presence of the regal sun!
How happy was I in it then! I loved
Its very storms! Ay, often have I sat
In my boat, at night, when down the mountain gorge
The wind came roaring—sat in it, and eyed
The thunder breaking from his cloud, and smiled
To see him shake his lightnings o'er my head,
And think I had no master, save his own!

You know the jutting cliff, round which a track
Up hither winds, whose base is but the brow
To such another one, with scanty room
For two to pass abreast? O'ertaken there
By the mountain-blast, I 've laid me flat along;
And while gust followed gust more furiously,
As if 't would sweep me o'er the horrid brink,
And I have thought of other lands, whose storms
Are summer-flaws to those of mine, and just
Have wished me there,—the thought that mine was free
Has checked that wish; and I have raised my head,
And cried, in thralldom, to that furious wind,
"Blow on!—This is the land of liberty!"

SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, oh! quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,—
Oh the pain — the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life!

Hark! they whisper: angels say,
"Sister spirit, come away!"
What is this absorbs me quite,—
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?—
Tell me, my soul! can this be death?

The world recedes — it disappears;
Heaven opens on my eyes; my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount, I fly!
O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy sting?

ALEXANDER POPE.

THE SCHOLAR OF THEBET BEN KHORAT.

NIGHT in Arabia. An hour ago,
Pale Dian had descended from the sky,
Flinging her cestus out upon the sea,
And at their watches, now, the solemn stars
Stood vigilant and lone; and, dead asleep,
With not a shadow moving on its breast,
The breathing earth lay in its silver dew,
And, trembling on their myriad viewless wings,
Th' imprisoned odors left the flowers to dream,
And stole away upon the yielding air.
Ben Khorat's tower stands shadowy and tall
In Mecca's loneliest street; and ever there,
When night is at the deepest, burns his lamp
As constant as the Cynosure, and forth
From his loop'd window stretch the brazen tubes,
Pointing forever at the central star
Of that dim nebula just lifting now
Over Mount Arafat. The sky to-night
Is of a clearer blackness than is wont,
And far within its depths the colored stars
Sparkle like gems — capricious Antares
Flushing and paling in the Southern arch;
And azure Lyra, like a woman's eye,
Burning with soft blue lustre; and away
Over the desert the bright Polar star,
White as a flashing icicle; and here,
Hung like a lamp above th' Arabian sea,
Mars with his dusky glow; and fairer yet,
Mild Sirius, tinct with dewy violet,
Set like a flower upon the breast of Eve;
And in the zenith the sweet Pleiades
(Alas — that even a star may pass from heaven

And not be miss'd) — the linkéd Pleiades
Undimmed are there, though from the sister band
The fairest has gone down; and, south away,
Hirundo with its little company;
And white-browed Vesta, lamping on her path
Lonely and planet-calm, and, all through heaven,
Articulate almost, they troop to-night,
Like unrobed angels in a prophet's trance.

* * * * Ben Khorat rose
And silently look'd forth upon the East.
The dawn was stealing up into the sky
On its gray feet, the stars grew dim apace,
And faded, till the Morning Star alone,
Soft as a molten diamond's liquid fire,
Burn'd in the heavens. The morn grew freshlier—
The upper clouds were faintly touched with gold;
The fan-palms rustled in the open air;
Daylight spread cool and broadly to the hills:
And still the star was visible, and still
The young astronomer with straining eye
Drank its departing light into his soul.
It faded—melted—and the fiery rim
Of the clear sun came up, and painfully
The passionate scholar press'd upon his eyes
His dusky fingers, and, with limbs as weak
As a sick child's, turn'd fainting to his couch,
And slept. * * * * * *

* * It was the morning watch once more.
The clouds were drifting rapidly above,
And dim and fast the glimmering stars flew through,
And as the fitful gust sough'd mournfully,
The shutters shook, and on the sloping roof
Plash'd heavily, large, single drops of rain—
And all was still again. Ben Khorat sat
By the dim lamp, and, while his scholar slept,
Pored on the Chaldee wisdom. At his feet,
Stretch'd on a pallet, lay the Arab boy,
Muttering fast in his unquiet sleep,
And working his dark fingers in his palms
Convulsively. His sallow lips were pale,
And, as they moved, his teeth show'd ghastly through,

White as a charnel bone, and—closely drawn
Upon his sunken eyes, as if to press
Some frightful image from the blood-shot balls—
His lids a moment quiver'd, and again
Relax'd, half open, in a calmer sleep.
Ben Khorat gazed upon the dropping sands
Of the departing hour. The last white grain
Fell through, and with the tremulous hand of age
The old astrologer reversed the glass;
And, as the voiceless monitor went on,
Wasting and wasting with the precious hour,
He look'd upon it with a moving lip,
And, starting, turn'd his gaze up to the heavens,
Cursing the clouds impatiently.

"'Tis time!"
Mutter'd the dying scholar, and he dash'd
The tangled hair from his black eyes away,
And, seizing on Ben Khorat's mantle-folds,
He struggled to his feet, and falling prone
Upon the window-ledge, gazed steadfastly
Into the East:—

"There is a cloud between—
She sits this instant on the mountain's brow,
And that dusk veil hides all her glory now—
Yet floats she as serene
Into the heavens!—Oh God! that even so
I could o'ermount *my* spirit-cloud, and go!

"The cloud begins to drift!
Aha! fling open! 'tis the star—the sky!
Touch me, immortal mother! and I fly!
Wider! thou cloudy rift
Let through!—such glory should have radiant room!
Let through!—a star-child on its light goes home!

"Speak to me, brethren bright!
Ye who are floating in these living beams!
Ye who have come to me in starry dreams!
Ye who have wing'd the light
Of our bright mother with its thoughts of flame—
(I *knew* it pass'd through spirits as it came)—

"Tell me! what power have ye?
What are the heights ye reach upon your wings?
What know ye of the myriad wondrous things
I perish but to see?
Are ye thought rapid?—Can ye fly as far—
As instant as a thought, from star to star?

"Where has the Pleiad gone?
Where have all missing stars found light and home?
Who bids the Stella Mira go and come?
Why sits the Pole-star lone?
And why, like banded sisters, through the air
Go in bright troops the constellation fair?

"Ben Khorat! dost thou mark?
The star! the star? By heaven! the cloud drifts o'er!
Gone—and I live! nay—will my heart beat more?
Look! master! 'tis all dark—
Not a clear speck in heaven?—my eyeballs smother!
Break through the clouds once more! oh starry mother!

"I will lie down! Yet stay,
The rain beats out the odor from the gums,
And strangely soft to-night the spice-wind comes!
I am a child alway
When it is on my forehead! Abra sweet
Would I were in the desert at thy feet!

"My barb! my glorious steed!
Methinks my soul would mount upon its track
More fleetly, could I die upon thy back!
How would thy thrilling speed
Quicken my pulse! Oh Allah! I get wild!
Would that I were once more a desert child!

"Nay—nay—I had forgot!
My mother! my star mother!—Ha! my breath
Stifles!—more air!—Ben Khorat this is—death!
Touch me!—I feel you not!
Dying!—Farewell! good master!—room! more room!
Abra! I loved thee! star! bright star! I—come!"

NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

THE DEATH OF THE OWD SQUIRE.

'Twas a wild, mad kind of night, as black as the bottomless pit,
The wind was howling away, like a Bedlamite in a fit,
Tearing the ash boughs off, and mowing the poplars down,
In the meadows beyond the old flour mill, where you turn off to the town.

And the rain (well, it *did* rain) dashing against the window glass,
And deluging on the roof, as the Devil were come to pass;
The gutters were running in floods outside the stable-door,
And the spouts splashed from the tiles, as they would never give o'er.

Lor' how the winders rattled! you'd almost ha' thought that thieves
Were wrenching at the shutters; while a ceasless pelt of leaves
Flew to the doors in gusts; and I could hear the beck
Calling so loud I knew at once it was up to a tall man's neck.

We was huddling in the harness room, by a little scrap of fire,
And Tom, the coachman, he was there, a practicing for the choir;
But it sounded dismal, anthem did, for squire was dying fast,
And the doctor said,—"Do what he would, Squire 's breaking up at last."

The Death watch, sure enough, ticked loud just over th' owd mare's head,
Though he had never once been heard up there since master's boy lay dead;
And the only sound, beside Tom's toon, was the stirring in the stalls,
And the gnawing and the scratching of the rats in the owd walls.

We couldn't hear Death's foot pass by, but we knew that he was near;
And the chill rain, and the wind and cold made us all shake with fear;

We listened to the clock up-stairs, 'twas breathing soft and low,
For the nurse said "At the turn of the night the old squire's soul would go."

Master had been a wildish man, and led a roughish life;
Didn't he shoot the Bowton squire, who dared write to his wife?
He beat the Rads at Hindon town, I heard in twenty-nine,
When every pail in market place was brimmed with red port wine.

And as for hunting, bless your soul, why for forty years or more
He'd kept the Marley hounds, man, as his fayther did afore;
And now to die, and in his bed — the season just begun —
"It made him fret," the doctor said, "as it might do any one."

And when the young sharp lawyer came to see him sign his will,
Squire made me blow my horn outside as we were going to kill;
And we turned the hounds out in the court — that seemed to do him good;
For he swore, and sent us off to seek a fox in Thornhill wood.

But then the fever it rose high, and he would go see the room
Where mistress died ten years ago when Lammastide shall come;
I mind the year, because our mare at Salisbury broke down;
Moreover the town hall was burnt at Steeple Dinton town.

It might be two, or half-past two, the wind seemed quite asleep;
Tom, he was off, but I awake, sat watch and ward to keep;
The moon was up, quite glorious like, the rain no longer fell,
When all at once out clashed and clanged the rusty turret bell,

That hadn't been heard for twenty year, not since the Luddite days;
Tom he leaped up, and I leaped up, for all the house ablaze

Had sure not scared us half as much, and out we ran like mad,
I, Tom, and Joe, the whipper in, and t' little stable lad.

"He's killed himself," that's the idea that came into my head;
I felt as sure as though I saw Squire Barrowby was dead;
When all at once a door flew back, and he met us face to face;
His scarlet coat was on his back, and he looked like the old race.

The nurse was clinging to his knees, and crying like a child;
The maids were sobbing on the stairs, for he looked fierce and wild;
"Saddle my Lightning Bess, my men," that's what he said to me:
"The moon is up, we're sure to find at Stop or Etterly.

"Get out the dogs; I'm well to-night, and young again and sound,
I'll have a run once more before they put me under-ground;
They brought my father home feet first, and it never shall be said
That his son Joe, who rode so straight, died quietly in his bed.

"Brandy!" he cried; "a tumbler full, you women howling there;"
Then clapped the old black velvet cap upon his long grey hair,
Thrust on his boots, snatched down his whip, though he was old and weak,
There was a devil in his eye, that would not let me speak.

We loosed the dogs to humor him, and sounded on the horn;
The moon was up above the woods, just east of Haggard Bourne;
I buckled Lightning's throat-latch fast; the squire was watching me;
He let the stirrups down himself so quick, yet carefully.

Then up he got and spurred the mare, and, ere I well could mount,
He drove the yard gate open, man; and called to old Dick Blount,
Our huntsman, dead five years ago—for the fever rose again,
And was spreading like a flood of flame, fast up into his brain.

Then off he flew before the dogs, yelling to call us on,
While we stood there, all pale and dumb, scarce knowing
he was gone;
We mounted, and below the hill we saw the fox break out,
And down the covert ride we heard the old squire's parting
shout.

And in the moonlit meadow mist we saw him fly the rail
Beyond the hurdles by the beck, just half way down the vale;
I saw him breast fence after fence — nothing could turn him
back;
And in the moonlight after him streamed out the brave old
pack.

'Twas like a dream, Tom cried to me, as we rode free and fast,
Hoping to turn him at the brook, that could not well be past,
For it was swollen with the rain; but ah, 'twas not to be;
Nothing could stop old Lightning Bess but the broad breast
of the sea.

The hounds swept on, and well in front the mare had got
her stride;
She broke across the fallow land that runs by the down side;
We pulled up on Chalk Linton Hill, and as we stood us there,
Two fields beyond we saw the squire fall stone dead from
the mare.

Then she swept on, and in full cry, the hounds went out of
sight;
A cloud came over the broad moon and something dimmed
our sight,
As Tom and I bore master home, both speaking under
breath;
And that 's the way I saw th' owd squire ride boldly to his
death.

ANONYMOUS.

THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM.

'T was in the prime of summer time,
An evening calm and cool,
And four-and-twenty happy boys
Came bounding out of school;

There were some that ran, and some that leapt
  Like troutlets in a pool.

Away they sped with gamesome minds
  And souls untouched by sin;
To a level mead they came, and there
  They drave the wickets in;
Pleasantly shone the setting sun
  Over the town of Lynn.

Like sportive deer they coursed about,
  And shouted as they ran,
Turning to mirth all things of earth
  As only boyhood can;
But the usher sat remote from all,
  A melancholy man!

His hat was off, his vest apart,
  To catch heaven's blessed breeze;
For a burning thought was in his brow,
  And his bosom ill at ease;
So he leaned his head on his hands, and read
  The book between his knees.

Leaf after leaf he turned it o'er,
  Nor ever glanced aside,—
For the peace of his soul he read that book
  In the golden eventide;
Much study had made him very lean,
  And pale, and leaden-eyed.

At last he shut the ponderous tome;
  With a fast and fervent grasp
He strained the dusky covers close,
  And fixed the brazen hasp:
"O God! could I so close my mind,
  And clasp it with a clasp!"

Then leaping on his feet upright,
  Some moody turns he took,—
Now up the mead, then down the mead,
  And past a shady nook,—
And, lo! he saw a little boy
  That pored upon a book.

"My gentle lad, what is 't you read,—
Romance or fairy fable?
Or is it some historic page,
Of kings and crowns unstable?"
The young boy gave an upward glance,—
"It is 'The Death of Abel.'"

The usher took six hasty strides,
As smit with sudden pain,—
Six hasty strides beyond the place,
Then slowly back again;
And down he sat beside the lad,
And talked to him of Cain;

And, long since then, of bloody men,
Whose deeds tradition saves;
Of lonely folk cut off unseen,
And hid in sudden graves;
Of horrid stabs, in groves forlorn,
And murders done in caves;

And how the sprites of injured men
Shriek upward from the sod,—
Ay, how the ghostly hand will point
To show the burial clod;
And unknown facts of guilty acts
Are seen in dreams from God!

He told how murderers walked the earth,
Beneath the curse of Cain,—
With crimson clouds before their eyes,
And flames about their brain;
For blood has left upon their souls
Its everlasting stain.

"And well," quoth he, "I know for truth,
Their pangs must be extreme,—
Woe, woe, unutterable woe,—
Who spill life's sacred stream!
For why? Methought, last night, I wrought
A murder, in a dream!

"One that had never done me wrong—
A feeble man and old;

I led him to a lonely field,—
The moon shone clear and cold:
Now here, said I, this man shall die,
And I will have his gold!

"Two sudden blows with a ragged stick,
And one with a heavy stone,
One hurried gash with a hasty knife,—
And then the deed was done:
There was nothing lying at my foot
But lifeless flesh and bone!

"Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,
That could not do me ill;
And yet I feared him all the more,
For lying there so still:
There was a manhood in his look,
That murder could not kill!

"And, lo! the universal air
Seemed lit with ghastly flame,—
Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes
Were looking down in blame;
I took the dead man by his hand,
And called upon his name.

"O God! it made me quake to see
Such sense within the slain;
But, when I touched the lifeless clay,
The blood gushed out amain!
For every clot a burning spot
Was scorching in my brain!

"My head was like an ardent coal,
My heart as solid ice;
My wretched, wretched soul, I knew,
Was at the Devil's price.
A dozen times I groaned,—the dead
Had never groaned but twice.

"And now, from forth the frowning sky,
From the heaven's topmost height,
I heard a voice,—the awful voice
Of the blood-avenging sprite:

'Thou guilty man! take up thy dead,
And hide it from my sight!'

"And I took the dreary body up,
And cast it in a stream,—
The sluggish water black as ink,
The depth was so extreme;
My gentle boy, remember, this
Is nothing but a dream!

"Down went the corse with a hollow plunge,
And it vanished in the pool;
Anon I cleansed my bloody hands,
And washed my forehead cool,
And sat among the urchins young,
That evening, in the school.

"O Heaven! to think of their white souls,
And mine so black and grim!
I could not share in childish prayer,
Nor join in evening hymn;
Like a devil of the pit I seemed,
'Mid holy cherubim!

"And peace went with them, one and all,
And each calm pillow spread;
But Guilt was my grim Chamberlain
That lighted me to bed;
And drew my midnight curtains round,
With fingers bloody red!

"All night I lay in agony,
In anguish dark and deep;
My fevered eyes I dared not close,
But stared aghast at Sleep:
For Sin had rendered unto her
The keys of Hell to keep!

"All night I lay in agony,
From weary chime to chime,
With one besetting, horrid hint,
That racked me all the time;
A mighty yearning, like the first
Fierce impulse unto crime!

"One stern tyrannic thought, that made
All other thoughts its slave;
Stronger and stronger every pulse
Did that temptation crave,—
Still urging me to go and see
The dead man in his grave!

"Heavily I rose up, as soon
As light was in the sky,
And sought the black, accurséd pool
With a wild misgiving eye;
And I saw the Dead in the river bed,
For the faithless stream was dry.

"Merrily rose the lark, and shook
The dew-drop from its wing;
But I never marked its morning flight,
I never heard it sing:
For I was stooping once again
Under the horrid thing.

"With breathless speed, like a soul in chase,
I took him up and ran;—
There was no time to dig a grave
Before the day began:
In a lonesome wood, with heaps of leaves,
I hid the murdered man!

"And all that day I read in school,
But my thought was other where;
As soon as the mid-day task was done,
In secret I was there:
And a mighty wind had swept the leaves,
And still the corpse was bare!

"Then down I cast me on my face,
And first began to weep,
For I knew my secret then was one
That earth refused to keep:
Or land or sea, though he should be
Ten thousand fathoms deep.

"So wills the fierce avenging Sprite,
Till blood for blood atones!

Ay, though he's buried in a cave,
And trodden down with stones,
And years have rotted off his flesh,—
The world shall see his bones!

"Oh, God! that horrid, horrid dream
Besets me now awake!
Again—again, with dizzy brain,
The human life I take;
And my right red hand grows raging hot,
Like Cranmer's at the stake.

"And still no peace for the restless clay,
Will wave or mould allow;
The horrid thing pursues my soul,—
It stands before me now!"
The fearful Boy looked up, and saw
Huge drops upon his brow.

That very night, while gentle sleep
The urchin eyelids kissed,
Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn,
Through the cold and heavy mist;
And Eugene Aram walked between,
With gyves upon his wrist.

THOMAS HOOD.

THE POLISH BOY.

WHENCE came those shrieks, so wild and shrill,
That like an arrow cleave the air,
Causing the blood to creep and thrill
With such sharp cadence of despair?
Once more they come! as if a heart
Were cleft in twain by one quick blow,
And every string had voice apart
To utter its peculiar woe!

Whence came they? From yon temple, where
An altar raised for private prayer,
Now forms the warrior's marble bed,
Who Warsaw's gallant armies led.

The dim funereal tapers throw
A holy lustre o'er his brow,
And burnish with their rays of light
The mass of curls that gather bright
Above the haughty brow and eye
Of a young boy that 's kneeling by.

What hand is that whose icy press
Clings to the dead with death's own grasp,
But meets no answering caress—
No thrilling fingers seek its clasp?
It is the hand of her whose cry
Rang wildly late upon the air,
When the dead warrior met her eye,
Outstretched upon the altar there.

Now with white lips and broken moan
She sinks beside the altar stone;
But hark! the heavy tramp of feet,
Is heard along the gloomy street,
Nearer and nearer yet they come,
With clanking arms and noiseless drum.
They leave the pavement. Flowers that spread
Their beauties by the path they tread,
Are crushed and broken. Crimson hands
Rend brutally their blooming bands.
Now whispered curses, low and deep
Around the holy temple creep.
The gate is burst. A ruffian band
Rush in and savagely demand,
With brutal voice and oath profane,
The startled boy for exile's chain.

The mother sprang with gesture wild,
And to her bosom snatched the child;
Then with pale cheek and flashing eye,
Shouted with fearful energy,—
"Back, ruffians, back! nor dare to tread
Too near the body of my dead!
Nor touch the living boy—I stand
Between him and your lawless band!
No traitor he — But listen! I
Have cursed your master's tyranny.

I cheered my lord to join the band
Of those who swore to free our land,
Or fighting, die; and when he pressed
Me for the last time to his breast,
I knew that soon his form would be
Low as it is, or Poland free.
He went and grappled with the foe,
Laid many a haughty Russian low;
But he is dead — the good — the brave —
And I, his wife, am worse — a slave!
Take me, and bind these arms, these hands,
With Russia's heaviest iron bands,
And drag me to Siberia's wild
To perish, if 'twill save my child!"

"Peace, woman, peace!" the leader cried,
Tearing the pale boy from her side;
And in his ruffian grasp he bore
His victim to the temple door.

"One moment!" shrieked the mother, "one;
Can land or gold redeem my son?
If so, I bend my Polish knee,
And, Russia, ask a boon of thee.
Take palaces, take lands, take all,
But leave him free from Russian thrall.
Take these," and her white arms and hands
She stripped of rings and diamond bands,
And tore from braids of long black hair
The gems that gleamed like star-light there;
Unclapsed the brilliant coronal
And carcanet of orient pearl;
Her cross of blazing rubies last
Down to the Russian's feet she cast.

He stooped to seize the glittering store;
Upspringing from the marble floor,
The mother with a cry of joy,
Snatched to her leaping heart the boy!

But no — the Russian's iron grasp
Again undid the mother's clasp.
Forward she fell, with one long cry
Of more than mother's agony.

But the brave child is roused at length,
And breaking from the Russian's hold.
He stands, a giant in the strength
Of his young spirit, fierce and bold.

Proudly he towers, his flashing eye,
So blue and fiercely bright,
Seems lighted from the eternal sky,
So brilliant is its light.
His curling lips and crimson cheeks
Foretell the thought before he speaks.
With a full voice of proud command
He turns upon the wondering band.

"Ye hold me not! no, no, nor can;
This hour has made the boy a man.
The world shall witness that one soul
Fears not to prove itself a Pole.
I knelt beside my slaughtered sire,
Nor felt one throb of vengeful ire;
I wept upon his marble brow —
Yes, wept — I was a child; but now
My noble mother on her knee,
Has done the work of years for me.
Although in this small tenement
My soul is cramped — unbowed, unbent,
I 've still within me ample power
To free myself this very hour.
This dagger in my heart! and then,
Where is your boasted power, base men?"

He drew aside his broidered vest,
And there, like slumbering serpent's crest,
The jewelled haft of poniard bright,
Glittered a moment on the sight.
"Ha! start ye back? Fool! coward! knave!
Think ye my noble father's glave,
Would drink the life blood of a slave?
The pearls that on the handle flame,
Would blush to rubies in their shame!
The blade would quiver in thy breast,
Ashamed of such ignoble rest!
No; thus I rend thy tyrant's chain.
And fling him back a boy's disdain!"

A moment, and the funeral light
Flashed on the jewelled weapon bright;
Another, and his young heart's blood
Leaped to the floor a crimson flood.
Quick to his mother's side he sprang,
And on the air his clear voice rang—
"Up, mother, up! I'm free! I'm free!
The choice was death or slavery;
Up! mother, up! look on my face,
I only wait for thy embrace.
One last, last word—a blessing, one,
To prove thou knowest what I have done,
No look! No word! Canst thou not feel
My warm blood o'er my heart congeal?
Speak, mother, speak—lift up thy head.
What, silent still? Then art thou dead!
Great God, I thank thee! Mother, I
Rejoice with thee, and thus to die."
Slowly he falls. The clustering hair
Rolls back and leaves that forehead bare.
One long, deep breath, ~~and his~~ pale head
Lay on his mother's bosom dead.

ANN S. STEPHENS.

THE BROOKSIDE.

I WANDERED by the brookside,
I wandered by the mill;
I could not hear the brook flow,—
The noisy wheel was still;
There was no burr of grasshopper,
No chirp of any bird,
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beneath the elm tree;
I watched the long, long shade,
And, as it grew still longer,
I did not feel afraid;
For I listened for a footfall,
I listened for a word,—
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

He came not,—no, he came not,—
The night came on alone,—
The little stars sat one by one,
Each on his golden throne;
The evening wind passed by my cheek,
The leaves above were st.rred,
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

Fast, silent tears were flowing,
When something stood behind;
A hand was on my shoulder,—
I knew its touch was kind;
It drew me nearer,—nearer,—
We did not speak one word,
For the beating of our own hearts
Was all the sound we heard.

LORD HOUGHTON.

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

Ye mariners of England,
That guard our native seas;
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe!
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirit of your fathers
Shall start from every wave;
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave.
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow.
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.